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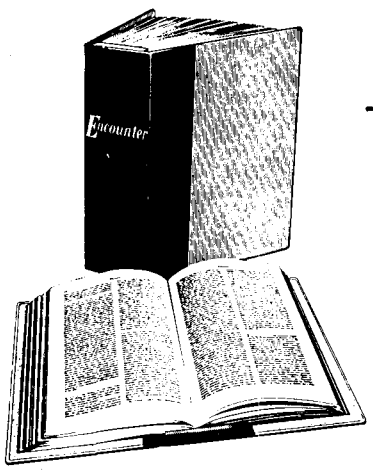

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THE CYPRIOT MAN *(story)* 3 *Tayeb Salih*
THE CASE OF GENERAL GRIGORENKO 9 *Walter Reich*
TOWARDS A CENTRE PARTY? 25 *Stephen Haseler*
OF WITCHES, UFOs, & THE AMERICAN UNCONSCIOUS 35 *Constantine FitzGibbon*

POEMS

Trevor McMahon 7, *John Gohorry* 23, *Alistair Elliot* 32, *Freda Downie* 51
Peter Reading 75, Edwin Brock 83

NOTES & TOPICS: EUROPEAN DIARY

THE VETERANS 46 *François Bondy*
DAUMIER 48 *Pierre Schneider*
KRIEGEL'S COMMUNISTS 50 *Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie*

BOOKS & WRITERS

THE BATTLEGROUND OF HOME 52 *Derek Brewer*
CONTOUR LINES 62 *Alan Brownjohn*

DISCUSSION

ANTI-SOVIET OR ANTI-RUSSIAN? 67 *Wladislaw G. Krasnow*
A REPLY 72 *Richard Pipes*

DOCUMENTS

SHOCK THERAPY & MY FIRST TOOTH 76 *Varlam Shalamov*

EAST & WEST

THE KREMLIN & THE GULF 84 *J. B. Kelly*

LANGUAGE

A CLICHÉ ON ONE'S FACE 91 *D. J. Enright*

BOXES

Ideological Struggle on the Left (William Rodgers, Brian Connell) 27
Dropping the Hyphen (William Safire) 92, *"Illit" (Valerie Grove, Philip Howard)* 94

LETTERS 95

AUTHORS 96

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Tayeb Salih

The Cypriot Man

NICOSIA IN JULY was as though Khartoum had been transplanted to Damascus. The streets, as laid out by the British, were broad, the desert was that of Khartoum, but there was that struggle between the east and west winds that I remember in Damascus.

It was British from head to toe, despite all that blood that had been spilt. I was surprised for I had expected a town of Greek character. The man, though, did not give me time to pursue my thought to its conclusion but came and sat himself beside me at the edge of the swimming pool. He made a slight gesture with his head and they brought him a cup of coffee.

"Tourist?" he said.

"Yes."

He made a noise the import of which I did not follow—it was as though he were saying that the likes of me didn't deserve to be a tourist in Nicosia, or that Nicosia didn't deserve to have the likes of me being a tourist in it.

I turned my attention from him so as to examine a woman with a face like that of one of Raphael's angels, and a body like that of Gauguin's women. Was she the wife or the other woman? Again he cut through the thread of my thoughts:

"Where are you from?"

"The Sudan."

"What do you do?"

"I'm in government service."

I laughed for in fact I didn't work for the government; anyway governments have broad shoulders.

"I don't work", he said. "I own a factory."

"Really?"

"For making women's clothes."

"How lovely."

"I've made a lot of money. I worked like a black. I made a fortune. I don't work any longer—I spend all my time in bed."

"Sleeping?"

"You must be joking. What does a man do in bed?"

"Don't you get tired?"

"You're joking. Look at me—what age do you think I am?"

Sometimes fifty, sometimes seventy, but I didn't want to encourage him.

"Seventy", I said to him.

This did not upset him as I had presumed. He gave a resounding laugh and said:

"Seventy-five in actual fact, but no one takes me for more than fifty. Go on, be truthful."

"All right, fifty."

"Why do you think it is?"

"Because you take exercise."

"Yes, in bed, I bash away—white and black, red and yellow: all colours. Europeans, Negresses, Indians, Arabs, Jewesses; Moslems, Christians, Buddhists: all religions."

"You're a liberal-minded man."

"Yes, in bed."

"And outside."

"I hate Jews."

"Why do you hate Jews?"

"Just so. Also they play with skill."

"What?"

"The game of death. They've been at it for centuries."

"Why does that make you angry?"

"Because I . . . because I . . . it's of no consequence."

"Are they not defeated?"

"They all give up in the end."

"And their women?"

"There's no one better than them in bed. The greater your hatred for them, the greater your enjoyment with their women. They are my chosen people."

"And the Negroes of America?"

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"My relationship with them has not reached the stage of hatred. I must pay them more attention."

"And the Arabs?"

"They provoke laughter or pity. They give up easily, these days anyway. Playing with them is not enjoyable because it's one-sided."

I thought: if only they had accepted Cyprus, if only Balfour had promised them it.

The Cypriot man gave his resounding laugh and said:

"Women prolong one's life. A man must appear to be at least twenty years younger than he is. That's what being smart is."

"Do you fool death?"

"What is death? Someone you meet by chance, who sits with you as we are sitting now, who talks freely with you, perhaps about the weather or women or shares on the stock market. Then he politely sees you to the door. He opens the door and signs for you to go out. After that you don't know."

A GREY CLOUD stayed overhead for a while, but at that moment I did not know that the divining arrows had been cast and that the Cypriot man was playing a hazardous game with me.

The wave of laughter broadened out and enfolded me. They were a sweet family which I had come to like since sitting down: the father with his good-natured face and the mother with her English voice which was like an Elizabethan air played on the strings of an ancient lyre, and four daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than twelve, who would go in and out of the pool, laughing and teasing their parents. They would smile at me and broaden the compass of their happiness till it included me. There came a moment when I saw on the father's face that he was about to invite me to join them; it was at that moment that the Cypriot man descended upon me. The eldest girl got up and stepped gracefully towards the pool. With the girl having suddenly come to a stop as though some mysterious power had halted her, the Cypriot man said:

"This one I'd pay a hundred pounds sterling for."

"What for?" I said to him in alarm.

The Cypriot man made an obscene gesture with his arm.

At that moment the girl fell face-down on to the stone and blood poured from her forehead. The good-natured family started up, like frightened birds, and surrounded the girl. I immediately got up from beside the man, feeling for him an overwhelming hatred, and seated myself at a table far away from him. I remembered my own daughters and their mother in Beirut and was angry. I saw the members of the delightful family making their departures, sadly, the daughters clinging to their mother, the mother reproaching the father, and I became more angry. Then I quietened down and the things around me quietened down. The clamour died away and there came to me my friend Taher Wad Rawwasi and sat beside me: on the bench in front of Sa'eed's shop. His face was beaming, full of health and energy.

"Really", I said to him, "why is it that you haven't grown old and weak though you're older than all of them?"

"From when I first became aware of the world", he said, "I've been on the move. I don't remember ever not moving. I work like a horse and if there's no work to be done I create something to busy myself with. I go to sleep at any old time, early or late, and wake up directly the muezzin says 'God is great, God is great' for the dawn prayer."

"But you don't pray?"

"I say the *shahada*[1] and ask God's forgiveness after the muezzin has finished giving the call to prayers, and my heart finds assurance that the world is going along as it always has. I take a nap for half an hour or so. The odd thing is that a nap after the call to prayers is for me equal to the whole night's sleep. After that I wake up as though I've been woken by an alarm clock. I make the tea and wake Fatima up. She performs the dawn prayer. We drink tea. I go down to meet the sun on the Nile's surface and say to God's morning Hello and Welcome. However long I'm away I come back to find the breakfast ready. We sit down to it, Fatima and I and any of God's servants that destiny brings to us. For more than fifty years it's been like this."

One day I'll ask Taher Wad Rawwasi about the story of his marriage to Fatima bint Jabr ad-Dar, one of Mahjoub's four sisters. His

[1] The doctrinal formula is Islam: "There is no god but God and Mohammed is the Messenger of God."

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loyalty was not to himself but to Mahjoub, and he used to make fun both of himself and of the world. Would he become a hero? It was clear that if it really came to it he would sacrifice himself for Mahjoub. Should I ask him now? However, off his own bat, he uttered a short phrase compounded of the fabric of his whole life:

"Fatima bint Jabr ad-Dar—what a girl!"

"And Mahjoub?"

Taher Wad Rawwasi gave a laugh that had the flavour of those bygone days; it indicated the extent of his love for Mahjoub. Even mentioning his name would fill him with happiness, as though the presence of Mahjoub on the face of the earth made it less hostile, better, in Taher Wad Rawwasi's view. He laughed and said, laughing:

"Mahjoub's something else; Mahjoub's made of a different clay."

THEN HE FELL SILENT and it was clear to me that he didn't, at that time, wish to say any more on that particular subject. After a time I asked him:

"Abdul Hafeez said you'd never in your whole life entered the mosque. Is that so?"

"Just once I entered the mosque."

"Why? What for?"

"Only the once. It was one winter, in Touba or Amsheer,[2] God knows best."

"It was in Amsheer", I said to him, "after you'd buried Maryam at night."

"That's right. How did you know?"

"I was there with you."

"Where? I didn't see you that morning, though the whole village had collected on that day in the mosque."

"I was by the window, appearing and disappearing till you said 'And not those who are astray. Amen.' "[3]

"God be praised. Poor Meheimeed was calling out 'Where's the man who was here gone to?' "

"And then?"

Suddenly the dream bird flew away. Wad Rawwasi disappeared, as did Wad Hamid[4] with all its probabilities. Where he had been sitting I saw the Cypriot man, I heard his voice, and my heart contracted. I heard the shouting and the hubbub, the slapping of the water against the sides of the swimming pool, with spectres shaped in the form of naked women and naked men and children leaping about and shrieking. The voice was saying:

"For this one I'd only pay fifty pounds sterling."

I pressed down on my eyes so as to be more awake. I looked at the goods on offer in the market. It was that woman. She was drinking orange juice at the moment at which the Cypriot man had said what he did. She spluttered and choked; a man leapt to his feet to help her, then a woman; servants and waiters came along; people gathered, and they carried her off unconscious. It was as if a magician had waved his wand and, so it seemed to me, the people instantly vanished; and the darkness too, as though close at hand, awaiting a signal from someone, came down all at once. The Cypriot man and I on our own with the light playing around on the surface of the water. Between the light and the darkness he said to me:

"Two American girls arrived this morning from New York. They're very beautiful, very rich. One's eighteen and she's mine; the other's twenty-five and she's for you. They're sisters; they own a villa in Kyrenia. I've got a car. The adventure won't cost you a thing. Come along. They'll be really taken by your colour."

The darkness and the light were wrestling around the swimming pool, while it was as if the voice of the Cypriot man were supplying the armies of darkness with weapons. Thus I wanted to say to him All right, but another sound issued from my throat involuntarily, and I said to him, as I followed the war taking place on the water's surface:

"No, thank you. I didn't come to Nicosia in search of that. I came to have a quiet talk with my friend Taher Wad Rawwasi because he refused to visit me in London and I failed to meet him in Beirut."

THEN I TURNED to him—and what a ghastly sight met my eyes. Was I imagining things, or dreaming, or mad? I ran, ran to take refuge with the crowd in the hotel bar. I asked for something to drink; I drank it, without recollecting the taste of it or what it was. I calmed down a little. But the Cypriot man

[2] Winter months in the Coptic calendar.

[3] The final words of the Fatiha, the equivalent in Islam of the Lord's Prayer.

[4] The village in which most of the writer's novels and short stories are placed.

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came and sat down with me. He had bounded along on crutches. He asked for whisky, a double. He said that he had lost his right leg in the war. What war? One of the wars, what did it matter which one? His wooden leg had been smashed this morning. He had climbed up a mountain. He was waiting for a new leg from London. Sometimes his voice was English, sometimes it had a German accent; at others it seemed French to me; he used American words.

"Are you. . .?"

"No, I'm not. Some people think I'm Italian, some that I'm Russian; others German . . . Spanish. Once an American tourist asked me whether I was from Basutoland. Just imagine. What's it matter where I'm from? And Your Excellency?"

"Why do you say to me Your Excellency?"

"Because you're a very important person."

"And what's my importance?"

"You exist today and you won't exist tomorrow—and you won't recur."

"That happens to every person—what's important about that?"

"Not every person is aware of it. You, Excellency, are aware of your position in time and place."

"I don't believe so."

He put down his drink in one gulp and stood up, on two sound legs, unless I was imagining things, or was dreaming or mad, and it was as though he were the Cypriot man. He bowed with very affected politeness, and it was as though his face as I had seen it at the edge of the pool made you sense that life had no value.

"I won't say goodbye", he said, "but au revoir, Excellency."

IT WAS TEN O'CLOCK when I went to bed. I did everything possible to bring sleep about, being tired and having swum all day. I tried talking to Taher Wad Rawwasi. I asked him about the story of his marriage to Fatima bint Jabr ad-Dahr. I asked him about his attendance at dawn prayers on that memorable day. I asked him about that singing which was linking the two banks with silken threads, while poor Meheimeed was floundering about in the waves in pursuit of Maryam's phantom, but he did not reply. Music was of no help to me, neither was reading. I could have gone out, gone to a night club or for a walk, or I could have sat in the hotel bar. There was nothing I could do. Then the pain began: a slight numbness at the tips of the toes which gradually began to advance upwards until it was as though terrible claws were tearing at my stomach, chest, back and head: the fires of hell had all at once broken out.

I would lose consciousness then enter into a terrible vortex of pains and fires; the frightful face would show itself to me between unconsciousness and a state of semi-wakefulness, leaping from chair to chair, disappearing and reappearing all over the room. Voices I did not understand came to me from the unknown, faces I did not know, dark and scowling. There was nothing I could do. Though in some manner in a state of consciousness, I was incapable of lifting up the receiver and calling a doctor, or going down to reception in the hotel, or crying out for help. There was a savage and silent war taking place between me and unknown fates. I certainly gained some sort of a victory, for I came to to the sound of four o'clock in the morning striking, with the hotel and the town silent. The pains had gone except for a sensation of exhaustion and overwhelming despair, as though the world, the good and the evil of it, were not worth a gnat's wing. After that I slept. At nine o'clock in the morning the plane taking me to Beirut circled above Nicosia; it looked to me like an ancient cemetery.

On the evening of the following day in Beirut the doorbell rang. It was a woman clad in black carrying a child. She was crying and the first sentence she said was:

"I'm Palestinian—my daughter has died."

I stood for a while looking at her, not knowing what to say; however, she entered, sat down and said:

"Will you let me rest and feed my child?"

While she was telling me her story the doorbell rang. I took the telegram and opened it, with the Palestinian woman telling me her formidable misfortune, while I was engrossed in my own.

I crossed seas and deserts, wanting to know before all else when and how he had died. They informed me that he had as usual worked in the garden in his field in the morning and had done those things he usually did during his day. He had not complained of anything. He had entered his relations' homes, sat with his friends here and there. He'd brought some

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half-ripe dates and drunk coffee with them. My name had cropped up in his conversation several times. He had been awaiting my arrival impatiently, for I had written to him that I was coming. He supped lightly as usual, performed the evening prayer, then about ten o'clock the harbingers of death had come to him; before the dawn prayer he had departed this world, and when the aeroplane was bearing me from Nicosia to Beirut they had just finished burying him.

At forenoon I stood by his grave, with the Cypriot man sitting at the side of the grave, in his formal guise, listening to me as I gave prayers and supplications. He said to me in a voice that seemed to issue from the earth and the sky, encompassing me from all sides:

"You won't see me again in this guise other than at the last moment when I shall open the door to you, bow politely and say to you 'After you, your Excellency.' You will see me in other and various guises. You may encounter me in the form of a beautiful girl, who will come to you and tell you she admires your views and opinions and that she'd like to do an interview with you for some paper or magazine; or in the shape of a president or a ruler who offers you some post that makes your heart lose a beat; or in the form of one of life's pranks that gives you a lot of money without your expending any effort; perhaps in the form of a vast multitude that applauds you for some reason you don't know; or perhaps you'll see me in the form of a girl twenty years younger than you, whom you desire and who'll say to you: 'Let's go to an isolated hut way up in the mountains.' Beware. Your father will not be there on the next occasion to give his life for you. Beware. The term of life is designated, but we take into consideration the skill shown in playing the game. Beware, for you are now ascending towards the mountain peak."

Translated by Denys Johnson-Davies

Nightmare

"A female monster supposed to settle upon people and animals in their sleep producing a feeling of suffocation." O.E.D.

The house was filled
with heavy sleepers;
the children's breath
clouded the lamp like
moths across the moon;
and she, pregnant

beside him, heaved
her bulk towards dawn.
It was the same
with all his children,
she was unaffected,
he spent listless nights.

He turned towards
the window and sleep.
Her breath clutched
at his chest, her hair
filled his throat,
something shifted

under her ribs and she
turned an open mouth
towards his face.

The stairs were cavernous
in the dark, the dog
dreamed of history

beside a dying fire.
He heard a bell
stick out its tongue.
Alone in the back yard
the wind was thrashing
the panes, the clouds

were hiding nothing.
About his feet lay
laundry, scattered scraps,
below ground stood
caverns toothed by
stalagmite and stalactite

where rivers flushed
their debris to the sea;
and up above, among
the cluttered stars,
the moon's gape
cried for continents.

Trevor McMahon

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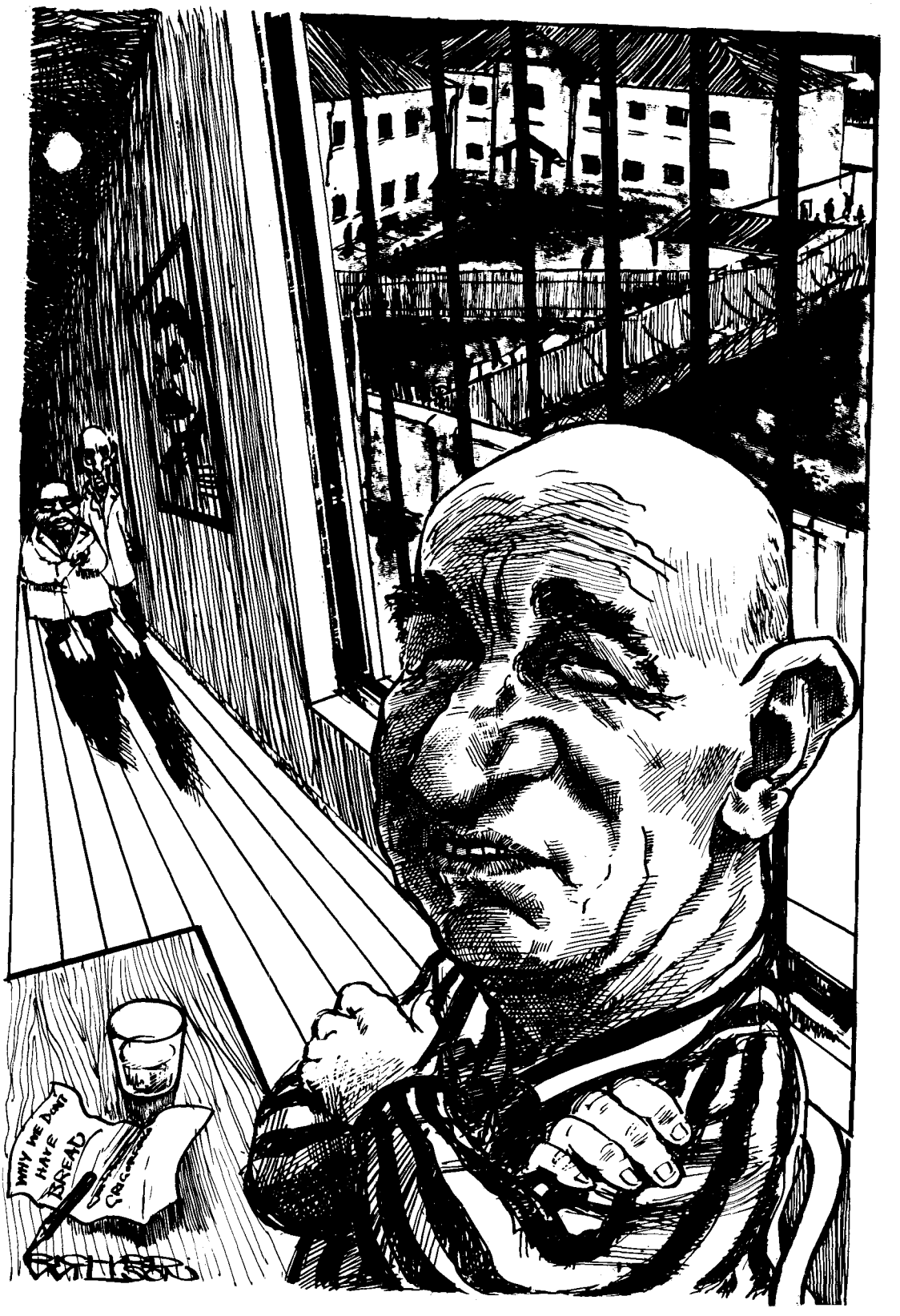

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Walter Reich

The Case of General Grigorenko

A Second Opinion

PYOTR GRIGORIEVICH GRIGORENKO was the perfect realisation of the Bolshevik dream. Emerging from the humblest soil of Czarist Russia, he rose to the highest precincts of Soviet power. An ardent patriot, a committed Communist and effective leader, he became a Major-General in the Red Army, exercised a deep and seminal influence on Soviet military theory and was showered with medals, honours and promotions through five loyal decades of his Soviet life. In the early 1960s, at the height of his career, he turned dissident, and was arrested. He was psychiatrically examined, declared mentally ill, and committed to prison hospitals for the criminally insane. After he was allowed to reach the West, he asked for a "second opinion" on his psychiatric condition. This is my report on the examinations and our findings.

ON 23 JANUARY 1978 I was informed, through an intermediary, that P. G. Grigorenko, a prominent Soviet dissident visiting the United States, wanted a psychiatric examination. The intermediary, Dr Marina Voikhanskaya, herself an émigré Soviet psychiatrist, explained that the former Major-General, who had been psychiatrically hospitalised twice in the Soviet Union in relation to his dissenting acts, feared that, upon his return, he might be again arrested, again examined, and again hospitalised. Having spent almost five years in Soviet mental institutions, most of them hospitals for the criminally insane—hospitals populated by violent, psychotic patients and characterised by restrictive and harsh conditions—he wanted to reduce the likelihood that he would again find himself in such grim circumstances. He fully expected, upon the expiration of his six-month visa in May 1978, to return to the Soviet Union and to resume speaking his conscience in support of human rights for particular individuals and nationalities as well as for the population as a whole; and, given that expectation, he anticipated official harassment, arrest and, possibly, psychiatric examination. His hope was that, if he were indeed examined and found ill by a Soviet psychiatric commission, he or his supporters would be able to announce that a commission of American psychiatrists had, in fact, just examined him, and had, in fact, found him to be psychiatrically well. In the main, I was told, he viewed the prospect of such an American examination as a kind of protective insurance policy: he would use it if he had to. . . .

I had been approached to organise and carry out the examination because of an interest I had developed in Soviet psychiatry and in the question of Soviet psychiatric abuse. In 1971, I became aware of persistent reports about psychiatric abuse in the Soviet Union. In order to educate myself about the theories and practices of Soviet psychiatry, I began to interview a series of Soviet dissidents, both those who had been hospitalised and those who had not, as well as a number of émigré Soviet psychiatrists. I had come to feel that the experience of Soviet psychiatry had much to teach psychiatrists everywhere about the social functions of their profession as well as its special

WALTER REICH, M.D., *is Lecturer in Psychiatry at Yale University and Chairman of the Program in the Medical and Biological Sciences at the Washington School of Psychiatry. In addition to his studies of Soviet psychiatry and dissent, he has done work on the genetics of schizophrenia, and on the medical and public uses of diagnosis.*

PYOTR G. GRIGORENKO *now lives in New York City with his wife, Zinaida, whose forceful protests were in large measure responsible for his release from Soviet psychiatric hospitalisation. He is completing his memoirs (to be published next year by Collins).*

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vulnerabilities, particularly in relation to diagnosis and the law.[1]

Although I appreciated the humanitarian basis for Grigorenko's request, and recognised its unprecedented, historic nature, I felt somewhat uncomfortable about its political overtones. I was concerned that, in the service of humanitarianism, there might develop subtle pressures to slant a diagnosis in the direction of health. I had myself never examined the man, knew that a small minority of other hospitalised Soviet dissidents had, in fact, some symptoms of genuine mental illness, and was worried that I would either be unable to carry out a truly objective examination or might, in the end, find myself issuing a diagnosis of illness that would harm him, perhaps irreparably. In order to reassure myself on this matter, I met with Grigorenko for about four hours (on 9 February 1978), both to discuss the matter more fully and to develop my own initial impression of the man. These discussions, as well as others through the intermediary psychiatrist, did indeed reassure me. I understood that Grigorenko's main interest was in an objective examination. He felt ready to risk a diagnosis of illness and a confirmation of the Soviet psychiatric findings. What he wanted, he insisted, was the scientific, clinical truth. He had, he felt, nothing more to lose—after all, he said, he had already been labelled insane.

Before much more could be done, however, I read in the *New York Times* that, on 10 March 1978, the Supreme Soviet had published a special decree (signed by Leonid Brezhnev, dated 13 February), stripping Grigorenko of his citizenship and denying, in effect, his right to return home. A month later, Pyotr Grigorenko, together with his wife, Zinaida, and his stepson, Oleg, applied for asylum in the United States. He asserted, at a news conference, that he hoped one day to return to the Soviet Union because "it is my fatherland, my friends, my fellow citizens and my earth, which I love" (*New York Times*, 19 April 1978, p. A4).

GIVEN THIS TURN OF EVENTS, and the unlikelihood that Grigorenko's stated hope to return to his fatherland would ever be fulfilled, it seemed evident that he was no longer in danger of hospitalisation in the Soviet Union; and, on those grounds, I suspected that he might no longer be interested in undergoing an American examination. During the following autumn, however, I was informed that Grigorenko still desired the examination. While he acknowledged that he was no longer in need of a clean bill-of-health in order to protect him from further Soviet hospitalisation, he said that he continued to feel himself to have been unjustly diagnosed in the Soviet Union, and that he wanted to clear up any doubts regarding his psychiatric status in the minds of both Westerners and Soviet citizens. Again, he indicated that he wanted an absolutely unbiased and true examination, as complete as possible, and that he was willing to risk a diagnosis of illness in order to arrive at the truth.

Earlier, I had discussed the matter of the examination, in confidence, with a number of psychiatric colleagues. One—Alan Stone, Professor of Law and Psychiatry at Harvard—had been especially interested in participating in the project. I had been particularly pleased by Dr Stone's interest, since he was widely known for his expertise in the relationship between psychiatry and the law. His participation became especially important after the summer of 1978, during which he visited the USSR and, as part of a research project on comparative practices of civil commitment for the mentally ill, met with Andrei V. Snezhnevsky (the head of the Institute of Psychiatry of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences and the most influential Soviet psychiatrist), who for some years had been the chief defender of his profession against Western charges of Soviet psychiatric abuse. Having discussed with me the possibility of his participation in an examination of Grigorenko, Dr Stone (who had just become President-Elect of the American Psychiatric Association) asked Snezhnevsky directly what he would think about such an undertaking. Snezhnevsky answered that he would welcome it, and that, in fact, an unbiased, direct examination by respected Western psychiatrists was exactly what was needed in order to clear up the charges of "abuse", which he considered to be spurious and based on irresponsible reports.

As it happens, I myself had met Snezhnevsky a year earlier (during the Sixth World Congress of Psychiatry in Honolulu, just a day before his profession was condemned, in a narrow vote by the World Psychiatric Association, for abusing psychiatry in the service of politics). In that interview, a portion of which I later summarised in an article,[2] Snezhnevsky characterised the Western campaign as an "hysterical show", and insisted, as he would again to Dr Stone a year later, that an unbiased study would reveal that, where the Soviet psychiatrists had found illness, there was, in objective fact, illness.

[1] In 1975 I published a study of the diagnostic implications of the dominant Soviet approach to schizophrenia ("The Spectrum Concept of Schizophrenia: Problems for Diagnostic Practice", *Archives of General Psychiatry*, Vol. 32, pp. 489–498). Later, I published an article discussing what I believed were the complex factors that had resulted in the Soviet psychiatric response to dissent ("Diagnosing Soviet Dissidents", *Harper's*, August 1978, pp. 31–37).

[2] "Soviet Psychiatry on Trial", *Commentary* (January 1978), pp. 40–48.

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SNEZHNEVSKY'S INVITATION to Stone helped convince me that the examination project was worth undertaking. Given Grigorenko's insistence on objectivity, and given his assurance that he would cooperate in any way that would certify that objectivity, the examination project offered the conditions for a valid and unbiased "second opinion" on a man at the centre of a psychiatric and international controversy. In addition, it represented precisely the sort of exercise that the Soviets themselves had been requesting for some time. And it was, potentially at least, a humanitarian gesture. To be sure, given Grigorenko's agreement to accept any findings, even negative ones—he offered to sign (and ultimately did sign) a consent form giving his examiners the right to publish any and all findings, even the finding of illness, and giving up all his rights to confidentiality—the examination posed, for him, the danger of a public confirmation of his Soviet diagnoses. But it also offered him the hope that the psychiatric cloud enveloping him and his ideas for so long would be, at long last, blown away.

Accordingly, in December 1978, Dr Stone and I made plans for a full-scale examination. Particularly because the diagnoses he had received in the Soviet Union asserted the presence of a "paranoid condition", we asked for a consultation by Dr Irene Stiver (Director of Psychology at McLean Hospital near Boston, and Principal Associate in Psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School), who agreed to administer a battery of psychological tests, including the kinds of interpretive, projective tests that would reveal any paranoid trends that might be present. And particularly because the Soviet diagnoses had repeatedly mentioned the existence of atherosclerotic brain disease, we asked for consultations both by Dr Norman Geschwind (Professor of Neurology at Harvard and a world authority on the behavioural effects of brain abnormalities) and by Dr Barbara Pendleton Jones (a neuropsychologist at the McLean Hospital and Instructor in Psychology at the Harvard Medical School).

Finally, we asked Dr Lawrence C. Kolb (the author of a standard textbook of psychiatry and formerly Chairman of Psychiatry at Columbia University, Commissioner of Mental Hygiene of New York State, and Director of the New York State Psychiatric Institute) to join Dr Stone and me as the third psychiatric member of the US examining commission. After receiving assurances that an objective examination would be carried out, he agreed to the task, feeling that such an undertaking could serve as a model for future attempts at monitoring and resolving, within the profession, cross-national allegations of psychiatric abuse. Throughout, we were skilfully assisted by Dr Boris Zoubok, who was then in the midst of his psychiatric residency at Columbia. Dr Zoubok, who had emigrated from the Soviet Union in 1973, and who had received medical training in Moscow (part of it in Snezhnevsky's own institute and clinical facilities), kept Grigorenko fully informed about the commission's procedures, advised me on special aspects of Soviet diagnostic definitions, and, in addition, provided the commission, as well as its neurological, psychological and neuropsychological consultants, with expert translations during all examinations.[3]

What follows is (*1*) an account of Mr Grigorenko's personal and psychiatric history; (*2*) an elaboration of the Soviets' own theories regarding his psychiatric condition; (*3*) a formal examination of his psychiatric status; and (*4*) conclusions based on the examination and on the consultants' findings. This evaluation of P. G. Grigorenko is my own. As it happens, each of the other psychiatric

[3] The examinations themselves were held in several locations and on four separate dates. Dr Stone examined Mr Grigorenko psychiatrically for about three hours in Cambridge, Mass. on 11 December 1978; Dr Geschwind neurologically in Boston on the same day for over two hours; Dr Stiver psychologically in Belmont, Massachusetts, on 12 December for three hours; and Dr Jones neuropsychologically, also in Belmont and also on the same day, for two more hours. Not having completed her examination, Dr Jones administered six more hours of neuropsychological tests in New York City on 18 December. Finally, on 21 December, Dr Kolb and I met with Mr Grigorenko at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, where we spent over five hours with him, three of them videotaped. The use of the Psychiatric Institute's videotape laboratories was arranged by Dr Kolb, who felt strongly that the actual interviews should be available for verification by any interested party, including any Soviet psychiatrist. Also seeking as much verification as possible in our own examination procedures, Dr Kolb based much of his own interview on the Psychiatric Status Schedule, a research diagnostic questionnaire designed to identify mental illness. He then submitted the videotaped interviews—his and mine—to the staff of the New York State Psychiatric Institute's Biometrics Research Unit, which had helped develop the questionnaire. They, in turn, filled in their own copy of the Psychiatric Status Schedule on the basis of the videotapes, and, applying their Research Diagnostic Criteria, arrived at a diagnosis independently of Dr Kolb and me.

In order to be certain that no important meanings or nuances were lost under the conditions of live translation—and because there was a possibility that questions might be raised about Dr Zoubok's translation because he was himself an émigré—the tapes of two of the examinations (Dr Kolb's and mine) were reviewed, at Dr Kolb's request, by two Russian speakers (Nadja Jernakoff, of the Department of Modern Languages and Literature at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y., and Edith Exton, of New York City, who pointed out the need for the review and who devised the methods for doing it). Those tapes were also used to prepare transcripts of the exchanges, first in Russian and then in English. In addition, another Russian speaker—Lubomyr Hajda of the Harvard Russian Research Center—was present at the Boston-area examinations to provide help if needed.

In the end, it was established that no psychiatrically significant meanings were lost in the live translations.

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examiners, Dr Kolb and Dr Stone, working separately, arrived at the same conclusions.[4]

1. The Man

PYOTR GRIGORIEVICH GRIGORENKO, the second of three sons, was born in 1907 to a peasant family in Borisovka, a village in the Ukraine. His mother died of typhus at the age of 25, when he was three. His father remarried three years later, in 1913, but the new wife abandoned the household within a year, soon after the father was called up to serve in World War I. In the main, the young Grigorenko was raised by his arthritic grandmother, with his uncle substituting for the father until the latter's return in 1918.

Grigorenko's earliest memories are of privation. The family's resources, meagre under the best of circumstances, were strained to extremes under the conditions of revolution and civil war. Grigorenko shared in the farm work through his mid-teens, and in recalling those years speaks of the harshness of that rural life. The elder Grigorenko remarried again in 1922, but by then the boy was already 15 and had just left home to find work in Donetsk, a city in the Ukraine, as a locksmith and machinist.

Grigorenko had attended elementary school in his native village, and was the first in Borisovka to join the Communist Youth League. Later, in Donetsk, he continued his schooling at night; and, in 1927, at the age of 20, he joined the Communist Party. Two years later, having completed his secondary education, Grigorenko entered the Polytechnic Institute of Kharkov. Showing considerable academic promise there, he was transferred during his third year, upon Party order, to the Kuibyshev Military Engineering Academy, graduating with distinction in 1934. In the midst of his engineering education, in 1931, Grigorenko joined the Soviet armed forces, embarking on a military career that would continue uninterrupted until 1964, when he would be forcibly retired following a series of dissident acts.

In 1939, after graduating from a course of advanced study at the General Staff Military Academy, Grigorenko served in a number of units in the Red Army. He saw his first military action in 1939, as chief of an army brigade in the Khalkin-Gol campaign against the Japanese, where he sustained a back injury in a grenade explosion. Later, in fighting against the Germans, he was hurt twice, first in the ankle, resulting in a series of operations and in permanent damage, and then in the head, following an explosive shock wave, which resulted in a brief loss of consciousness but no hospitalisation.

In 1945, after the war, Grigorenko joined the Frunze Military Academy, where he was appointed, in 1949, Deputy Chairman of the Department of Scientific Research and then, in 1958, Chairman of the Department of Cybernetics. While there he pursued graduate studies, and in 1949 received the degree of Master of Military Sciences. At the same time, he studied history and philosophy; read widely in the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin; and pursued studies at the University of Marxism-Leninism. In 1959, Grigorenko achieved his highest military rank, Major-General. By the end of his military career five years later, he was the author of more than 60 articles on military science, most of them classified, and possessed numerous decorations, including the Order of Lenin, two Orders of the Red Banner, the Order of the Red Star, the Order of the Second World War, as well as seven military medals.

Grigorenko's first marriage, begun in 1927, ended in divorce fifteen years later. Three sons from that marriage now live in the Soviet Union: an army colonel (50), an engineer (44), and a psychiatrist (42). His second marriage (to his current wife, Zinaida) resulted in the birth of one son, Andrei, who emigrated to the USA several years ago and whom the couple were visiting when Grigorenko's citizenship was revoked. Zinaida, who had also been divorced, has a son from a previous marriage: Grigorenko's relationship with his wife has been a strong and mutually devoted one, and it is no doubt primarily due to her years of energetic and persistent protests that his case ultimately gained world attention and prominence.

Grigorenko's medical history includes several bouts of typhus and malaria between 1918 and 1923; scarlet fever in 1936; pneumonia in 1943; coronary insufficiency in 1963; a probable small stroke in 1972, manifesting itself by permanent partial blindness in his right eye and by very mild signs of motor and sensory impairment on the left side of the body; a myocardial infarction in 1976, confirmed by electrocardiogram; and an adenoma of the prostate removed in 1977. There is no evidence of a history of mental illness on either side of Mr Grigorenko's family.

2. The Dissident

GRIGORENKO'S FIRST serious clash with Soviet authorities—serious in that it precipitated the end of his career as a military officer and, simultaneously, the beginning of his career as a dissident—occurred in 1961. On 7 September, in a speech as a delegate to a Party conference in Moscow, Grigorenko called for the democratisa-

[4] A brief report on these examinations was issued in the *New York Times*. A more technical version will appear in the November 1980 issue of the American quarterly, *Psychiatry*.

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tion of Party rules, including the rotation of elected officers, and the imposition of a ceiling on the salaries of office-holders. At the time, he felt an increasing sense of concern that the Party, having begun the process of "de-Stalinisation", was showing signs of a return to a "Cult of Personality" (this time focusing on Khrushchev), and that some Stalinists were beginning to regain their power and influence. Having been shaken by the revelations about Stalin's crimes contained in Khrushchev's 1956 speech to the 20th Party Congress, Grigorenko became convinced that any such reversion was contrary to his country's best interests and must be circumvented in every way possible.

Grigorenko's speech at the 1961 Party meeting caused consternation among the conference participants; as a result of a special vote, he was stripped of his delegate mandate. At about the same time, Grigorenko wrote an open letter to Moscow voters criticising the "unreasonable and often harmful activities of Khrushchev and his team." Grigorenko immediately lost his position at the Frunze Military Academy and was then sent to the Soviet Far East as Chief of the Army Operations Headquarters.

While at his new post in Ussuriysk, Grigorenko continued to feel that the Party required "democratisation", and that the country was undergoing a new Cult of Personality. He founded a 13-member "Union for the Revival of Leninism" in 1963, which included his sons and a nephew; and, enlisting their aid, he distributed leaflets calling for "a return to Leninist tenets and principles."

That was in November of 1963. Soon after (in February 1964), Grigorenko was arrested, charged under Article 70 of the Criminal Code, and sent to the Lubyanka prison in Moscow. While under investigation on that charge, he was subjected to his first psychiatric examination at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry. He was found by the psychiatrists to be mentally ill, not legally responsible for his actions, and in need of compulsory hospitalisation at a special psychiatric hospital for the criminally insane. After some months in a Moscow prison, Grigorenko was transferred to the Leningrad Special Psychiatric Hospital in August 1964. Following Khrushchev's fall, Grigorenko was re-examined and, finally, released from the hospital in May 1965.

After his release, Grigorenko was unable to obtain any work in his field of knowledge and experience. Reduced to the ranks following his arrest, and having lost his officer's pension, he was forced to find work as a porter and longshoreman.

In the period following his release, Grigorenko engaged in a number of activities that, finally, propelled him into open dissent. In 1966 he sent a letter to Premier Kosygin demanding that "distortions of Lenin's policy on nationalities" be discontinued. Receiving no reply, he wrote a letter to *Pravda* asking that Moscow citizens vote against Kosygin during the forthcoming elections. In 1968, following the publication of an article by him in an émigré journal, Grigorenko was summoned for an interview by the *KGB*. Later, he sent a letter to Yuri V. Andropov, the Chairman of the *KGB*, complaining about the interview. Some months after that he and the writer A. E. Kosterin again wrote to Andropov regarding *KGB* harassments. Throughout, he repeatedly complained, in writing, about the loss of his military rank and pension.

BUT THE ACTIVITIES that seem to have resulted in the most serious repercussions were Grigorenko's open demonstrations during the dissident trials, in the mid- and late-1960s, of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, of Vladimir Bukovsky, and of Yuri Galanskov and Alexander Ginzburg. In addition, he demonstrated outside the court building during the trial of dissidents protesting the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. And in November 1968 Grigorenko attended the funeral of his friend, Kosterin, during which he denounced the Soviet régime as "totalitarian."

Meanwhile, Grigorenko had taken up the cause of the Crimean Tatars, a nationality which, he felt, had suffered at the hands of the Soviets. In May 1969, in response to an appeal, he flew to Tashkent to be a witness for the defence in a trial of dissident Tatar leaders. He was charged with having committed a criminal offence, arrested, imprisoned, and, in August 1969, sent to a Tashkent psychiatric commission for examination. That commission (headed by a Professor Fyodor F. Detengoff) found him healthy, legally responsible for any criminal acts he may have committed, and, by implication, capable of standing trial and participating in his own defence, as would have been his right under Soviet law.

However, in an unusual move, Grigorenko was transferred across the country to the Serbsky Institute in Moscow for a second examination. There he was found ill, legally not responsible for any criminal acts he may have committed, in need of compulsory treatment in a special psychiatric hospital for the criminally insane, not capable of taking part in his own defence at a trial, and therefore, by law, subject to being barred from such a trial. He was returned to prison in Tashkent in November 1969, and then sent to the Chernyakhovsk Special Psychiatric Hospital, where he was involuntarily held between May 1970 and October 1973. He was subequently transferred (in November 1973) to a general psychiatric hospital in Moscow (known as "Stolbovaya") where he remained until his release in June 1974.

Following his final release, Grigorenko continued to engage in a variety of dissident activities. In November 1977, he was granted a six-month

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guest visa to visit his son in New York and to obtain medical treatment. Three months later, while in the USA, his citizenship was revoked.

3. The Patient

IN ALL, Grigorenko was committed by Soviet courts to two periods of compulsory hospitalisation on the recommendations of two commissions of forensic psychiatrists, both from the Serbsky Institute in Moscow.

The first Serbsky commission found, in 1964, that Grigorenko

> "suffered from a mental illness in the form of a paranoid delusional (*bredevoi*) development of the personality combined with the first signs of arteriosclerosis of the brain."

That commission concluded that, as a result of that illness or illnesses, Grigorenko had developed "reformist ideas", particularly regarding the reorganisation of the state apparatus, and that those ideas were linked to an over-estimation of his own personality, messianic notions, and paranoid interpretations of neutral facts. The commission found him unshakable in his ideas, which he set forth with great intensity.[5]

Grigorenko's second hospitalisation occurred between 1970 and 1974. It was during the investigation on criminal charges that took place in 1969 in Tashkent prior to that hospitalisation that Detengoff's commission found him to have been mentally well at the time that he committed the acts for which he was being charged. (Had that commission's findings stood, Grigorenko presumably would have been tried, found guilty, and incarcerated, either in a prison or in a labour camp.) It was the second Serbsky commission, which was held later in 1969, that took issue with the Detengoff commission, criticised it for having issued its findings on the basis of a brief, out-patient observation, and, following in-patient observation, found Grigorenko to be mentally ill. In their report, the Serbsky examiners—notably G. V. Morozov, V. M. Morozov, and D. R. Lunts—concluded:

> "Grigorenko is suffering from a mental illness in the form of a pathological (paranoid) development of the personality, with the presence of reformist ideas that have appeared in his personality, and with psychopathic features of the character and the first signs of cerebral arteriosclerosis.
>
> "Confirmation of this can be seen in the psychotic condition present in 1964 which arose during an unfavourable situation which manifested itself in ideas, with strongly affective colouring of reformism, and of persecution. Subsequently, as is evident from the documents of the criminal case and the data of the present clinical examination, the paranoid condition was not completely overcome. Reformist ideas have taken on an obstinate character and determine the conduct of the patient; in addition, the intensity of these ideas is increased in connection with various external circumstances which have no direct relation to him, and is accompanied by an uncritical attitude to his own utterances and acts. The abovementioned condition of mental illness excludes the possibility of his being responsible for his actions and controlling them: consequently the patient must be considered of unsound mind."

IN REVIEWING THE REPORT of the second Serbsky commission, it is clear that a certain theory of Grigorenko's illness was being presented. This theory was consistent with the theory of the first Serbsky commission in 1964, and maintained that Grigorenko suffered from what was called paranoid development of the personality, and that this illness caused him to act in ways that brought him into conflict with Soviet law. Specifically, the illness

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[5] The conclusions of the 1964 Serbsky commission were noted in the psychiatric report of the 1969 Tashkent psychiatric commission, which was headed by Professor Detengoff and which found Grigorenko to be healthy. The entire report of that 1964 commission is not available in the West.

The two reports that *are* available, apparently in full—the one by Detengoff's Tashkent commission and the one by the second (1969) Serbsky commission—were included as testimony before the US Senate's Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary. The subcommittee, which held hearings on the abuse of Soviet psychiatry on 26 September 1972, issued a compendium of that testimony under the title *Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Repression in the USSR* (US Government Printing Office, 1972). The documents relating to Grigorenko, including the extant psychiatric commission reports, occupy pp. 47–107 in that volume.

Many of those documents, and, in addition, several others, were published a year later in a Russian edition in Amsterdam and then, later, in an English edition (*The Grigorenko Papers: Writings by General P. G. Grigorenko and Documents on His Case*, London, C. Hurst and Co., 1976). The Soviet psychiatric reports were, presumably, purloined or copied from Grigorenko's hospital charts and smuggled to the West. It is obviously impossible to obtain confirmation from Soviet authorities of their authenticity; however, that authenticity has never, to my knowledge, been questioned. Other psychiatric reports on other dissidents have also appeared in the West, and, according to a number of Western psychiatrists who heard the case histories of those dissidents read to them by soviet psychiatrists at an official meeting in Moscow in 1973, the smuggled and official versions appear very similar.

Given these circumstances, it seems reasonable to accept the available Soviet psychiatric reports on Grigorenko as authentic. In addition, the reports themselves appear typical, and, from internal evidence, strike one as genuine.

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caused in him a penchant for "reformism"—a need, that is, to reform society, to speak out and act out against authority, and to focus himself repeatedly and obstinately on dissident themes. According to this theory of his illness, in so acting and speaking, Grigorenko was not in control of himself in the legal sense, was not responsible for the legal implications of his behaviour, and could be barred, as ill, from attending his own trial and testifying in his own defence.

In support of this theory, the Serbsky commission not only cited his dissident acts and theories, but also noted his general characteristics, which, it said, were consistent with the characteristics of someone suffering from this psychiatric condition. These included periods during which Grigorenko became "hasty-tempered and irritable, and could not bear contradiction." Similarly, the commission noted, Grigorenko's colleagues observed that, while he was at his post in the Far East in 1964, Grigorenko had suffered from "extreme conceit", "over estimated his own knowledge and capabilities", and "was hasty-tempered, lacking in restraint, and not in self-command." The second Serbsky commission further cited others as believing that Grigorenko had "dictatorial ways" and that he tended to talk "a great deal and with heat when he was proving his point of view, thrusting it on his interlocutor." In particular, the Serbsky commission quoted witnesses who saw Grigorenko demonstrating outside a court house during a political trial as saying that he "stood out" by his heated behaviour,

> "that he was active, gave loud voice to his opinions, was abusive, insulted the voluntary police, calling them fascists and Black-Hundreders, that he drew a crowd around him, to which he spoke about himself, shouting that he would fight for democracy and truth."

They also noted that, while he was under observation at the Serbsky Institute, when he exercised in his cell, "Grigorenko would shout in answer to rebukes, insulted the prison staff, was irritable during interrogation and for a time went on a hunger strike."

The issue of a physical change in Grigorenko's brain—arteriosclerosis of the blood vessels supplying the brain, and, by implication, damage to areas of the brain affecting behaviour or judgment—arises several times in the Soviet psychiatric reports. Although the notion is offered that certain events in Grigorenko's environment may have served to worsen his illness and to precipitate his dissident acts, there are also some suggestions that that illness was somehow aggravated by arteriosclerosis. That this became an increasingly important element in the theory regarding his mental condition is evident from the information provided to two Western psychiatrists who accepted an official invitation to visit him in his hospital in 1973. They were told by Soviet psychiatrists that Grigorenko had had at least one stroke in 1960–61, and that the arteriosclerotic brain disease which that stroke suggested in part complicated and aggravated his persistent underlying paranoid condition.[6]

4. The Psychiatric Problem

THE ESSENCE OF the Soviet case for Mr Grigorenko's mental illness lies in the theory (*1*) that he had a condition that distorted his capacity to assess the world realistically, that influenced his behaviour beyond his control, and that was evident not only in his behaviour and thought content but also in his temperament and other characteristics; and (*2*) that that illness, that paranoid condition, caused him, during the early and mid-1960s, to make statements and commit acts that violated Soviet laws.

Obviously, in order to evaluate Grigorenko's history and present psychiatric state, it is necessary to understand the meaning and implications of that Soviet theory of his illness. "Paranoid" conditions have always posed theoretical and clinical problems for psychiatrists everywhere. In general, the paranoid conditions align themselves along an extended clinical spectrum—beginning, near the normal end, with temporary suspiciousness and mistrust which could be based on misinterpretations of reality in reaction to certain conditions, and ranging, in the direction of increasing pathology, through paranoid personality, paranoia, paraphrenia or paranoid state, and paranoid schizophrenia.

"A Place"

Moscow, Feb. 4

THE DISSIDENT **physicist Andrei Sakharov said from exile in Gorki today that he had been threatened with a pistol and warned that he faced harsher exile or commitment to a psychiatric hospital if his wife continued to bring his appeals to Moscow.**

The Nobel Prize laureate said two men pretending to be drunken workers came to his apartment and then drew a Makarov pistol, although ordinary Soviet citizens are not allowed such weapons. "They threatened to make an 'Afghanistan' out of my apartment and wreak complete havoc", Mr Sakharov reported.

"They said, 'Don't think you're going to be here for long. There's a place in a psychiatric hospital 30 kilometres from Gorki that's all ready for you.'"

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

[6] The circumstances of this visit are described in a note later in this report.

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These categories of paranoid psychopathology merge into each other, often imperceptibly, and probably have a variety of causes. Typically, in the conditions on this spectrum that are more pathological than paranoid personality, the patient maintains delusional—which is to say, false and unalterable—beliefs about reality, either in general or with regard to specific concerns or situations. These beliefs become guiding themes in the individual's life and tend to impair his or her capacity for discretion, judgment, and action. This becomes an increasingly dominant characteristic of the conditions arrayed along the paranoid spectrum the further one proceeds toward its highly pathological end.

THE PARANOID CATEGORIES are somewhat arbitrarily defined, and a number of psychiatric theoreticians have proposed quite other names and other typologies. The mildest clinical type is probably *paranoid personality*, which, typically, is a condition that exhibits its first signs during youth, even childhood. The individual with a paranoid personality often lacks a sense of humour and tends to be egotistical, suspicious, resentful, meticulous, authoritarian, embittered, impatient, uncompromising, inflexible in his affairs and beliefs, highly argumentative, and, frequently, incapable of maintaining lasting relationships with others, whom he often distrusts. Such a person often seeks goals that are unrealisable and cannot tolerate criticism of his methods or stated beliefs. If he is a member of a group or an organisation, he usually tries to dominate it, often in tyrannical ways. These descriptions are, essentially, personality characteristics. There is usually no central, organised, delusional belief which is maintained at all costs. Because of the absence of such a dominating belief, it is an error to characterise a person with paranoid personality as suffering from any psychosis. Therefore, such a person would ordinarily be considered legally responsible for any criminal acts he might perform.

The border of psychosis probably exists at the arbitrary line between paranoid personality and *paranoia*, a condition first described by the German psychiatrist Emil Kraepelin (1855–1926). Kraepelin applied the term to persons with persistent, rigid, systematised delusions whose thinking is otherwise clear and well-preserved. This condition, he said, is not characterised by hallucinations. The individual may try to convince others to accept his delusional beliefs, and may even attempt to hide the core of the delusion—which usually has to do with some organised attempt to persecute him—because he senses that others doubt it. He may try, instead, to engage others in some cause that may be designed to counter the threat that is secretly feared.

Sometimes the delusional idea in paranoia may be one not of persecution, but, instead, of grandiosity: the person may be convinced that he has remarkable, even super-human powers. Such a person often feels aggrieved, and finds ulterior motives in the actions or statements of others. In general, the characterological descriptions noted above for the paranoid personality are applicable in paranoia, but may be more pronounced, at least in the arena related to the delusional idea.

Often, the individual is chronically sullen. He or she sees hidden meanings and relates them to the delusional system. Major significance may be attached to minor events or details. There is a sense that a conspiracy is afoot, and there are hints of it everywhere. Such a person may eventually become depressed, even suicidal, if the feeling develops that there is an overwhelming threat from the outside and that it is impossible to overcome it. In general, such a person cannot evaluate the premises of his delusional system; events that take place may be related to the delusion no matter how irrelevant they may be. The person clings to his or her views tenaciously, views that cannot be changed. He fastens upon minor details of an event or statement—details that he believes prove or in some other way bear upon his delusional system—and focuses upon those details or minor inferences, ignoring the context.

Kraepelin differentiated paranoia from the next, more serious condition on the paranoid spectrum, *paraphrenia*, in which the delusions are less well systemised, and hallucinations occur. Often, this condition is also called "paranoid state."

Finally, there is *paranoid schizophrenia*, which generally involves a disintegration of the personality, grossly inappropriate and bizarre responses to reality, a massive inability to differentiate delusions from reality, and an active and unfettered external projection of thoughts which are experienced as hallucinations—voices, visions, or other false sensory experiences.

IN THE CASE OF Grigorenko's two diagnoses of illness, it would appear, on the basis of a simple inspection, that by "paranoid development of the personality", the Serbsky psychiatrists were referring to what is described as paranoid personality. However, since that description applies to what is really a personality disorder or type and not a psychotic condition, it seems unlikely that that is quite the condition they meant. This assumption is supported by a recent Soviet textbook on forensic psychiatry, available in English and edited by two Serbsky psychiatrists—one of whom, G. V. Morozov, is now the Director of the Serbsky Institute and was, in 1969, one of Grigorenko's examiners. It contains a discussion of

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"psychopathy", a broadly-defined category of mental illness which is said to be differentiable from the more serious mental illnesses primarily by the lack of psychotic symptoms. In the main, this category contains what are called, in the USA, "personality disorders" (such as paranoid personality) and neuroses. As the authors put it (pp. 393 and 412):

> "A distinguishing feature of psychopathy is its pronounced pathological nature, which hinders adaptation of the person to his environment.
>
> "In the majority of cases, psychopaths are declared responsible [for criminal acts] and are subjected to the usual punitive measures."

There are exceptions, to be sure, but only in the small minority of psychopaths who do have psychotic symptoms, such as delusions and hallucinations. By these Serbsky criteria, what has been described above as "paranoid personality" would probably *not* justify a finding of legal non-responsibility, the kind of finding made in Grigorenko's case. Hence, Grigorenko seems to have been found to have a condition in the psychotic and paranoid range.[7]

IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT in their diagnoses the Soviets were referring, then, not to paranoid personality but, rather, to something akin to what is called in the West "paranoia." In part, this assumption is sustained by the first Serbsky diagnosis, which specifically noted the presence of "paranoid delusional *(bredevoi)* development of the personality." Presumably, *"bredevoi"* modified the diagnosis to indicate the presence of delusional—which is to say, psychotic—content. Certainly, in locating Grigorenko on the paranoid spectrum they could not have gone *beyond* this category—into the realm of paraphrenia or paranoid schizophrenia—since there is no historical evidence of (nor did they mention the presence of) either hallucinations or any disintegration of the personality.

As it happens, true paranoia as a clinical category is said by almost all diagnosticians to be extremely rare. Nevertheless, it appears that this is the Western equivalent of the diagnostic category applied to Grigorenko by his Serbsky examiners.

In my own examination, I kept that category in mind in attempting to confirm or exclude the presence of mental illness at this time or at any previous time. However, in reviewing Grigorenko's history and in examining him directly, I also searched for characteristics of other, milder, paranoid conditions and types, even the ones that are usually too mild to justify a finding of "legal non-responsibility", either in the Soviet Union or elsewhere. In essence, I tried to give the Serbsky psychiatrists, the Soviet psychiatric system, and the Soviet forensic definitions the full benefit of the doubt. I was prepared to agree with a diagnosis of mental illness even if all I found was a condition or even a suggestion of a condition at the mild, non-psychotic end of the paranoid range. And I was prepared to accept, despite the evidence, that, in Soviet juridical and forensic practice, such mild conditions routinely constituted sufficient justification (*1*) for finding a defendant legally non-responsible, (*2*) for barring him from participating in his defence at his own trial, and (*3*) for hospitalising him involuntarily in an institution for the criminally insane.

THE SECOND CONDITION attributed to Grigorenko by the Soviet psychiatrists in both Serbsky commisions was arteriosclerosis, a term that is usually used interchangeably with atherosclerosis. It refers to the accumulation of fatty material on the interior walls of blood vessels causing a narrowing of the vessels and a reduction of blood flow to the organ served by the vessel, in this case the brain. The term "cerebral arteriosclerosis" is a diagnosis often given in cases in which intellectual deterioration occurs with advancing age. This condition (generally called "senile dementia" by most US neurologists) may have symptoms and signs of some of the paranoid conditions. In particular, delusions may arise, and there may be a certain amount of jealousy present. In addition, notions of grandeur may be observed. And, too, there are often periods of confusion, restlessness, incoherence, headaches, and a clouding of consciousness. Besides these clinical features, which may or may not be present, there is usually some sign of a deterioration of intellectual function, which may become extremely pronounced. Characterologically, there may be signs (as in the paranoid conditions) of irritability, quarrelsomeness, obstinacy and, in addition, emotional instability. Usually, the condition appears during the sixth or seventh decade of life.

The implication that must be drawn from the mention of arteriosclerosis in the two Serbsky reports is that Grigorenko's underlying paranoid condition was supposed to have been provoked or aggravated by this organic condition. Possibly, it is implied, the two conditions (the paranoid one and the organic one) together resulted in a state in which Grigorenko was unable to make accurate judgments about reality and therefore could not

[7] See *Forensic Psychiatry: A Translation of a Text Approved by the RSFSR Ministry of Higher and Secondary Specialised Education*, edited by G. V. Morozov and Ia. M. Kalashnik, with an introduction by David L. Bazelon (International Arts and Sciences Press, White Plains, N.Y., 1970). The chapter on "Psychopathy", by O. V. Kerbikov and N. I. Felinskaia, occupies pp. 393–413. The textbook was originally published in Russian as *Sudebnaia Psikhiatriia* (Juridical Literature Publishing House, Moscow, 1967).

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control his behaviour—in short, that, because of them, he became psychotic and was therefore not legally responsible for his actions. Accordingly, in evaluating the Soviets' diagnostic theory, and in the attempt to confirm or deny it, it would be necessary to look for medical and psychiatric signs and symptoms suggesting not only the presence of "cerebral arteriosclerosis", which is relatively common, but, more specifically, a senile dementing process causing psychosis. As Dr Norman Geschwind, the consulting neurologist, pointed out, confirmation of that diagnosis would require the finding of strong suggestions of intellectual deterioration, confusion, and other compromises of higher brain functioning resulting from damage to the brain. If the other meaning of "cerebral arteriosclerosis" is assumed—a condition of intellectual or emotional deterioration resulting from multiple strokes—then confirmation would require the finding of not only behavioural changes but also clear-cut evidence of brain damage caused by strokes.

5. *Interviews, Examinations, & Findings*

IN MY FORMAL INTERVIEW with Grigorenko, I tried, as much as I could, to resolve the question of his "paranoid traits."

I paid special attention to the history, development and nature of his oppositionist acts and theories, his motivations, and his sense of himself, his cause, his power and his capacities. In asking my questions I tried to bring into the open any paranoid, grandiose or other pathological trends or characteristics, psychotic or not, that might be there. I wanted to clarify why he was willing to endanger himself—for which ideals he was willing to court punishment—under which conditions he felt it possible to speak out—whether or not he was able to assess the world around him and its possibilities for danger—his capacity to change his views and to distinguish between important struggles and less important ones—his ability to organise and concentrate his oppositionist energies—and his assessment of his role, his accomplishments, and his life. In this examination report, I quote from my interview liberally in order to indicate precisely Mr Grigorenko's perceptions, his views, his explanations of himself, and his accounts of his actions and his motivations, as well as to demonstrate the nature and quality of his thought content and speech.[8]

Grigorenko is a large man of distinguished bearing with a shaven head and a slow, somewhat shuffling gait. Sitting down to face me after completing an earlier, two-hour, psychiatric interview, he appeared tired but indicated an eagerness to answer all my questions. Although sometimes quiet and subdued, Grigorenko often displayed considerable interest and animation, particularly when he spoke about his political ideas and the changes they underwent over the years, and, also, when he remembered previously forgotten events with particular clarity, pain, or satisfaction. He was able, in response to direct questions, to retell aspects of his history with great precision, and reacted to the content of his memories with a wide range of appropriate responses, ranging from sadness and regret to evident enjoyment, and from wistful reflection to obvious humour. He established a relationship with me quickly, easily, and fully, and was able to share with me his most distressing concerns as well as his jokes about the reversals, triumphs, and ironies of his life. He was generous with me when I asked questions whose answers should have been self-evident, but at no time did he develop any sense of annoyance, distraction, impatience or haughtiness. He took pains to answer questions fully and openly, and, in fact, offered examples, reflections, concerns and experiences that he obviously knew were somehow psychiatrically important—that could be construed, under particular circumstances, as symptoms or signs of certain psychiatric conditions, and that, in fact, had been so construed by his psychiatric examiners in the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, he offered up such material freely and frequently.

In the main, Grigorenko spoke slowly, carefully, and thoughtfully; but the rapidity of his speech varied according to its content. Despite the stresses of the day, he appeared alert throughout the examination, and, though he yawned from time to time, he responded to the questions put to him with understanding, perceptivity, and without undue

[8] Since the central Soviet diagnosis was a paranoid condition, my interview was focused on matters most relevant to that realm of psychopathology.

However, I also covered, less directly, the other matters ordinarily covered in a psychiatric examination, such as mood and cognitive capacities. The latter are particularly important, since it is in the cognitive sphere of functioning that arteriosclerotic disease, the diagnosis secondarily applied to Grigorenko by the Soviets, most clearly and commonly expresses itself. While I did not test Grigorenko's cognitive functioning at length in this interview, I did test it to a much greater extent in the informal interview I carried out in February 1978, ten months earlier—an interview that lasted almost four hours—and I felt that I possessed an adequate basis for coming to conclusions about such questions as memory and intellect.

In addition, I knew that the other psychiatric examiners had focused on those areas in their interviews, as had Dr Geschwind, the neurological consultant, and Dr Jones, the neuropsychologist, whose eight hours of detailed standardised tests concerned themselves precisely with the question of Grigorenko's cognitive capacities.

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delay. At no time was there any evidence of any fluctuation of consciousness.

Grigorenko's range of evident feeling was full. He was clearly sad at times, particularly when he spoke about the enormity of the struggle that was required to accomplish his goals and the feebleness of his capacity to do so, especially now that he was barred from his country and was in the twilight of his life. He was not provoked to anger even when I challenged him at various points and even when I quoted negative accusations and assertions about his mental state or character from the Soviet psychiatric reports available to me. He displayed no unusual anxiety during the interview; he was, rather, quite comfortable in the setting and under the circumstances of a television recording studio.

THE FIRST EXPLORATION of Grigorenko's views and life dealt with the development and quality of his oppositionist acts, the flexibility of his behaviour and character, and his capacity to reflect on the circumstances of his dissent, as well as his ability to establish a hierarchy of principles, to react differentially to challenges, to take a risky stand when it was important to do so, and to give in when it was not.

Grigorenko acknowledged that his speech at the Party Congress in 1961 was his first public act of dissent. But upon further questioning it became clear that the moral convictions represented by that act were evident before. He recalled that the first time he had any difficulty was in 1941, on the day of the Nazi invasion of his country, when (in a private conversation) he criticised Stalin's lack of planning for the war.

GRIGORENKO: I was saved from death by a firing squad because Stalin fled and chaos overcame the leadership. What also helped me was that I had a very good relationship with, and was respected by, the military commander of that front, and they did their best to hush it up. If not for the confusion at the top, no one in that area would have dared defend me. But there was no reaction from above, so that the commanders [at the front] took the initiative in defending me. . . . But of course I had to recant publicly; I had to denounce what I had done and swear I was faithful to Stalin.

—Did you know what you did was dangerous?

GRIGORENKO: Of course I knew; but I didn't expect to be caught, since what I said was part of a private conversation between two people.

Grigorenko's second difficulty with authorities occurred in 1949, during his defence of his academic dissertation. That dissertation contained implied criticisms of the military theories of unnamed, high-ranking officers, and Grigorenko was advised to excise that chapter.

GRIGORENKO: [*Smiles*] Finally they convinced me to change it. . . . The man who helped me [to the decision to compromise] asked me, "Do you want to make a scientific discovery or do you want a degree?" I told him that I thought that was the same thing. And he said, "No, it's not the same thing, first you get your degree and then you should make scientific discoveries." Once he explained that in that way, I followed his advice. You have to carry out a task in a step-wise fashion.

—Aren't you interested in truth? Are you willing to compromise truth?

GRIGORENKO: [*Calmly*] Well, I think that when something concerns a matter of principle, no compromise is possible. A dissertation on such a subject, though, doesn't involve matters of principle. Truth did not vanish, it wasn't betrayed. After all, everyone read that dissertation [in the process of its consideration], and what had to be said was said. And when it was finally voted upon [at the ceremony of the defence of the dissertation], it was approved unanimously [for the first time in the history of the academy], and [the vote] was greeted with applause.

—So you distinguish between important things and unimportant things—between things that are worth fighting about and things that are not worth fighting about?

GRIGORENKO: Of course.

—So why did the Soviet psychiatrists consider you unwilling to change your views, unwilling to change?

GRIGORENKO: . . . I'm prepared to change if I can be convinced, by discussion, that I'm wrong. That man, my thesis adviser, convinced me, so I changed.

I ENGAGED GRIGORENKO in a further discussion of specific political views. In fact, my first challenge to him in the interview had to do with the content of his views during the mid-'60s, and that challenge provoked him to some spirited reflection on his former ideas regarding Leninism and on the revisions of those ideas that he developed during his confinement in a psychiatric hospital in 1965. It appeared that the depth of his feeling in response to this subject had to do, at least in part, with the past insistence by Soviet psychiatrists that his political ideas were somehow inadequate or that he was characterologically unable to change or moderate them. When I reminded him of his Leninist position

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and of his change in that position in 1965, a change he had recorded in a memoir, he acknowledged that he had decided then that it was a fundamental error to rely on the dogma of Leninism. He said that, in thinking about the matter during his hospitalisation, he had decided that he had been naive. He saw that it was necessary to take the present into account, that it would be impossible to go back 50 years. That revision, he said, represented a drastic change in his views. At that time, he explained,

> "I started to consider Leninism a delusion. . . . I left the hospital with the idea that one had to fight in the open and appeal to the laws. I gave up the conspiratorial, underground way of achieving change."

As Grigorenko spoke about that change in his views, he grew increasingly animated. Although I attempted to ask him about other matters, he continued to return to the topic. Clearly, it had affected him, and he felt the need for continued elaboration and clarification. However, there was no evidence of an inability to leave the subject of the discussion, or of an obsessional, perseverative quality to his answer.

MUCH OF THE INTERVIEW was taken up with an exploration of the motivations for Grigorenko's dissent and risk-taking acts, the clarity of his purpose, and the sense he has and has had of himself—the sense, that is, of his personal power and capacities.

—Why [did you persist in your struggle]?

GRIGORENKO: The Soviet psychiatrists asked me the same question. It's not a personal cause. It's a social, communal cause. Someone always has to start. I always liked to repeat the verse by Yevtushenko written when he was still a real poet. He wrote, "When lack of talent summons itself to fight for truth, then talent, I am ashamed of you." . . . This system of government should not be tolerated by people, but it never happens that everyone rises against it. There always has to be people who start—then others will follow. And those who start, regardless of whether or not they are talented, or have special abilities—they become a slogan, a banner, for those who follow. This places a particular responsibility on them and they should not abandon the cause. You are responsible not just for yourself, but also for the cause in the eyes of those who follow. During my life, in my faithful service to Communism, I caused a lot of damage to my people, and I wanted, at least in my remaining days, to repair it. . . . What's the sense of living one extra year if you continue in the fraud of not facing things? It's better to live the rest of your life creatively so that you will not be ashamed in the eyes of your grandchildren. I have always considered the inner impulse to serve as a vocation inspired—instilled in my soul—by God.

—Why in **your** *soul? After all, only a few people did what you did.*

GRIGORENKO: No, this is not true. It's just that I became known. I just was lucky that I became known, mostly as a result of the campaign in my defence. There are many who did more than I did, but no one knows about them.

—Did God put it in their souls, too?

GRIGORENKO: I think so. I think that Providence plays a greater role in the lives of people than we think.

—Do you think that you have some kind of special relationship with God?

GRIGORENKO: No. Even though I firmly believe that God exists in the world, and that there is some Supreme Reason, I unfortunately cannot absorb myself fully in prayer. . . . Some people can detach themselves and allow themselves to be fully absorbed in prayer, but I can't. For example, I feel that I can't proselytise using the name of God—I can mention it in a private conversation, but I think that there are people chosen by God for that. We have such a man in the Soviet Union. This is Father Dudko, who, one can say, really contains God within him.

I QUESTIONED GRIGORENKO FURTHER in order to see if I could find any grandiose trends—any sense of himself as somehow superhuman, divine, possessed of extraordinary powers or knowledge, or of being "centre-stage", of being more important that he could possibly be. I was alerted to one possible area of grandiosity by his mention of a conversation about him that he attributed to members of the Politburo. He said that one dissident leaflet he had written, *Why We Don't Have Bread*, had been discussed by them. When I explored the matter further to see whether he thought he was somehow constantly and centrally on the minds of the Soviet leadership, he explained (matter-of-factly), that, a month after he had distributed it, Brezhnev had made a speech listing some of the same circumstances that were cited in the leaflet, and that he was then told about a conversation that had taken place at a high level shortly after that speech in which someone made the comment, "Well, that almost sounded as if it had been written by Grigorenko."

—Who said that?

GRIGORENKO: It was a member of the Central Committee—it was a small group that discussed it.

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—The Central Committee was aware of Grigorenko?

GRIGORENKO: [*Laughs*] Of course. I was sent to the hospital by the Central Committee—not by the psychiatrists. And it was said, "Don't allow him to get to trial."

—You mean you were talked about [in high places]—Brezhnev had a discussion about you back then in 1965 or perhaps in 1969?

GRIGORENKO: Well, Brezhnev knows me very well . . . Khrushchev talked about me [too].

In this interchange, as well as in other parts of the interview, Grigorenko's theories of how others, including those in high places, related to and thought of him were based on reasonable evidence or conservative inference. There was no suggestion of an inflated belief in his own importance to the world as a whole or to the Soviet leadership in particular. Rather, he related what he believed to have been small but significant decisions made by persons at high levels regarding his acts and his fate, as fitting responses, under Soviet political conditions, to the dissenting behaviour of a Soviet Major-General. Earlier, he had pointed out to me that he had, in fact, personally known Brezhnev during World War II; and he later explained that it should not be inconceivable that Brezhnev would now be aware of and talk about him in his private conversations, or that he could be the focus of the conversations of other high-ranking Soviet leaders. This series of answers, in addition to previous answers (regarding his relationship with God and his personal mission), suggested that his sense of himself was a modest one, that he viewed himself as relatively unimportant in the cosmic scheme of things, and that he felt that irony and chance rather than some special destiny had fashioned his prominence and his fate.

FINALLY, I ATTEMPTED to gauge Grigorenko's capacity to assess reality, both now and in the past—his capacity to assess the nature of the historical moment and to respond to it, as well as his capacity to appreciate danger from without and to moderate his behaviour in response to that danger. I brought up, again, the event that had precipitated his political troubles in 1961—the speech he made as a Party delegate criticising certain official Party policies.

—In 1961, when you made that speech, it was, after all, after the era of Stalin. The period of repression had eased; and while, obviously, it was dangerous to speak out, it was not a capital offence. Would you have said the same thing ten years earlier, during Stalin's terror—during the late 1940s or early '50s? Or, to put it another way, what stopped you [from speaking out then]?

GRIGORENKO: At that time I couldn't have made such a statement because I didn't measure up to it. I was a faithful Communist. The difference between 1951 and 1961 is not just a difference of ten years, but the fact that the 20th Party Congress took place in 1956, from which I learned that what I had considered to be local mistakes were really widespread perversions of the Party line. And after 1956, I had another five years for observation and reflection. This is the way I was able to become worthy of making the statement that I made [in 1961]. And as for what you said, Dr Reich [that he organised his underground group in 1963 knowing that it was not then a capital crime], let me tell you that I was convinced then that if I was found out I would be killed.

—So if your understanding had been the same in 1951 as it had been in 1961, would you have done what you did later: you would have done that under Stalin, too?

GRIGORENKO: [*Smiles*] As an old historian, a military historian, I have to object to that question. One cannot say what would have happened if the past was other than the way it was. I was not different then. I was the way I was. And whether I could have been different under different circumstances is just a matter of speculation.

In addition to an examination of Grigorenko's ideas, attitudes toward his past, and personal characteristics, observations were also made about other dimensions of his psychiatric status. It was clear that his cognitive capacities were fully intact. He was well oriented in all spheres, and his memory was exceptionally good regarding both the remote and recent past. At several points Grigorenko corrected me on certain dates or events; those corrections were appropriate and sound. His fund of information, his intellectual resources, and his capacity to concentrate and to think abstractly were unflawed. His judgment regarding past events as well as his present situation was excellent. And his insight into his motivations was perceptive and acute.

6. *Conclusions*

THERE IS NO EVIDENCE that Grigorenko is suffering from any significant mental illness or impairment of thinking or intellect at this time, and there is no good evidence that he has suffered from such illness or impairment at any time in the past. In particular, there is no evidence of any mental illness in the paranoid range, even of the mildest

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sort. While there is evidence, on the basis of physical findings, of atherosclerotic disease, there is no sign that this condition has significantly compromised Grigorenko's intellectual or emotional capacities, or that it has formed or determined his behaviour or mood.

In reviewing Grigorenko's life prior to 1961 (the year in which he committed the political trespass that precipitated both his decline in official terms and his rise in dissident terms), a picture emerges of a proud, forceful, energetic and achieving man who expected the most and the best not only of himself but also of everyone around him, including those who worked for him, those for whom he worked, and the military and political figures who held the safety and fate of his country in their hands. He expressed those characteristics consistently, and always within reason. Taking the theory of the Revolution and of his society seriously, he immersed himself in the classics of Marxism-Leninism, and attempted to participate, in his role as a responsible Soviet citizen, in the development and strengthening of the country he loved. During his life he developed understandings of Communist ideology that were within the mainstream of the approaches used at various times by official Soviet ideologists. Following the 20th Party Congress, at which revelations were aired concerning the extent of Stalin's crimes and terror, Grigorenko—like vast numbers of his countrymen, particularly those in his social and intellectual class—was stunned. Needing to respond to his sense of personal and social betrayal, and to protect the integrity of his beliefs and of his emotional investment in his social system, he strove to find ways in which the country could return to what he considered its promising Revolutionary beginnings. At first, he felt that a return to "true Leninism" would suffice. Subsequently, he understood that what he took to be that doctrine was inadequate to the times, and he revised it to take modern conditions into account. These ideas and revisions took place during the late 1950s through the mid-'60s, and were accompanied by words and acts that reflected his sense that the past should never be repeated. Those words and acts were contained within the context of private conversations; they were not aired at public meetings. At no time, either before 1961 or after, was there any evidence of strange, bizarre, or reckless behaviour associated with or driven by some idea concerning the reformation of society or related to a special role he felt for himself in such a reformation.

During the pre-1961 period, two events particularly stand out as foreshadowings of his tendency to defend and act upon his convictions and principles. The first took place in 1941, when he criticised Stalin's planning for the war. The second event, in 1949, involved his confrontation with his academy over his implied criticisms, in his Master's thesis, of prominent military figures. In neither act did he behave recklessly. In the first, for example, he had simply had a private conversation with someone he had assumed could be trusted, understanding the possible dangers of speaking out critically against the leader of the country on the first, disastrous day of World War II. In the second instance, he maintained an exchange of views with his thesis adviser, without making a public issue of it, until that adviser finally convinced him, through reasoning, that it was more important for him to get his degree than to make his admittedly valid point. This last experience illustrates Grigorenko's capacity for flexibility and compromise as well as his willingness to accept a moral victory rather than a strategic one.

The events surrounding Grigorenko following his speech in 1961 can, in large measure, be understood in direct relation to that speech and the circumstances that resulted from it.

THE SPEECH ITSELF was, it seems clear, the result of Grigorenko's long-standing policy of speaking and acting according to his conscience. The conference was a closed one. He felt himself in the right in expressing his views within it, particularly in the context of recent revelations about the massive deviations from stated Soviet principles under Stalin—revelations that had been made officially—and the development of a political "thaw" that was permitting discussion of previously sensitive matters. Grigorenko's presentation was probably forceful, experienced by others present as beyond the pale of acceptable criticism, and presumably suggested to those hearing him that he was somehow politically unreliable or even dangerous. Receiving an official reprimand—and, in effect, demoted in his position and influence at the prime of his professional life by being transferred to the Soviet Far East—Grigorenko seems to have concluded, apparently correctly, that open criticism would not be tolerated, and that he would inevitably suffer for it.

It was at that time that he engaged in his first clandestine activity, forming his "Union for the Revival of Leninism", and distributing leaflets. He understood very clearly, he says, that this was an illegal, dangerous act. He fully expected that he would be punished for it, possibly by death. The leaflets distributed by that group (which consisted in part of members of his own family) contained materials that were themselves in no way bizarre or extreme. Following his arrest, investigation, incarceration in a mental hospital during 1965, and loss of his officer's pension, Grigorenko focused his substantial energies not only on the goal of social justice and democratisation, but also on the goal of personal justice and self-justification. The series of

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letters and demands about his lost pension and about the punishments he received, as well as his complaints about the hospitalisation, can all be understood as reactions to the challenges arising from his environment.

AGAIN, THERE IS NO delusional thread that can be seen to run through this period of his life or to extend from an earlier period of his life. There is no evidence that his words and his acts were a result of some exalted sense of himself or his place in Soviet society, or of some sense of unreal conspiracy. Nor is there any evidence that any of his words or acts were produced by someone who was incapable of adequately assessing reality or of controlling his thoughts or behaviour.

In addition, there is no evidence of any mental changes, sudden or slow, that might have been caused by a cerebrovascular accident at any time. Even when a stroke probably did take place, in 1972, there is no evidence of any significant or lasting compromise of Grigorenko's intellectual or emotional functioning. The assertion, made to visiting Western psychiatrists in 1973, that Grigorenko had suffered from a stroke in 1950–51 could not be substantiated; but, in any case, there is no evidence of any characterological or behavioural change at that time that might have been caused by such a cerebral event.[9]

IN THE ENTIRE SPAN OF Grigorenko's history, there is no evidence of signs or symptoms of a schizophrenic disorder, paranoid or not, chronic or acute. In particular, Grigorenko has never experienced hallucinations of any type, personality disorganisation, systematised or fragmented delusions, or any compromise in his capacity to relate to others in intimate or social ways. While demanding the most from others, he has always been able, from all evidence, to establish strong and warm relations with them. His behaviour as a father and as a husband, witnessed by me in February 1978, exemplifies him as a devoted and loving parent and as a faithful and caring spouse. In fact, his major source of concern at this time, and the threat that he most fears, is the prospect of ill health that might befall either him or his wife, resulting in the loss by either of them of the other's presence and support. In addition, he expresses great concern about the care of his stepson, who is in his mid-forties, suffers from Down's syndrome, and who has been the focus of his parents'—including Grigorenko's—attentions through all the tribulations and upheavals of the past eighteen years.

The consultants' findings confirm and strengthen these conclusions.

In his full neurological examination, Professor Geschwind found that there was evidence of turbulent blood flow in Grigorenko's right internal carotid artery, a finding which almost certainly implies blockage of that particular blood vessel. He noted that in 1972 Grigorenko probably suffered a small stroke which caused a loss of vision in the right eye and some mild signs of weakness and sensory loss on the left side of the body. He stressed, however, that he found no evidence of intellectual or emotional changes as a result of this slight damage to the brain.

Professor Geschwind's neurological conclusions were supported by Dr Jones' findings upon neuropsychological testing. After a very extensive battery of such tests, Dr Jones found Grigorenko to be an individual of superior intellectual capacities, with verbal intellectual abilities higher not only than those of his age but also of the population as a whole without reference to age. This superior function, she stressed, ranged across a variety of areas, including fund of information, verbal concept formation and abstraction ability, judgment, reasoning, and mental arithmetic. She also found his memory to be superior, and his capacity for verbal learning and retention "especially impressive." Dr Jones did note that in one area, visuoperceptual and constructional functioning, it was possible that Grigorenko's capacities have diminished as compared to his earlier level. She stressed, however, that in this realm his abilities and skills are fully average for his age level, and that even here he does not display a clinical degree of impairment.

Finally, she pointed out that, if Grigorenko had suffered any brain damage as a result of cerebrovascular disease, that damage was very minimal and probably not sustained earlier than 1971 or 1972—and, in that case, could not have been a basis for any behavioural changes attributed to that kind of damage during the periods under consideration in the Soviet diagnoses.

[9] The assertion was made to two Western psychiatrists (Drs Denis Leigh and Carlo Perris) while they visited Grigorenko on 15 October 1973, during his hospitalisation at Stolbovaya.

The visit was accomplished as a result of an official invitation. These psychiatrists were in the USSR to attend a conference on schizophrenia, and were brought (together with a large group of other Western psychiatrists) from Yerevan and Tbilisi, the sites of the conference, to Moscow, in order to counter the charges of "Soviet psychiatric abuse." Among the official actions was the invitation to visit and interview Grigorenko in his hospital near Moscow, which these two psychiatrists accepted. They were accompanied by Dr Maya Shchirina, a Soviet psychiatrist who was the Scientific Secretary of Snezhnevsky's Institute of Psychiatry and who was to serve as the translator.

However, Grigorenko declined to be interviewed without a translator of his own choosing; otherwise, he felt his meaning might be inaccurately transmitted.

Dr Leigh's report on the visit (dated 29 October 1973) was distributed privately following his return to England.

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Irene Stiver, the consultant psychologist, in her observations and interpretations, supported and strengthened the findings based on the psychiatric interview. After three hours of projective testing, Dr Stiver was impressed by Grigorenko's full range of emotionality as well as by his highly developed capacity for humour, laughter, and irony. She found him to be a man of very superior intelligence, highly creative, and remarkably flexible in his thinking. While he was capable of uniquely interpreting and synthesising observations and impressions, he was also capable of seeing things the way others see them. She found him to be a person with a highly developed sense of truth, one who characteristically seeks to understand and validate his experiences. She noted that he did have a heightened perceptiveness, but that, unlike the paranoid person, who is fixed in his interpretation of what he believes he perceives, Grigorenko has an ability to shift his point of view and that this ability protects him from distortions of perception. She added that, far from fixing upon one particular interpretation of reality, Grigorenko strives to constantly evaluate and criticise his interpretation in order to come to as valid and objective a conclusion as possible. Dr Stiver was impressed by the fullness of Grigorenko's emotional range and the centrality to his life of ideas and principles. Overall, she found him to be an idealist, with a strong conscience, who feels responsible for others.

Finally, the Biometrics Research staff at the New York State Psychiatric Institute filled in the Psychiatric Status Schedule, a diagnostic questionnaire, on the basis of the interview videotapes; and, after applying their Research Diagnostic Criteria, they concluded that, while Grigorenko did display signs of mild depression, he did not suffer from a diagnosable mental illness.

A LAST COMMENT. The task of the psychiatrists and consultants who examined Grigorenko was, in the main, to look for signs of illness. What we found was a man who, ironically, reminded us in some ways of the patient in Soviet descriptions. But their version of Grigorenko was consistently askew. For where they claimed obsessions, we found perseverance; where they cited delusions, we found rationality; where they identified psychotic recklessness, we found committed devotion; and where they diagnosed pathology, we found health.

UFO

The space-ship, cigar shaped, hovered above her house.
She watched, eyes uplifted as if in prayer,
the fever of adoration. The dining room clock
fractured noiselessly. She knew that it would be there,

a light-studded Havana clenched in the moon's jaw.
She would behave like someone who knew what to expect
—courteous, serene, and accepting. Above all, full
of grace, as becomes one of the elect.

Transcendent intelligences quizzed her existence,
knew her intimate secrets, all her being.
What were walls or pretences to those ineffable
occupants who perceived all without seeing?

For a lifetime they stayed together, locked
in unequal, authentic exchange. Then it backed
away over the housetops at incredible speed,
and vanished, a pinprick of light, at the exact

moment the tedious evening sent its routines
tumbling back at her ears nineteen to the dozen.
Library books, children, his shirt needing mending;
could she sustain all these slight things, being chosen?

John Gohorry

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Stephen Haseler

Towards a Centre Party?

The Need for a Realignment in Britain

THE EARLY 1980s will witness yet another flurry of commentary about the imminence of a realignment in British politics and the emergence of a "Centre Party", that most elusive of British radical objectives. World-weary intellectuals and career politicians will conspire to present us with a powerful array of historical precedents from the post-War years which suggest that anything new under the British political sun is quite impossible. Hugh Gaitskell's failure to transform Labour into a genuine left-of-centre party (when the Party Conference voted against him, and entrenched the nationalisation platform of Clause Four in 1960) will be cited; also the failure of the Liberal revivals in 1962 and 1972; and the collapse of Dick Taverne's bold (and lone) experiment in the early 1970s.

It will be further argued that Britain's electoral system entrenches the two-party system, no matter the changing political complexion of the two major parties, and that this gaunt fact of political life will ineluctably force back into the Big-Party encampments all those (particularly Labour's beleaguered moderates) who flirt with breaking out on to higher terrain.

Yet analogies with the post-War past are fanciful. All the previous attempts to refashion the party political system have come to grief because *not enough* traditional Labour voters have been persuaded that the party of their normal allegiance has so transformed its political character as to represent a complete breach with its Labourist and social democratic past. Hence, although Labour has declined electorally (down to 36.9% of the popular vote in 1979) and organisationally (down to a skeletal active membership of well below 100,000 . . . arguably lower than that of the Liberal Party), its descent during the 1970s did not reach such dramatic proportions that it ceased to be viewed as the major alternative to British Toryism.

Labour is still the major opposition party in Britain. Consequently it remains the residual legatee of disenchantment with the government, because the Labour public is slow to respond to extremist advances within the National Executive or Trotskyite infiltration into local constituency parties. Also, Labour voters tend to associate their party with its Parliamentary leaders. Harold Wilson or Jim Callaghan tend to embody Labour in the Labour public's mind; and while these obviously non-socialist politicians retain some kind of purchase on their party, millions of non-socialist Labour voters will continue to support Labour irrespective of the size and security of the Marxist beach-head within the National Executive Committee (NEC).

YET IT IS HERE, at the level of the Labour public's perception of its own party, that the 1980s will present us with the long-sought-after opportunity to refashion old party politics. Labour's left wing has embarked upon a strategy, from which it cannot withdraw, which will publicly deny to Labour's moderates the last vestiges of any real political authority. This offensive will conclude (either at this year's Party Conference or at the annual gathering in 1982) with the final adoption by the party apparatus of mechanisms which will effectively bring to an end the historic independence of the Parliamentary Labour Party and place the legislators under tight *party* control. Whether this is

STEPHEN HASELER *is the author of "The Gaitskellites" (Macmillan, 1969), "The Death of British Democracy" (Elek, 1976), and co-author, with Roy Godson, of "'Eurocommunism': Implications for East & West." His latest book, "The Tragedy of Labour", is to be published this spring by Basil Blackwell. Dr Haseler was twice a Labour Parliamentary Candidate (1966 and 1970); and was elected to the GLC for the constituency of Wood Green in 1973. He was Chairman of the GLC's General Purposes Committee, 1973–5, and is now Principal Lecturer in Politics at the City of London Polytechnic. His prophetic article on "Britain's Left in Crisis" appeared in the December 1976* ENCOUNTER.

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to be enacted by "mandatory re-selection" of MPs by local caucuses or by denying the PLP a majority say in the election of the next Leader is irrelevant. More to the point is the effect that this momentous shift of power will have on Labour voters.

FOR YEARS PAST those who have warned of "Labour's shift to the left" have been handicapped by the lack of a seismic political event which could dramatise their thesis. The Labour Left has waged a war of attrition; there has been no single great upheaval. The NEC changed its complexion in 1973 but this was a bit too complicated to explain in popular terms. Reg Prentice, a Labour front-bencher, was ousted from his Newham candidature in 1976 but this was dismissed (wrongly) as "an isolated act." Lord Underhill's two confidential reports into "extremist infiltration" were obviously serious but, yet again, they only referred to a minority of local Labour Parties. The appointment of a Trotskyite as Labour's National Youth Officer was certainly rather strange, but apparently containable. The *Tribune* group of MPs increased its membership and support in every general election in the 1970s but never quite achieved a majority. And all the time Labour's famous moderates stayed in position, presenting the acceptable face of Labour to the voters at election times. Social democrats, who could take no more, flaked-off individually. No coherent or organised group could be assembled to make the break and prove the point.

Yet, notwithstanding the compromises of the '70s, Labour's coming constitutional changes will be stark enough to prove to Labour's popular constituency that something quite extraordinary has happened to their party. And even if some, perhaps the majority, of Labour's Parliamentary moderates still determine to soldier on within the party there will be enough available and conspicuous solid evidence to change perceptions of Labour and to translate these new perceptions into political action.

ON THE FACE OF IT the creation of a Centre Party, in these circumstances, will not be difficult. The two conditions necessary for the emergence of a new party are likely to be met during the early years of this Parliament: (*1*) a Labour Party *seen* to be under the control of the extreme socialist Left, together with (*2*) an unpopular Conservative administration which inevitably, whether its bold economic strategy succeeds or needs to be replaced, by a more pliant version, will lose the support of many of the "affluent worker" and lower-middle-class voters who supported it in 1979. In line with Britain's normal political cycle—but this time accentuated because of Labour's transformation—third parties will start doing well at the polls. The Liberals will probably start scoring some spectacular by-election victories, particularly in suburban middle-class constituencies. Ousted Labour MPs, if they are daring enough, may win back their own seats as "independents" or as "Democratic Labour." A huge, unanchored, constituency will be available for a centre force to articulate and represent.

Political volatility was much greater in the 1970s than in the '50s and '60s, and there are few reasons to suggest that a return to stability is imminent. The two-party share of the vote, even without a new and coherent political party to erode it further, is likely to continue on its downward trend. The decline of deferential "working-class" Conservatism, the erosion of Labour's "affluent worker" base, and the general assertion of "instrumentality" throughout the electorate all conspire to weaken the two-party hegemony—even at general elections, when the major parties tend to pull back into their columns the disaffected. In this present interregnum between elections, within *this* Parliament, volatility could conceivably become so powerful that simply by the force of its own momentum political form could be given to all the disparate elements that are seeking such a new party.

A NEW CENTRE PARTY, however, will not succeed in the long run, nor even probably get off the ground, unless it adopts as its primary electoral objective the replacement of NEC Labour as the major opposition party. The Centre Party—whether it emerges out of an electoral pact between the Liberals and Labour dissidents or out of an organic split in the Labour Party—must seize the "left-of-centre" ground. It must bite deep into Labour's traditional working-class vote and seek to recreate, in suitable modern and relevant form, the Labour Party of the late 1940s and '50s. What is wanted is that most elusive of British needs: a party of reform with mass support amongst the working people, but a non-socialist party steeped in the political traditions of the country (patriotic, democratic, liberal) that nevertheless is not encumbered by the cultural and class problems presented

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to the British people by the Conservatives. This is the kind of party that Hugh Gaitskell very nearly created in the early '60s and there is nothing wistful or nostalgic in seeking to recreate it today.

For instance, the vacuum in British politics exists on the Left—where there is an imbalance in political representation. NEC Labour is far more unrepresentative of its voters than is the Conservative Party of its supporters. Labour's mass constituency is in no sense ideologically socialist but is attracted to Labour for reasons wholly *unconnected* with ideology. Labour people vote Labour for "cultural" reasons (the Tories are simply not "their people") or for "economic" reasons (Labour is seen as likely to create a "fairer" society with a more just distribution of material rewards). Apart from any other considerations Labour people do not deserve to be represented by a Left apparatus masquerading as a "Labourist" party. It is the great achievement of the modern British Left élite—the orthodox Marxists on the NEC and the variegated Trotskyites in the local constituencies and among the younger shop-stewards—to have appropriated to themselves the political leadership of industrial Britain. Unless a Centre Party is prepared to fight on this ground, to undercut the Left-socialist generation among the constituency it seeks to use to "revolutionise British society", it will end up as a mere frivolity.

Ideological Struggle on the Left

HE ORGANISED *the Campaign for Democratic Socialism to bolster Hugh Gaitskell's fight back against the unilateralists in 1960. Nearly 20 years on, he took the chair at the first public meeting of the "Campaign for a Labour Victory." The name is a euphemism. Its aim is to rout the Left in the party. William Rodgers, Social Democrat, MP for Stockton and Shadow defence minister, is packing his gun again.*

The posse has not yet nominated its sheriff. Candidates for the next party leadership election but one—Hattersley, Owen, Williams, Varley, Rodgers himself—are not going to let any one of them make too much of the running. It makes the Right look less than united, but they have to try to advance in line abreast. How does he see his own part?

"The victory that Hugh Gaitskell won in 1961 at Scarborough was not a victory only of votes, it was a victory of conviction. In between the '60 decision for unilateralism and its reversal many of us persuaded people that here was something gravely critical for the Labour movement and for the country and that there was a good case, Hugh Gaitskell's case, which had not been heard or considered. We won the voters in the end because we won the argument. Now we've got to try and win the argument."

"THE WHOLE FUTURE *of the party is at stake. Those who have gone out or are going out of politics must be persuaded that there are many of us who are prepared to fight very hard.*

"I am not going to abandon the principles and conventions that I care about and there are very many others, particularly outside Parliament. If the crunch really came they would be standard bearers for the sort of party, should I say, that the Labour Party was once. But I hope it won't happen. I think we can rally opinion."

"THE BOOK **that was most influential on me was Evan Durbin's** *Politics of Democratic Socialism.* **Durbin was very much a friend and contemporary of Hugh Gaitskell's. He died in 1948, trying to rescue some children swimming off the coast of Cornwall. This is a marvellous book because, more than anyone before or since he really talked about the tyranny of the Right and of the Left. He was as much anti-Stalin as he was anti-Hitler and at that time, writing just before the war, this wasn't very fashionable on the Left.**

"I read a bit of it the other day and I wept over a fantastically good bit. It was a statement of the importance of the idea of liberty, of parliamentary democracy, the need to defend what you believed in. Now that may sound a very obvious thing to say, but it wasn't that obvious to some people in the 1930s. There are quite a lot in the Labour Party today who, though they wouldn't admit it, are very doubtful about the need to have an adequate defence against those who might try to do you down."

"THERE ARE THOSE *who would like to use every industrial situation and every situation of conflict to damage the political and social fabric of the country. I don't think there are enough to do it. There are fundamental stabilising factors in our society, there is a large body of people on the Left, like myself, who would never allow it to happen.*

"I hope it won't happen. As long as it is understood that those on the Left who are intent upon ruthlessly pursuing their own point of view, irrespective of the consequences for the party and with the intention, if they can, of getting rid of Members of Parliament like me and many, many others, or making life intolerable for them, if this were to happen then I think we would have to think very carefully indeed about how best to rally those who really stand for the traditional Labour values of conscience and reform."

William Rodgers
in an interview with Brian Connell
(THE TIMES, London)

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THIS IS THE LESSON to be learnt from the failure of the Liberals in the 1970s. Jo Grimond's strategy of "replacing Labour" was never properly pursued; a systematic and sustained attempt to capture Labour's increasingly unhappy voters from Labour's increasingly discredited leadership was never mounted. Certainly the Liberals attracted a goodly number of erstwhile Labour voters in the February 1974 election. But many of these were "tactical voters", who voted Liberal in order to get the Conservatives out in Conservative seats. Hence the Liberals came second in a host of traditional Conservative rural and suburban constituencies, but were unable to make the necessary breakthrough.

The Liberal leadership, first under Jeremy Thorpe and then under David Steel, made no lasting impression on the Labour constituency because it got taken up with all kinds of random and flippant notions from "community politics" to support for "liberation movements" abroad. Worthy, or unworthy, though many of these disparate reflexes may have been, the total package was inchoate and unthematic. Although Liberals had specific policies covering a range of industrial, economic, and welfare matters (many of which *individually* were attractive to Labour voters) it was unable to strike an authentic chord as a party of ordinary people. There was too much public-school silliness, even scandal, about it.

A Centre Party must avoid this fate. It must ensure that it does not become lionised in Belgravia and Hampstead while leaving folk cold and aloof in Worksop and Basildon. This is not a plea for the creation of a new "proletarian" party. David Marquand ("Inquest on a Movement", ENCOUNTER, July 1979) is quite right to object to the narrow and bitter left-wing propaganda about the "social backgrounds" of Labour's revisionist social democrats. Furthermore, much of the Labour constituency itself (as only a few minutes in a Labour club will prove) is alienated from the Party apparatus by the vulgar-Marxist "working-class" *agitprop* of local activists. Even so, a Centre Party must achieve sufficient industrial support for it properly to project itself as a "classless", non-sectarian party. After all, the great achievement of Social Democracy in the 20th century in most of the industrial countries has been to reconcile the "working-class" interest with liberal-democratic society—something Conservative parties and Liberal parties have been unable to accomplish.

If a new Centre Party is to be in the social democratic tradition, what aspects of that tradition should it adopt?

In ideological terms (although ideology is probably too strong a term) a Centre Party must stand in the British liberal tradition. This most assuredly does *not* mean adopting the shallow progressivism of the '60s—the faddish anti-Americanism, the impulse towards embracing every pseudo-liberal cause which ensnared even some on the sensible Labour Right. Rather, it means drawing upon the wider and more profound liberal traditions of the nation, upon the democratic and populist traditions best typified in the early part of the century by David Lloyd George and the fledgling Labour Party. The aim of these early radicals and Labourists, non-socialist to a man, was to work within the liberal democratic state and society, to deepen it and broaden it so that the benefits (in terms of material affluence and political freedom) enjoyed by those "at the top" should be spread more widely. This historic radical aim has still not been achieved.

A CENTRE PARTY must be in favour of democratising and modernising Britain, of opening up the country's various "power structures" to the talents so that ordinary people can share in the life of the nation more fully than they are allowed to at present. Any authentic radical party must assert the majority against the élites, the individual against the interests. This anti-establishment posture is not only firmly within the British radical tradition but will help to set off the new party both from the socialist generation and from the Conservatives. It is a sad fact of contemporary political life that Tony Benn has succeeded in out-gunning and out-manoeuvering the real radicals on the worrisome question of "bureaucracy" and "secrecy" in British life—though "the new social order" he and the Labour Left advocate would be more bureaucratic, closed, secretive and statist than anything seen in this country since the advent of liberal democratic reforms.

"Modernising Britain" will entail institutional changes and reforms, radical measures that will be seen by the class-based interests in the Conservative Party and among the Left generation as a direct threat to their power (or, in the case of the socialists, to their assumption of power). Primaries, American-style, would open up the parties to public opinion, test the strength of the various factions, and break the stranglehold of the party machines. Proportional representation could do the same. Nor should a tough-minded social democratic party recoil from the judicious use of referenda, as long as they are used only as a weapon of last resort in

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order to give the constitutional state some added democratic legitimacy in limiting the power of "over-mighty subjects."

POLITICAL REFORMS will not of themselves make much of an impression upon Britain's intractable class problem and upon the mutually antagonistic economic interests which stunt British economic progress. Social democrats are not socialists, and consequently cannot believe that class conflict and group solidarity will wither away as "the public sector" grows ever more powerful. In fact, the opposite is the case. Classlessness spreads where a social free market operates most freely. What is more, a measured return to a greater private sector cannot be accomplished without some limitation of the coercive power of trade unions over workers. Yet the great British problem is how to get from where we are now to the point where a more liberal economy begins to produce the goods. Any strategy of "roll-back" (with its obvious effect on short-term unemployment) or "trade-union reform" (with its inevitable and visceral hardening of "Them-&-Us" consciousness) will quite understandably be resisted by working people unless it is accompanied by a serious attempt to deal with the restrictive practices of some of the upper-middle-class professions and the corporate excesses of the managerial business class.

It is here that a Centre Party would have a great advantage over the Conservatives. So long as the Conservative Party continues to be associated in the public mind with the public-school/Oxbridge/managerial/professional conglomerate of élites (look at Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet), the mainstream of British opinion will retain its deep suspicion of Tory motives, notwithstanding their views on Tory policies—which remain surprisingly acceptable. Put starkly, is the Conservative Party only interested, at bottom, in preserving the property, income, wealth and status of "Tory people", in "keeping the *muzhiks* off the lawn"? Are all the policies, philosophies and rhetoric but a means to these ends? That these suspicions are held, and held widely, is testimony to the fundamental weakness of the Conservative Party as Mrs Thatcher's government confronts the daunting problems of the 1980s and tries to build a popular consensus for its strategy.

A GENUINELY RADICAL PARTY, which did not turn all its reforming and democratising zeal on the organisations of workers, would not encounter this instinctive and very British hostility. Yet, in order to surmount this problem the Centre Party must be free of the taint of "élitism." This crude term is used with much abandon in modern

At the Grass Roots

"ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY" *by Paul McCormick (Temple Smith, £7.50 paper £3.50) is the first detailed account of the saga of Newham North East and the notorious ousting of Reg Prentice.*

McCormick tells a highly personalised story of how he attempted to organise the moderates in this typical "inner city" Constituency Labour Party. His tactics, outlined in ingenious detail in the book, were twofold. First, he attempted to get out and enrol new members who would swell the ranks of the moderates at local ward and branch meetings, where the addition of only a handful of people could make a decisive difference to the political complexion of the party. Secondly, he attempted to use the law by means of injunctions against the local Marxists whenever it appeared that they had transgressed official rules and constitutional procedures.

McCormick failed in both these endeavours; but his book remains of great interest for anyone wishing to get to grips with "grass-roots" Labour politics. Essentially it underscores the near impossibility of being able to "win back" a local caucus for moderate politics once it has been taken over by the Far Left. Labour Party structures are such that they give an advantage to any enthusiastic group which is prepared to work diligently at politics on a full-time basis. Labour's traditional moderates usually have to work for a living and are not prepared to become fully politicised; this is not a problem for the professional revolutionaries of the extreme Left.

Labour at local level has developed a "democracy for the committed." Until the Party can be opened up by primaries (whereby the average Labour voter can have a say in the selection or "de-selection" of their candidates), local party caucuses—and the candidates they select—will become ever more unrepresentative.

Reg Prentice understood this problem, as do many other moderate Labour MPs who have been ousted, and as will those who will be ousted in the future. Fanaticism tends always to win in a tiny ideological organisation. When Labour was "a mass party" in the 1950s and '60s the problem was containable. Now that it has declined to skeletal proportions, particularly in the major British cities, Newham North East (as McCormick suggests) will not be unique.

S.H.

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Britain. It is sloppy and often sloppily used. But it does have *some* meaning and is usually the product of subtle and inexpressible perceptions of class differences. The job of a Centre Party must be to attempt the thankless task of transcending class. Both the social aims and the social composition of the new party will, therefore, be of some moment. It ought not to be bashful in proclaiming itself in favour of the kind of "classless societies" in evidence in most of the advanced industrial nations (in the USA, Australia, Canada, West Germany) where a man or woman, no matter the disparities of wealth and income, is not considered a lesser being simply because of background or accent (is not, as Orwell put it, "branded on the tongue").

The British cannot travel this modernising road without looking (yet again) at one of the primary sources of class entrenchment—the educational system and particularly the public schools. Anthony Crosland raised this thorny issue in the 1950s, and it was then dropped by centre and social democratic politicians. The end product of all the reforming and egalitarian zeal of the '60s was the abolition of the grammar schools (the one educational institution that guaranteed some form of social mobility); the public schools remained intact. Consequently we are left today with a rigid two-sidedly antagonistic secondary educational system which only compounds class feeling. The Labour and Conservative political élites who allowed this to happen will both rue the day in terms of future social cohesion. Even so, no matter how traumatic it may be, a Left-of-Centre party must set about the task afresh.

SOCIAL AIMS cannot be separated from social composition. A party which seeks to break down class barriers can only carry conviction if its leaders and its cadres are drawn from a wide social cross-section. Labour gained much of its support historically not simply because of its policy prescriptions, certainly not because of its socialism, but because it was, and was seen as, the party of "the ordinary man." Labour, to borrow the title of William Rodgers and Bernard Donoughue's book about the history of the party, put "the People into Parliament." Yet today both major parties display a fatal social imbalance between their leadership groups and their electoral support. Sir Ian Gilmour has said of the Conservative Party that it

> "is even more unrepresentative socially than most other democratic parliamentary parties, though this is at least partly explained by the tying of the trade union movement to the Labour Party."

The modern Labour Party can hardly claim to be any more socially representative. The affluent skilled and semi-skilled manual workers and their families have fled from the policies of Labour over the last decade, and the voluntary work of the Party is now very largely the preserve of small groups of "professional" public-sector middle-class activists. Labour has ceased to be a mass party in any real sense.

This vacuum presents any new Centre Party with a unique opportunity. Not only should it seek to give political representation to the increasingly unrepresented social democratic constituency but it should also attempt to reflect what will be its predominantly "lower-middle" and "affluent-worker" electoral support in the councils of its leadership.

THIS RAISES the whole question of the proper relationship between the Trade Unions and any new Centre Party. A new social democratic party would not want to become merely the political expression of the institutions of organised labour. Any formal or organic link (authoritarian "bloc votes" and the like) between the trade-union hierarchies and a Centre Party would defeat the aim of "transcending class." The most appropriate kind of relationship between labour and a radical party would be that enjoyed between the US Democratic Party and the unions of the AFL-CIO: one involving no *formal* ties but one in which general political support would be offered at election times. Of course, some union bureaucracies, those with an entrenched "socialist" *apparat*, will retain their organisational links with NEC Labour. Others, with a more social democratic leadership and with a *membership* increasingly ill at ease in an emerging "Euro-Communist" Labour Party, could break out. It is not so much that a *"Force Ouvrière"* is waiting to be born; it is rather that individual unions may seek political independence from a degenerating Labour Party in order to bestow their favours, in an instrumental manner, at election times according to circumstances and events.

FINALLY, if a radical Centre Party is in business to revivify the historic liberal tradition of the country it cannot do so without identifying and opposing (in a far more robust manner than many "centre" politicians and intellectuals have been pre-

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pared to do since the eclipse of the social democrats of the 1950s) the threats to the free society. Hugh Gaitskell's tough-minded social democracy has been the missing ingredient in British politics during the depressing decades of the 1960s and '70s. Labour's moderates never quite grasped the torch that was handed to their generation by "Labour's lost leader", and its flame died during the multiplicity of manoeuvres the Labour Right felt bound to engage in in order to keep the party united.

The central thesis of the social democrats of the 1950s was not only that there was some kind of irreconcilability between the liberal or radical tradition and the socialist tradition—which, to reduce it to party-political terms, meant between the Labour Right and the Labour Left—but that the one posed a threat to the other. Hence, the "revisionists" of the '50s were not fastidious or embarrassed about raising "the Communist issue" in political and intellectual debate. Communism was seen as the greatest single political adversary of free peoples, just as Fascism and Nazism had been in the 1930s. Yet liberal or social democratic anti-Communism became discredited following the absurd excesses of Senator Joe McCarthy, the increasing complexity of political and philosophical developments on the Left (primarily the emergence of a seemingly "democratic" Trotskyism), the war in Viet Nam, the *détente* relaxation and the development of "Euro-Communism." In Britain, social democratic anti-Communists were also rightly careful, in analysing their own party, not to confuse the Bevanite "democratic socialist" tradition (often referred to as "the legitimate Left") with the incipient totalitarianism of its Far Left.

TODAY, HOWEVER, liberals and social democrats should be able to avoid the confusions of recent years. The picture is much clearer. First, Labour has undergone such a profound change that the old "Bevanite" tradition hardly exists any more. Michael Foot may still be in play, and may even achieve the Leadership; but this hardly matters. Labour's apparatus is now divided between militant romantic Trotskyites in the constituencies and a shrewder, more realistic, "socialist" élite on the NEC whose "alternative strategy" involves a Siege Economy at home and Neutralism abroad. (It has, for good measure, already established unprecedented *party-to-party* relations with Eastern-bloc Communist régimes and with "Euro-Communist" parties, even the half-Stalinist French; and it flutters "fraternally" in the presence of such sterling brothers as Comrade Shelepin and Yasir Arafat.)

Social democrats and liberals, in constructing any new party, cannot ignore these sinister developments. The transformation of Labour should become the central reason, indeed the *justification*, for a realignment. To seek a reconstruction of British politics without a robust anti-totalitarian message may seem to the wider public little more than a manoeuvre to put defeated factions back into political office.

Secondly, most of the illusions about the Soviet Union and the arms and consequences of Soviet power have now disappeared. A Centre Party can hardly defend and assert liberal values at home without adopting a foreign policy that develops as its pivotal strategic principle the unity of the West. Here, again, a Centre Party would fill a major gap in British politics. NEC Labour is, of course, highly suspect in its commitment to the Western trading, financial, and defence system. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have vested much of their political identity in "the European ideal" which has always been potentially divisive of general Western interests—as some of the recent Bonn-Paris infirmities over Afghanistan and the Middle East alarmingly illustrate. A Centre Party which reasserted "Atlanticism", which recognised that the only ultimate guarantor of British security was our relationship with the United States, would not only display a keen sense of national interest but would also align itself with public sentiment. Any test of polling data will reveal that the potential constituency of a Centre Party is (1) anti-Soviet, (2) sceptical about European integration, but (3) relatively comfortable about Britain's traditional "Atlantic relationship".

REALIGNMENTS ARE RARE in British politics; and they certainly do not derive from blueprints in the mind's eye. If Britain is to have a new party of the radical centre it will *evolve*—out of all the disparate ideas, responses, factions and individuals who make up the ill-defined "middle ground" of British politics. Yet, even in Britain, a fairly rapid evolution cannot be ruled out in circumstances where one of the country's major parties has so conspicuously deserted its lineage. In any event, the alternative is as depressing as it is predictable: a period of social dislocation under a Conservative government ending, either in the middle or the late 1980s, with the election, *because nothing else is on offer*, of Britain's first fundamentalist socialist government, a hard party-line régime of the unreconstructed Left.

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Alistair Elliot

Talking to Horace

for John Milner

"I wonder what it's like at parties now?"

You'd still hear the familiar human row,
The sound of egos belling, face to face,
As if competing in a market-place
To sell themselves; but louder, for we walk
Or stand to drink, avoiding general talk—
A mob, you'd say, but in its Sabbath best.
I think you'd see that, though we'd not be dressed
In white like you, or uniformed by class.
Also, we "smoke": a dried-up herb—not grass—
Held in a paper tube, burnt and breathed in,
To give a swooning sense of harmless sin.
Then, you'd see ladies drinking with us; and
No slaves (none of your coupling on demand).

"Sad loss!"

Well!

You'll be wondering, no doubt,
What Britons ("fierce to guests") could talk about.

"You're *British*!"

Yes, and *sapiens* like you—
That's what two thousand years of thought can do.
Thus, at a northern house the other night
You were named twice. You're famous still all right,
Although your golden mean has disappeared
Like Croesus' gold. . . and Aristotle's beard.

Diffugere nives, but English thaws
Can't make our snow run off as fast as yours,
Even in March. So we were cold and late
Coming to toast a friend's new Doctorate.
(The belly, still, to honour a full head,
Calls in some friendly bellies to be fed.)
But first, with glass in hand, we talk: on pets,
Children, the cost of fluoride and vets,
Preoccupations of a family
That fret us all, now everyone is free;
Meanwhile our Doctor's younger son aged three's
Padding round barefoot, head above our knees:
We shuffle carefully, in case his nose
Catches some treasure guarded by our clothes;

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The owner, by the fire, plays the male game
Of warm-your-breeches at the naked flame:
A separated viscountess; her man
And she would strike you as Italian—
I'd have said, "Well-off artist," by her looks.

Nice paintings, but no chance to see the books:
Oh, lucky painters, who without offence
Can scan your art at sociable events!

I met a "farmer's wife" and asked her how
They farmed: she looked too frail to wield a plough. . . .
They live by breeding Morgans (horses): she
Was born (like them) beyond the Atlantic Sea.
"I too"—but it was dinnertime, before
I could say "crossed that Ocean—in the War."

Eating by candlelight (but on a chair)
At tables forming three sides of a square—
Arrayed like Romans for attacking food—
I never thought of you, it was so good.
I forget all my pretty neighbours said,
But—would our menu please the gourmet dead?

"Go on!"

We've found some new things, dear old-timer,
Since you concocted *Catius' eating primer*:
A fat red squashy vegetable, nice
Chopped up with lettuce, vinegar, oil and rice—
Love-apples—what your Sabine farmer calls
"Apples of gold" or "Atalanta's balls";
Then, a gold berry, *Hesperidium*
(But found in India), whipped into a scum
With cream (from cows, not goats) and "sugar" (honey
Would do), and gelatine (it wasn't runny);
But no more novel plants—you mustn't think
Us holus-bolus vegetarians: pink
Salted pork, sausage, cold domestic birds
(Do you recall the tastes, or just the words?)
And wine, still drunk (and drunk in every land,
Though one Arabian god has had it banned).

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Dimmed by this meal we staggered up for hot
Drinks in the hallway. Some could dance; I, not.
The next thing I remember is a thin
Girl who'd begun a thesis on Dupin
And Labrunie, two Gauls well-known to Fame
(Though, like Ulysses, under a false name)
And even (she was hoping) to each other;
This was on top of being (twice) a mother.
I'd asked her what she did!—What do *I* "do"?,
I thought (as fond of sleep and books as you).
Luckily then, to save me from self-blame,
A tall Pict (with a Jewish poet's name—
And not tattooed!), one of our best Horatians,
Walked up to us to talk about translations.

Glazed by now as an antique painting, I
Noticed my friends stood near to catch my eye:
Time to start driving home, through all that snow.
But, as I buttoned up my coat to go,
They turned me, almost hauled me back to greet
A smiling blonde face that I "had to meet"—
I don't know why: she liked my poetry?
Something about an Open (Air?) Degree?
I liked her tomboy look—we'd met before?
(Had she a gold tooth in her lower jaw
Like mine?) Virginia? married to a man
(Like me) from an old Border rieving clan,
Now stuck in rural peace that even you'd
Find a bit deep—you'd call it solitude.

Stepping outside into the stream of night
That always seems the same, but isn't, quite—
For even heaven's not fixed, as you were told
(Your Sagittarius is bent and old),
I saw three white chairs standing by a round
White metal table on the snowy ground.
The seats, pushed back, looked dry and summery
Enough for timeless hospitality—
As if some guardian spirits had been there
Talking, and waiting to resume their care,
A moment such as our new Doctor paints:
Small man-made landscape, with invisible saints.

Were you there? Longing for your cup of blood
As Homer says?

"You'll find out, if you're good."

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Constantine FitzGibbon

Of Witches, UFOs, & the American Unconscious

1. Dishonoured Science & Scientism

THE POINT IS NOT the existence or non-existence of Unidentified Flying Objects. The fact that I am convinced by the evidence that inexplicable objects above the earth's surface do exist (though I have never seen one, and know only one reliable person who has) is equally irrelevant. I have never seen Australia either, but have met enough people who claim to have been there to convince me that it exists, Gulf of Carpentaria and all. What is important is that, in the Western World at least, almost everybody, of intelligence or not, believes as I do.[1] Those who deny the possibility of any Object which lacks possible explanation in terrestrial terms are usually the same people who deny the existence of ESP or extra-sensory perception, in which virtually everybody except certain scientists and self-styled rationalists believe. Their arguments invariably boil down to a more or, usually, less coherent dogma based on the materialistic concepts of 19th-century physics and biology. The pejorative word for them is "reductionists." It is best to dispose of them, and at once. There is no need to worry lest one hurt their feelings, since by their own definition they have none, where intellectual matters are concerned.

On the other hand, in order to spare both the reader and myself tedious repetition, I shall use Occam's Razor (*Essentia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*) and be as brief as I can about these latter-day flat-earthers, these heirs to those distinguished 18th-century scientists who pronounced, with the backing of no less august a body than the *Académie Française*, that meteorites were an astronomical impossibility, these empiricists who insist on "proof in laboratory conditions" yet accept that dinosaurs once lived outside natural history museums. For them, an hypothesis of the last generation becomes the dogma of this. Usually it will be contradicted or at least modified by a new hypothesis propounded by some scientist of genius and a temporary synthesis achieved, which in turn is dogmatised. Sometimes it will last for generations, even centuries, and thus become "a law", for though many of these materialist flat-earthers are Marxists they are at times hesitant to employ Hegelian dialectical methods, and though atheists they crave the absolute. Also they cheat. For centuries the atom was the smallest object. It then became a miniature solar system. So far as I know, at present it is a vacuum containing "electrical" impulses which have none of the qualities discovered by Franklin and utilised by Edison, which can pass through two places at the same time, which can change their orbit—if it be an orbit—without traversing the intervening distance, and which can have a retroactive effect on other particles, thus moving backwards in time. No one has ever seen an atom, let alone a wavicle, in laboratory or any other conditions, and their existence is established by the necessity for their existence, if other phenomena are to be explained in current mathematical terms. If reductionist physicists should bother to read Bishop Berkeley, they would find there in decent English another hypothesis which other scientists have now made into dogma, namely that in the energic act of observation the observer is as relevant as the observed. Perhaps the morass into which the microphysicists appear to be sinking ever deeper is not caused by the nature of matter at all but by the mathematical language in which it is "explained." Perhaps the language is gibberish *at that level*, producing the effect of a scrambler telephone playing a Bach fugue recorded for 78 rpm at 1 rpm?

IF THIS IS the parlous state of microphysics, the macrophysicists are in almost as bad a way. Einstein's General Theory of Relativity has abolished, in theory, the hoary dogma that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line by abolishing the possibility of a straight line. Yet velocity is still measured as if there were only

[1] C. G. Jung, in his *Flying Saucers: a Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky*, took a considerably more agnostic attitude than this. But then he was writing in the late 1950s, when far less "hard" evidence was available.

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one time-dimension, and absolute speed is, dogmatically, *C* or the speed of light travelling along a straight line (which does not exist) between two points (which by definition have no material existence at all). So, to "explain" the establishment of various new hypotheses we have what translates into phrases such as "parallel universes", which are gibberish, but which presumably "fit" the one language of mathematics that is acceptable to our macrophysicists. But could they translate it into the mathematical language of Pythagoras? I only ask, because I should like proof "in Pythagorean laboratory conditions." Similarly if *C* is an absolute, what on earth or in the heavens is meant by *C* squared? With our single time dimension, the answer must be no meaning at all. Yet Einstein's most famous formula worked at Hiroshima and Nagasaki and, which is more cognate to our later argument, may well work again only too well. Finally, or at least the last revolutionary stroke to date, there is the acceptance by the physicists of Heisenberg's quantum theory. Save in the alphabet, *B* does not automatically follow *A*, but only probably. Indeed even the alphabet is no more above suspicion of change than are the "laws" of physics. There is no need to be a physicist or even a philosopher to conceive of an *alphagamma*, all the more so since *zeta* and *omega* have mysteriously changed places. Yet the hydrogen bomb exists and, at least according to logical pessimists such as Arthur Koestler, will certainly, sooner more probably than later, destroy human life.

NOW IF WE WERE to live in full acceptance of all that brilliant men have taught us about the universe, from the quark to the black hole, from the neo-Calvinism of early New England to the neo-Darwinism of today, we should surely be diagnosed as suffering from that state of acute hallucinatory confusion which the doctors called Meynert's amentia. Fortunately, however, though sometimes showing strong indications of the syndrome, we have invented a compensatory mechanism which is called the "as if" psychology.[2] That is to say, in our everyday lives we behave "as if" the earth were flat, "as if" the sun rises and sets, "as if" the chair on which I am seated were not a relatively (relative to its component atoms) huge vacuum in which allegedly electrical impulses occasionally function in a most peculiar fashion, "as if" our watches told the one, immutable time and our present, inexorably, separates our past from our future, "as if" we shall surely wake up tomorrow morning, "as if" we have freedom to accept or reject the beliefs, dogmas and hypotheses of others, "as if" our society were normal if imperfect, "as if" when healthy we should plan against a normal life expectancy to include probable and even possible contingencies, such as atomic war.

In fact normal life is an almost continual "as if" process, but with limits. If we were to behave "as if" we were to live forever or to die this afternoon when in perfectly good health, "as if" we had a hot line to omniscience or "as if" we had no free will whatsoever, then we would be suffering from some form of mania. And we cannot carry the "as if" process into deliberate denial of substantial facts or processes, even though these are not known to us at first hand. We cannot deny that the hydrogen bomb exists in thousands; that it is only 35 years since the gas chambers of Auschwitz were blown up; that genocide could be again an element of policy and men found to implement that policy, perhaps by "pressing the button." Somewhere, at the back of our minds there lurks the fear that we should "think about the unthinkable." I personally do not believe we can, not merely for semantic reasons, but because most of us are not sufficiently informed. Therefore, if we believe in God, we can either dismiss the terrible possibilities or probabilities that our society has created by saying, with the late Evelyn Waugh, that the world will be destroyed if and when and how God so decides, neither earlier nor later, which is a projection of what any God-fearing man thinks about his own mortality. Or we can thrust the whole horrible business down into what Jung called our collective unconscious.

This, I believe, is what we have done. And I hope to show that this is not unconnected with our acceptance of, perhaps even our longing for, UFOs which is in itself a manifestation of the group unconscious, whether UFOs exist or not. Finally, I am of the opinion that this affects the people of the United States of America to a greater degree than it does other Westerners, and I shall attempt to explain why.

2. *The Group Unconscious*

CARL GUSTAV JUNG was an unusually honest and therefore, unlike Freud, a very modest man. Again unlike Freud, he was extremely well read in literature and philosophy, and the two doctors were equally experienced in both the theory and practice of medical psychiatry. Freud, however, claimed repeatedly to have discovered the absolute truth about the human psyche and to have invented the perfect method of curing all forms of inorganic neurosis by his invention of psychoanalysis. Well, Freud was quite simply wrong. He had not discovered the truth in making, to

[2] By H. Vaihinger, *Die Philosophie des Als Ob* (Berlin, 1911); *The Philosophy of As If* (tr. C. K. Ogden, 1935).

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caricature his own words, a totem of the parent-child relationship, while psychoanalysis as a form of therapy is, for most purposes, almost totally discredited. Perhaps he guessed as much, but his reaction was to expand his claims for his invention.

> "In point of fact [he wrote in *The Future of an Illusion, 1927*] psycho-analysis is a method of research, an impartial instrument, like the infinitesimal calculus, as it were."

The mathematicians of the time must have appreciated that "as it were." No doubt the foolish remarks of some of his *epigoni* would have surprised him, but he should not really be blamed for present-day Freudians any more than should Marx for our contemporary Marxists or Darwin for the closed minds of so many neo-Darwinians. Freud, of course, like Marx but unlike Darwin, was asking for trouble by his hectoring arrogance and intellectual totalitarianism, but he has now been the target of so many coconuts that there is no need to throw another here. His terminology may be clumsy, but his division of the mind into the three layers of *id*, *ego* and *superego* was a terminological invention of great brilliance, while his clear distinction of the conscious and the unconscious mind, although prefigured by Hartmann and many others, was undoubtedly an original, clear formulation of genius. But, perhaps like all absolutisms, the Oedipus-complex, pleasure-principle and death wish construction was a dead end. And Freud seldom admitted to error, never to important error. Everything of substance after *The Interpretation of Dreams* was but an extension or a putting into practice of the ideas contained in that book. Freudianism is a monolith, Freud himself a great granite figure, totally intolerant of disagreement, almost incapable of doubt and therefore of subjective curiosity, at times a veritable basilisk when he turns his awful stare on art or on religion.

Jung was very different. There is no such thing as Jungianism, for his method of thought was essentially organic. He had no hesitation in changing his mind, in admitting mistakes, in directing his very powerful mind up new, unexplored alleys. To understand Jung's thought, it is necessary to read him in chronological order and to watch it develop, withdraw and return, perhaps in a new direction. Jung was an artist of thought, comparable perhaps to Goethe,[3] or even to Plato (to judge by the incomplete works of Plato available to us). Of all his generosity, I am taking but two of his gifts to mankind: his most important, the application to the group or society of some aspects of the analysis Freud made of the individual, and particularly Jung's concept of the group unconscious; and his doubts about the simplicity of our time element and his interest, late in his life, in synchronicity.

Definitions here are desirable. What did Jung mean and, more important, what do we understand by "the group"? The physical family, that is to say father, mother and children, is too small, psychologically too close to the individual whom Freud studied. The tribe, sept, or clan, a much larger, genetically interlocked cousinage, would constitute perhaps the ideal group and certainly exists in those African tribes where exogamy is forbidden. We are not here, however, concerned with Africa but with Euro-America or Western Society, where exogamy has never been explicitly forbidden. Since 1692 and the Massacre of Glencoe the Macdonalds may have preserved a clan hatred of the Campbells and in the "clan unconscious" this may have remained, though a distrust of a Campbell by a Macdonald is more likely to be a conscious knowledge of a past atrocity. On the other hand mutual distrust between certain Irish septs, which took the form of actual combat in pre-Norman times, derives certainly from the group unconscious. This is now most clearly apparent in the illogical hatreds, camouflaged by differing forms of Christian worship, in Northern Ireland and made manifest in mutual murder and oppression. Yet there is a wider group unconscious that can be called Scots-Irish and embraces both enemies, a Gaelic unconscious that embraces both nations, a Euro-American unconscious that is to be discerned wherever the Indo-Germanic peoples may be.

Let us, therefore, settle on the nation-states that have come into existence within the last five centuries as a convenient compromise. The very fact of their existence implies a certain homogeneity, although this may be a chicken-and-egg matter, but an American knows he is an American as well as a Frenchman knows that he is French. Unlike some of the artificial, post-colonial countries of Africa, the European nation-states are usually autochthonous and therefore may be said both to fulfil a wish of the engram of the group unconscious and to provide that unconscious with the archetypes it needs, its Americanism, its *Deutschtum*, its *esprit français*.

That Western Society provides a wider group unconscious is obvious. What Jung calls its mnemic deposit, or primordial image, is intellectually and spiritually the Judaeo-Greek amalgam which has produced Christianity and Greek logic, themselves in turn becoming a profound engram within the group unconscious. And it may be noted that for the "newer" nations to become incorporated into the Western society, the Germans, the Americans and the Russians, there is a sense of inferiority (in the meaning used by Alfred Adler) that requires them to prove their membership of the greater society in various ways,

[3] Jung enjoyed the rumour that his grandfather was Goethe's illegitimate son. But then who would not?

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some attractive, some not. To use a clumsy simile, the Judaeo-Greek engram or imprint is there nearer to the surface and therefore more susceptible both to disturbance and to examination than is the case with the French or Italians or English. The unassimilated, orthodox Jews provide a very special case, but the developments within the State of Israel would indicate that the Jews share more of the larger Western unconscious than might have been expected, since throughout the diaspora their own intense group unconscious—and group conscious—made them appear so alien, and their, to Christians inexplicable, refusal to accept the second part of the Bible made them weird and unwanted.

THE JEWS, HOWEVER, were and are far from being the only minority, with its own group unconscious, within the modern nation-state. The Swiss, whose national identity is very obvious above all to themselves, consists of three minorities, each with its own language. Provençal may be a dead language, but the spirit of Provence is not. Three centuries ago la Rochefoucauld wrote: "The accent of the province where we were born remains in our thoughts and in our hearts, as in our speech. . . ." Nor is it merely a question of language, as the Swiss have shown, though the importance of linguistics as a key to the collective mind can scarcely be overrated.

If language cuts a vertical, sharp barrier between, say, the Spaniard and the Basque, a less rigid one between the Catalan and the Aragonese, there are also horizontal barriers between the classes, in modern England readily discernible and asserted by accent. The group unconscious of the aristocracy and its descendants, call them what you will, differs from the group unconscious of the peasantry, the proletariat, call that what you will. However, these barriers are insignificant compared with those that separate mutually alien cultures, and this usually becomes apparent in time of war. Nowhere, in the Western countries, have a multitude of groups merged into one another so quickly as in the United States. Yet at least two major cultural minorities have retained a deep-seated unconscious that is quite alien to Americanism, namely the Blacks and the Red Indians, the descendants of slaves and the descendants of what their conquerors called savages. Just as the Tudors in 16th-century England, and Richelieu and the Bourbons in 17-century France, deliberately set about the creation of single nations, so the Americans today are deliberately embracing the Blacks and the Indians, but it is not easy: for despite the good intentions of the white liberals, the ultimate resistance comes from the oppressed, or once oppressed, minorities who cannot discard their own group unconscious with their chains.[4] It is probable that only intermarriage on a very large scale can produce, in future generations, a new group unconscious that is indivisible. And this is why civil wars are of such appallingly traumatic and tragic a nature, for they imply in at least some measure the tearing asunder of the group unconscious and an artificial return to an almost rootless tribalism. Though the countries in question may re-unite, and genuinely, the scars of the French Revolution and of the War between the States will almost certainly remain not far from the surface of the group unconscious so long as a France and an America exist.

NOW, ACCEPTING THE NATIONS as the unit in which, for our purposes, the group unconscious exists, the question arises of how quickly its unconscious comes into being.

Jung's writings imply an enormously long period of time comparable to the slow deposit, generation after generation, of the sediment that forms the ocean bed. This is true. But it is also true that, as with the human individual, a traumatic experience can very rapidly affect this unconscious, sometimes permanently, sometimes not. The Titanic, too, can sink to the bottom. In fact our time-scale, based as it is solely upon the revolutions of the earth upon its axis and around the sun, does not apply here. A *mauvais quart d'heure* can last far longer than a tranquil year of domestic happiness and normal work. In the physical world Einstein's theory of relativity has been shown, practically and "in laboratory conditions", to invalidate the apparent value of *C*. In psychosomatic terms thought transference, indeed perhaps thought itself, postulates a synchronicity. How long does it take you to read *Arma virumque cano*: two thousand years or, if your Latin is rusty, all of two seconds? In purer psychological terms, when St Boniface cut down the sacred may-tree or St Patrick lit the paschal fire, they did not destroy the collective unconscious of the Saxons and the Irish save by adding immensely, almost immediately, and it would seem permanently, to the sediment of ages. To use a paradoxical term, these were spiritual deeds.

Simple battles can have a similar effect. Cannae, Marathon, Agincourt, Marengo, Gettysburg, Stalingrad, Pearl Harbour produced an immediate and in the case of the earlier battles lasting effect, not merely on the histories but on the group

[4] A profound dichotomy exists between the followers of the late Dr Martin Luther King and those of the moribund Black Panther Movement, the former wishing to become unqualified Americans, the latter to retain and even strengthen their African heritage. Under the great pressure of Americanisation, the former are almost certain to triumph.

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unconscious of the nations concerned. So did the French Terror, so probably did Nazism. Indeed certain skilled men can deliberately add, if only temporarily, to the group unconscious. I would not demean Martin Luther to the level of Joseph Goebbels, save that both were superb propagandists, as were Churchill and Lincoln, Lenin and Garibaldi, precisely because they could reach and add to the subconscious as well as the conscious elements of a nation's mind. And advertising sells a lot of soap.

But it is with the traumatic shock that we are here concerned, and especially with the traumatic shock that causes acute *angst* in the unconscious, a state of anxiety which manifests itself in fear and guilt.

3. Salem Village, the Background

IN 1692, in Salem Village (now part of Danvers and some miles from Salem), in what was then the Bay Colony of Massachusetts, an epidemic of infectious hysteria among teen-age girls led to the notorious "trials" and execution of twenty "witches" all of whom, save perhaps one or two, were innocent of any taint of witchcraft, no matter how that word be interpreted. The adolescent hysteria spread, briefly, through the adult population of the colony and to a lesser degree to those other areas that later became the states of New England. The revulsion was quite rapid and almost equally strong. (There were no more witches killed in America; the very existence of witches was eventually denied with an almost hysterical certainty; but the terror of witch-hunts remained.) The episode was, in fact, a traumatic experience which sank into the whole American group unconscious. The traumatic nature of the Salem incident can be readily seen if it is contrasted with the Swedish experience, where many more witches were hanged, burned, or drowned at the same time. There is no evidence that the Swedes have remained in any way worried by this, or even recall it save as an historian's curio. Even the non-existent Popish Plot, invented by Titus Oates a few years earlier, which temporarily well-nigh split the English nation, was soon forgotten. Why was and is Salem so important to Americans? First of all let us see, briefly, what were the facts. They are very well documented.[5]

At the time of the witch-hunt Salem Village was a small community some 70 years old of about a hundred souls, almost all of whom were of English Congressionalist origin, signers of the Covenant. One of the "witches" to be executed, an old woman of 92, had been born at Yarmouth, in England, but most of them were second- or third-generation colonials. Congregationalists were militant Presbyterians whose theology derived from the teachings of Calvin via John Knox. There were few who were meek and mild among those Puritans who braved the dangers and horrors of an early 17th-century Atlantic crossing, not with the purpose of entering a land "flowing with milk and honey" but with the intention of hacking God's own country out of a wilderness peopled by Indians whom they rapidly rendered hostile and very dangerous. Those whom they left behind in England formed the nucleus of Cromwell's New Model Army—Cromwell himself was of their persuasion—and their greatest poet was John Milton (though the first American best-seller was a theological work entitled *Day of Doom* by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, a work in which one of the heavenly joys is the spectacle of the tortures being inflicted upon the damned in hell). The Congregationalists were, in their own eyes, the élite for whom this was one of the pleasures to be anticipated in the after life, provided always that they could escape the omnipresent threats of the world, the flesh and, above all, of the Devil. The concept of an "élite" is not far from that of a "chosen people" and it is therefore hardly surprising that they seem to have felt more affinity for the Old Testament than for the New, though the hermetic Book of Revelations provided images which could give divine expression to their most violent and cruel fantasies.

To us it may seem questionable whether they believed in God at all, so intense was their belief in the Devil. Of the very highly educated Milton, Blake remarked that he was a great poet and of the devil's party without knowing it. Certainly the Satan of *Paradise Lost* is the greatest anti-hero ever penned. But those earliest New Englanders were seldom men of education. Seventeenth-century Harvard was little more than a non-conformist seminary, and there was then nowhere in North America where a man could study law or medicine. Such few qualified doctors as there were in New England had acquired their professional knowledge at Oxford or Cambridge or Trinity College, Dublin. Boston, it is true, was by 1692 becoming something of a provincial capital, with its modicum of educated men and women. The Rev. Increase Mather (father of Cotton Mather) was such a one, having been educated at Trinity and having later served as the Colony's ambassador at the courts of King James II and of William and Mary. Yet when he returned from London with the Colony's new Charter in 1692, he was apparently more bewildered than incredulous to find this epidemic of witchcraft, that had broken out in his absence, at its full tide. Later his was one of the first voices to be raised against the methods by which the witches

[5] For a full but short and readable account see *The Devil in Massachusetts* by Marion L. Starkey (London, no date but approx. 1950).

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had been tried. But neither he, nor his brilliant son, ever doubted the existence of witches.

Why should they? Or to be more exact, how could they? Belief in the supernatural, and in its appearance to mortals both for good but more often for evil, was general throughout all Christendom. Witches were done to death, heretics persecuted by Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, and while the mutual abhorrence of the two sides in that greatest of all Christian schisms, at least since the break-up of the early Church into Roman and Orthodox, persevered, on either side of the great divide differences of theological opinion were rapidly and mutually branded as heresy. The Roman church, having learned from the Avignon schism, was less hasty in disowning its own, though the Jesuits were already skating on the thin ice which they have continued to enjoy; and there was and is hostility or distrust, in varying degrees, between some of the various priestly orders. However, Rome retained, though not always easily or totally, its doctrinal supremacy.

THIS WAS NOT THE CASE with the fissiparous Protestants. Here there were what the Marxists would call left-wing and right-wing deviationists, each of the three claiming of course to have the only true interpretation of Holy Writ, to which all appealed, there being no sacerdotal centre like Rome to act as a final court of appeal. In England, from about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the time of the Commonwealth, the swing had been to the "left." Cromwell's victory was apparently a sign from on high that those who had signed the Covenant were the true Christians. And in New England's earliest years they held virtual monopoly of theocratic power. The adherents of the Church of England (Anglicans, later to be called Episcopalians) were the right-wing deviationists, sects such as the Quakers and the Anabaptists equally dangerous left-wing extremists. And it may here be noted that in Salem Village itself the few Quakers living there had been persecuted and expelled some years before witchcraft burst upon the place. In this the remote villagers were only copying Cromwell, who was equally rough with his left-wing Levellers and such.

In England the brief rule of the Saints soon became intolerable to the overwhelming majority of the people, and the Commonwealth collapsed without even the need of bloodshed. The religious pendulum swung to the right under the tolerant Charles II—tolerant, perhaps, because he was so very clever and kind-hearted or perhaps because his secret Roman Catholicism rendered him uninterested in Protestant sectarianism—and the Church of England became truly established, capable of disposing both of Titus Oates on the one hand and of James II on the other.

BUT THIS WAS NOT an acceptable solution to the hard-core Congregationalists who controlled New England. The later immigrants from England did not have to hack their way ashore, and they were increasingly Anglicans. With some right, the oldest inhabitants felt that these newcomers were profiting from the fruits of their own earlier sufferings and toil. Furthermore, the original charter was running out, and they dreaded lest the new one wrest the monopoly of power from their hands. The last straw was the appointment by the Papist James II in 1686 of Sir Edmund Andros to be governor of a newly created "Dominion of New England", with Boston the capital. Although not himself a member of the Roman Church, Andros was tolerant even of that abomination. As soon as the news of the expulsion of James II from England, in 1688, reached Boston, the Bostonians had their own revolution and locked up Andros. Meanwhile Increase Mather was in England, negotiating a new charter for the Bay Colony. The Congregationalists, now in a minority or about to become so, dreaded what he would bring back. There was thus great political and therefore emotional insecurity throughout New England, and particularly in Massachusetts. Though the King of England now sat on his throne thanks to a revolution, "glorious" or otherwise according to taste, the colonists were quite correct in fearing that he would not appreciate a revolution in one of his colonies.

NOW LET US, BRIEFLY, draw back, as it were, and examine the state of Europe from which those earliest American settlers came and how their group unconscious was affected by it.

There is some truth both in the 19th-century liberal interpretation—that Europe was inexorably moving towards freedom of thought largely through the encroachments of the logical sciences and technologies on the preserves of religious mythology and bigotry—and in the Marxist interpretation of historical materialism and the passage of power from feudal to capitalist hands. Nobody in the 17th century, and most certainly no one in Salem Village, would have understood what John Stuart Mill or Lenin were talking about. For them it was all religion. And, which is even more important, for a century and more—since the brief earliest golden days of the Reformation, the period of Erasmus and von Hutten and Melanchthon—religion had come to be synonymous first with persecution and then with war, a new and more terrible sort of war, ideological war between the masses, not dynastic wars fought by professional warriors, but vast killings of populations. It has been estimated that one-third of the population of Germany was killed in, or died of starvation and disease directly caused by, the Thirty Years War

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that ended only in 1648. In 1642 the English civil war had broken out, far less bloody than the German one, but nevertheless vastly more so than the old Wars of the Roses, and ending with a hitherto unheard of abomination, official regicide, the murder of the Lord's Annointed by order of his supplanters.[6] In America, their own war against the Red Indians was justified on religious grounds: they were killing pagan savages.

Genocide was not just around the corner, it was there, restrained only by lack of technological know-how. Had Cromwell, their very own Cromwell, possessed Zyklon B he would certainly have exterminated all the Papist Irish. As it was, he did his best with his "Hell or Connaught." The Western world as a whole was not to know so horrible an emotional climate until our century, when science had in large measure replaced religion. When Cromwell ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants of Drogheda for the crime of resistance to his own divinely-inspired will, it is said that he was asked whether he would not spare the children. His alleged reply was: "Fleas breed lice. Kill them." If this was Christianity, is it any wonder that simple people believed in the omnipresence, perhaps in the omnipotence of the Devil? It was but a small step to assume that he must have his worshippers and that they might be anywhere. Why not in Salem Village? Why not in any disguise?

EVEN BEFORE the witch mania, the spirit of Salem Village had long been nasty and suspicious. There were two public buildings in the place, the meeting house and the inn or "ordinary" as it was called, but they were were almost merged, for the man who kept the inn, a certain Nathaniel Ingersoll, was also Deacon in the meeting house across the street. The most important man in the village was, of course, the rector. But the people of Salem Village had rejected their last two preachers, refusing to pay any tithes, then arresting the Rev. George Burroughs for debt, and expelling them both. (Burroughs was to be dragged back, as a wizard.) It seems to have been an ingrowing toe-nail of a place, its inhabitants in most cases surly, mean, and repulsively self-righteous.

That they were profoundly frightened was certainly not apparent to others nor, probably, to themselves. Anyhow, fear of the Devil was part of their religion, was *right*, was Christian. Into that fear and therefore hatred their conscious minds rationalised all the terrors and cruelties that were normally kept hidden in their, indeed in all New England's, deep unconscious.

4. The Catalyst

IN 1689 A NEW PREACHER had come to this joyless community, the Rev. Samuel Parris, bringing with him his wife and two daughters, Abigail and Betty, who in the critical month of February 1692 were eleven and nine years old respectively. Their father had had a somewhat curious career, though not unusually so for a New Englander of the time. He had read theology at Harvard, but had then become a merchant without taking a degree. His trade was between Boston and the Bahamas, an important and highly competitive route, and he was a failure. He was, by general agreement, a powerful orator and he decided to become a preacher. Somewhat reluctantly he agreed to take over the quarrelsome congregation of Salem Village whom he proceeded to rule with the utmost rigour, ordering some of its more prominent citizens to do public penance for trivial offences, and refusing to accept the sorely tried and honourable Nathaniel Ingersoll as his deacon (a post Ingersoll had held for twenty years) until he had been tested for some months by Parris himself. For his weekly tongue-lashings and his decisions concerning their personal affairs, the people of Salem Village gave him a good house and £66 per annum, one-third to be paid in kind. He could hardly be described as a prince of the church, but he was established like a gentleman, which he almost certainly was not.

Among the possessions he brought to Salem were two slaves, Tituba and her husband, Indian John. Tituba he had bought in Barbados and perhaps Indian John too, though his name would indicate North American origin. They were not the only slaves in Salem Village, but they were rare and these two added to Mr Parris's status. Indian John was something of a clown, who worked in Ingersoll's ordinary (his pay presumably going into Parris's pocket) while Tituba did the rough work in the Parris home, the less arduous housework being left to Mrs Parris. Tituba spent a lot of time in the kitchen, and so did the two girls.

Tituba was half Carib and half African, and when she was accused of witchcraft, cheerfully admitted to, even boasted of, her knowledge of voodoo. Her own mixed background brought a new and highly exotic folk memory into Salem Village. Voodoo (or an appropriate synonym) is nowadays a word used to describe the general religious practices of certain Black, or Black-and-Carib, West Indians, primarily of African origin but with an infiltration derived from the beliefs of the now extinct Caribs and of the white Christians, and is nowadays not merely taken very seriously by the native inhabitants of Haiti and elsewhere but

[6] For the feelings of horror and shock that this crime aroused upon the European Continent, among people of all classes, see C. V. Wedgwood, *The Trial of Charles I* (1964).

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is also disingenuously exploited as a tourist attraction. In Massachusetts, in 1690, it was something very strange indeed. The African tribes from which the slaves originally came practised variants of witchcraft, and still do. In modern English, and indeed in the West Indies, voodoo is a general term. If, however, Tituba used the word correctly, her forbears came from what is now called Dahomey.

EVEN TODAY THE POWERS of African witchcraft are so utterly alien to the European group unconscious as to be incomprehensible and therefore often terrifying. Superficially, we usually dismiss them as hallucinations or trickery, though the few of us who have lived close to the native peoples of West Africa or to their descendants in the West Indies are not quite so dismissive. A hard-headed friend of mine, a Scots doctor who practised for some twenty years in the wildest parts of Nigeria (which adjoins Dahomey), technically caring for over one million people, had reached the conclusion that even in his own profession the local witch-doctors were as effective as was he. Nor was their ability to deal with physical sickness merely that of the *placebo* or faith-healing, though he had come to believe that faith in their doctors, for Africans as for Europeans, is far and away the greatest element in obtaining a cure to almost all maladies, physical, psychosomatic or psychological. Our Christian ancestors, on the other hand, were far more willing than we to accept the existence of witchcraft, but for them it was the Devil's work. And of course the people of Salem Village believed absolutely in the Devil.

How great was Tituba's knowledge of witchcraft (or conjuring as it was sometimes called) we shall never know. To judge by what she taught the Parris girls, it was slight, perhaps limited to the projection of thought-forms (the apparent materialisation of solid objects out of nothingness which, in the case of the materialisation being a human, becomes the creation of "astral bodies") but probably also involving telepathy and even telekinesis. All children love a conjuror. At first it was all play in the Parris kitchen, but it was very dangerous play. *Sub specie aeternitatis* it meant no less than the group unconscious of the slaves taking a very important step towards mastery of the group unconscious of their owners.

Abigail and then her friends, all adolescent girls or members of that sex and age-group with which the *poltergeist* phenomenon is so closely connected, saw more and more astral bodies, and these were always maleficent, pinching, causing sickness, even death. After Tituba had been found guilty this gaggle of hysterical girls continued to see more and more of these astral bodies, and would fall to the floor, writhing and yelling, when confronted by the original who, by means of thought projection, had inflicted herself, or later himself, upon them or others. This meant that the "original" was a witch. Neglecting Dahomey for Old England, these witches formed a coven, controlled by a wizard, "a tall, dark man from Boston." Their witches' Sabbaths, however, were by European standards somewhat staid affairs. Not for them the Black Mass with its heavy sexual overtones, but rather more a diabolical version of a congregational prayer meeting, to which the witches often came, of course, on broomsticks, sometimes riding pillion.

THE EXAMINATIONS, which preceded the trials, were a travesty of justice. The trials at first were no better. The principal witnesses were the girls, who became hysterical whenever a "witch" was accused. When a jury found one of the accused innocent, the girls rolled and writhed on the floor and the judge therefore ordered the verdict reversed. On another occasion when a reprieve was granted, far away, the girls displayed telepathic powers by simultaneously going into fits. Two of the girls were taken to Andover, whither the hysteria had spread, treated like film stars would be today, and duly performed in their usual fashion at witch trials there. They even performed in Ingersoll's ordinary, as did Indian John.

Although with the return of Increase Mather and the new governor, Sir William Phips, a measure of judicial order was restored and the courts were ordered to treat spectral evidence with the greatest caution, for some time little heed was paid to these injunctions. The rich, whenever the danger of an accusation seemed to be approaching, now fled, usually to the sanctuary of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. By a curious logic those of the accused who pleaded guilty were spared, even Tituba, while those who proclaimed their innocence in the face of the hysterical girls and their spectral evidence were found guilty and hanged immediately. In an attempt to extract evidence against himself, one man was tortured to death by crushing. Virtually all Essex County was in the grip of this witch mania all that summer. It had spread to Boston and, less virulently, throughout the rest of Massachusetts and well into Connecticut. But by the autumn sanity was re-asserting itself. In October the hangings ceased and by the end of 1692 it was really all over in Salem, though it lingered on, less virulently, in Boston and elsewhere.

THERE FOLLOWED a traumatic sense of guilt. New England was, and the United States has remained, God's own country in the group unconscious. But it was henceforth in permanent jeopardy. The evil force was, and is, still there, but a transference took place, and it was no longer so simple. Diabolism

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was transferred from the Devil—who could manifest himself even in the thought-forms of Congregationalist ministers—to the apparatus of justice, which could be perverted to such frightful ends. Nevertheless the preservation of Christian virtue required repeated bouts of revivalism.

The fear that this witch-hunt might happen again has remained. The syndrome reappears whenever the American version of *la patrie en danger* is raised. When atheistical communism appeared to be a threat to God's own country, the Devil was there, not in his obvious Communist clothes but disguised as the drunken Joe McCarthy. His attempts to root out communists were a total failure—he found none—but he frightened a lot of people and he was, of course, the Devil's gift to America's enemies. Indeed, just as the terror of witchcraft had tarred with evil the whole apparatus of justice in Massachusetts, so the witch-hunt organised by the junior Senator from Wisconsin, which never led to a single hanging, brought discredit on others who were using the apparatus of the law to fight domestic communism. If Nixon had not prosecuted Hiss (for perjury) and got him sent to jail, he would not have been so hated and hounded by "liberals" that eventually he was destroyed.

THE WORKINGS OF THE group unconscious are not, of course, logical. The loyalty that should go to the American way of life can be transmuted, since Salem, into a hatred of its defenders. Myths, such as the proven innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, can be accepted into the group unconscious and live there happily, cheek by jowl, beside myths such as the absolute treachery of Benedict Arnold who may have shared the views of more of his contemporary Americans than did George Washington. Like the terror of Reds in the time of Palmer, in the early 1920s, or that of McCarthy in the early 1950s, the hysteria of witches endangering the group was soon replaced by an almost total reaction. Attorney-General Palmer has been forgotten, but an accusation of "McCarthyism" still produces a knee-jerk reaction. *La patrie*, virtually every *patrie*, is almost always *en danger*, but in America, at least until recently, that danger has come from within, as was proved by the Civil War. What emerged from the horrors of 1861–1865 was still the essential America, but modified greatly. It is quite correct that the American unconscious should accept Lincoln as being as much the father of his country as Washington. Is it too far-fetched to say that Lincoln, "with malice towards none", is to America what Augustus was to Rome, while Washington is now a quasi-mythical figure, scarcely more of a living memory than was Romulus?

Until very recently God's own country was believed, by its inhabitants, to be the largest, richest and strongest in the world, invulnerable to external foes behind its two huge oceans. Then, in 1949, the Russians, thanks in considerable measure to the treachery of certain Americans and Britons (but to say so is "McCarthyism"), exploded an atomic bomb. The world had changed. The American group unconscious has had, quite quickly, to accept this.

5. UFOs

AMATEURS of "Flying Saucers", as they are popularly known, have traced reported sightings or landings of these objects from outer space—rather tenuously it is true—back to the very cradle of civilisation, to Ur of the Chaldees. Some theoreticians, if that be the word, claim that *homo sapiens* first came here in such a vehicle and interbred with the hominids, thus accounting for the Darwinian "missing link", others that the Three Wise Men, after hovering for some time over Bethlehem in an interstellar vehicle that was mistaken for a star, deposited the Christ-child who, his mission completed, ascended to another such vehicle. As the many recent books about UFOs show, reports of what may well have been flying saucers are to be found, occasionally, in the 18th and 19th centuries. Sometimes these seem to have landed and discharged passengers, usually called Martians (which they almost certainly were not) and were accepted into folk mythology, usually as "small green men." So profound was this popular belief that parts of New York State panicked when in 1938 Orson Welles, in a spoof radio documentary, based on a Wellsian fantasy, described a Martian invasion. For Martians, like witches and indeed almost all supernatural phenomena, were assumed to be malevolent.

The mass sighting of flying saucers, however, did not take place until after the Second World War. The vast majority of these sightings were and are over the United States, since 1947, though many also occurred in other parts of the Western world. I know of none, save by very Europeanised or Americanised persons, in Africa or Asia. The details of those few that have apparently been sighted over the Soviet Union, we do not of course know. But we do know that the US Air Force classified its file on these objects as secret in 1968; we also know of several cases so well authenticated that their veracity can scarcely be denied. Indeed a very high proportion of interested scientists no longer deny the hypothesis of their existence, while some are convinced that it is more than a hypothesis. Furthermore, the US Air Force has admitted that it examines all reports of UFOs, that 95% of them can be accounted for in normal,

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materialistic terms as vagrant balloons, meteorological phenomena of one sort or another, or quite simply as the hallucinations of unsound minds. This leaves 5% or, over the USA, some fifty to one hundred a year. This is a far smaller percentage than the incidence of real witches (that is to say Tituba and those of her girls who were not mere copy-cat exhibitionists) in Salem in 1692. It is, of course, a much larger number, but so is the population.

What is also of interest is the fury of those who deny the possibility of UFOs landing or even existing. These people tend to be atheists, so they start off from a logically untenable base: that it is possible to prove a negative. They bleat about their precious "laboratory conditions" and refuse any hearing to men at least as intelligent and well-educated as themselves. They deny the "reality" in the beliefs of the group unconscious, which must always have some, no matter how distorted, an origin of facts observed or felt. They have no time even for agnostics. For they live in an "as if" world of total materialism, and they can only fear, be terrified by, any compromise with total, known materialism. As Sir John Betjeman wrote of pre-war Slough society: "It's not their fault that they are mad. . . ." But it is our fault that they often hold high academic positions. Let us dismiss them, here with pity and from the groves of academe with a pension.

I AM NOT here concerned with the existence or otherwise of unidentified flying objects, containing or projecting some form of rational thought and coming heaven knows whence, but with their sudden emergence from the group unconscious of the American people.[7] And here, at once, a marked difference between these beings—I can think of no better noun—and the nature of Orson Welles's Martians, who so terrified the denizens of New York in 1938, becomes immediately apparent. Provided they are left alone, they are not maleficent. At least one well-documented case of a USAF fighter pilot closing in on an object over Lake Superior led to the complete disappearance of both the plane, a F–89, with its crew of two, and the flying object, as plane and "object" merged on the radar screen tracking them. There have been several similar occurrences in the past thirty years or so. However, the US Air Force has officially lost all interest in UFOs. Both the educated and the uneducated public most certainly have not.

If we do not understand any more about UFOs than our 17th-century ancestors understood about witches, we can scarcely hope to state with any degree of assurance why such phenomena, long dormant in the group unconscious, will quite suddenly be dragged up and become of absorbing, emotional interest to a group or society. The hypothesis here is that the witches of New England filled a basic need in that religious society's period of anguish and doubt concerning itself and its basic premises. Do UFOs fill a similar need in America since 1947?

FOR SOME 200 YEARS the United States had not feared destruction by any human, alien force. Its deep-seated fears and guilt feelings had been internal: first that it would lose its *raison d'être* as God's own country by diabolical interference; later that its doubtful and almost unprecedented legitimacy as a Union of sovereign states based on the revolution of 1776–83 would fall asunder over the issue of slavery. The Civil War ended that menace, but the guilt of slavery and its sequel, racial oppression, remained. However, since 1945 at the very latest, conscious efforts have been made, as never before, to atone for that guilt by abolishing racialism both legally and in the minds of men, and these efforts are undoubtedly succeeding at least superficially, and with far greater speed than could have been hoped even a generation ago. This is certainly connected with the racist horrors perpetrated by the Nazis in their genocide of the Jews.

Racial genocide, at least in modern times, has been the prerogative of the Germanic nations. In only one case (Tasmania) has it been totally successful. In what is now the United States, General Sheridan's belief that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" when put into practice failed, nor was it ever the avowed policy of the US government, but its profound reality in the group unconscious is revealed in the apparently endless popularity of film and TV Westerns in which Redskins so regularly bite the dust. Only with the invention of ever more powerful weapons, and the emergence of a truly powerful, avowed enemy in Russian Communist Imperialism, did it slowly sink into the American unconscious that those who perpetrated genocide might also be its victims. The Russian Communists had only used tribal genocide as an instrument of policy on a limited scale (the Volga Germans and the Crimean Tartars); but they and the Chinese Communists had carried out class and ideological massacres on a truly gigantic scale. Since genocide was very much a reality in the American group unconscious, the Russian threat assumed that form (which, significantly, the much greater American threat to Russia in the event of war did not, in the Russian mind, at least if we are to judge by the writings of such men as Solzhenitsyn and Plyushch: for them total enslavement is the great fear, not total extermination save possibly by Mongols).

[7] For a brief, reasonable, and factual account of these objects, see Margaret Sachs and Ernest Jaha, *Celestial Passengers* (Penguin Books, 1977).

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EVERY SOCIETY BELIEVES that the worst fate which can befall it is the worst that it would inflict upon its own conquered enemies. The American ethos, originally of Anglo-Saxon provenance, needed only slight modification to absorb the ethics of the vast German immigrations, and this in turn absorbed the ancient national ethos of the other immigrants or, to be more exact, boiled them down in the "melting pot", only Blacks, Indians and Jews retaining, in large measure, their own unconscious values. And a great effort of will is now being extended to assimilate them too.

But this emergent fear of genocide was linked with a new form of warfare. I cannot envisage a conquering Red Army marching up the Mississippi Valley and no more, I believe, can most Americans. The nightmare comes from the air in the form of hydrogen bombs and the release of great clouds of lethal, radioactive poisons. This fear was, in the first instance, directed against the men of science who, according to popular exaggeration, not only invented the new terror at Los Alamos and elsewhere but also betrayed its secrets to America's avowed enemies. The film *Dr Strangelove* gave great satisfaction to this particular trauma, as did the opprobrium heaped on Dr Oppenheimer, Dr Teller, and others. It would be no overstatement to say that, in the popular mind and therefore in the group unconscious, nuclear physicists became suspect.

So great is this fear that Americans first failed to win a war (Korea) and then for the first time lost one (Viet Nam) because they refrained from using the war-winning weapon. That in both wars they would have been using it against Asiatics would have made the accusation of genocide even stronger. A terror of genocide has been central to American policy since God's own country could itself become its victim. And with Jonestown, revivalism itself has become tinged with this. (The American horror, played out in Guyana in 1978, is closely parallel to the Anabaptist horror of communistic massacre which occurred in Munster, Germany, in 1535.) To this amalgam of religious fanaticism and mass murder there must be added another trauma, which has sunk deep into the American group unconscious and which should be called the Pearl Harbour syndrome. The attack will be totally unexpected and devastating.

THE DEVIL IS, IN FACT, as much on the rampage as usual, but now in a new element, the skies, outer space, in a word where heaven used to be. Therefore it is in the skies that the force must be found to frustrate the foul fiend. The skies thus become peopled with beings whose motives are, on the whole, good. Incredibly "advanced", they may cast a cold eye on us mortals, including Americans, but they are not *a priori* hostile. (No more are the superhuman or extragalactic powers who played so important a part in the highly popular American "sky" films of the 1970s.) Indeed, rather the contrary: they may have invented us, and be examining our behaviour much as a father reads his son's school report. But this term's report is not a good one. The scientists are no longer the leaders towards enlightenment that they were 100 or even 40 years ago. The adulation poured upon their discoveries has given them, and therefore us, a form of intellectual *hubris*. The Devil has entered them, just as he was alleged to have entered into the upright and innocent Rev. George Burroughs, who therefore had to be brought back to Salem Village, given a mock trial by hysterical little girls, and hanged. We have not hanged our nuclear physicists, not yet. And is it not rather curious that Skylab never really worked, and last year crashed to earth, a peril to mortals? Does somebody object to the whole concept of Skylab? Should we be surprised if super-beings that have been recorded by our radar system as travelling at Mach-30 are displeased?

EVERYTHING THAT FINDS a lodging in the group unconscious obtains an immortality or at least a life-span equivalent to the life of the group. When the group is threatened, elements, layers, engrams in that unconscious may, in vulgar terms, be stirred from their sleep to pervade the conscious. What do these omnipotent super-beings resemble so much as the demi-gods of ancient Greece? Will the Gods descend, by Jungian synchronicity or some other means, from their Mount Olympus, in Sirius B or wherever, or arise from our group unconscious, wherever *that* may be? And if they do, what are we to expect? Well, what? Another Trojan War, with very different weapons? The fate of Prometheus? . . .

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

The Veterans

Munich

NOBODY who follows ideological affairs here is surprised by the weary, elegiac tone among writers and intellectuals that has crept into even lyric poetry. Here are a few lines from Germany's leading voice:

> *". . . Damals dachten wir alle,/ morgen wird es besser sein, und wenn nicht/ morgen, dann übermorgen./Na ja—/vielleicht nicht unbedingt besser,/aber doch anders, vollkommen anders/auf jeden Fall./Alles wird anders sein./Ein wunderbares Gefühl. Ich erinnere mich."*

This is from the "Third Chorus" of Hans Magnus Enzensberger's *Der Untergang der Titanic, eine Komödie.*

> "... Then we all of us thought that there would be a better tomorrow ... and if not tomorrow, then the day after.... Well, if not exactly better, then at least different, utterly different in any case.... Everything will be different. A wonderful feeling. I remember it well...."

Enzensberger, a self-styled "revolutionary poet", was the founder of the leading intellectual review of the German Left, *Kursbuch*, in which all the ideas and emotions of "the generation of 1968" found expression. As if they were discovering for the first time Wordsworth's "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive" and Yeats's "terrible beauty... all changed, changed utterly", they surrendered themselves to eloquence and utopian inspiration, nowhere more strikingly than in those two great street-fighting tribunes of the movement: Rudi Dutschke (who has just died at 39, ten years after the assassination wounds of a decade ago in Berlin), and the German-born Sorbonne spokesman, Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

Some ten years on found both Rudi and Dany no longer storming barricades but patiently involved in the ecological work of the so-called Green Movement. The far-away revolutions of Castro and Ho Chi Minh had proved disappointing; and perhaps now they could make a few small desirable changes closer to home. A phrase in the latest *Kursbuch* speaks of "*Blauäugigkeit*", of the starry-eyed quality of the old idealism: as Cohn-Bendit writes, "From all those 'real-existing' socialist countries with their 'real-embattled' Parties I expect only real-existing oppression...." The conclusion he has now arrived at is that a struggle *against* existing power can not be a struggle *for* power: "To change social conditions calls for the disintegration of power, and at the same time a renunciation of power. This is for me what I have learned over the last ten, eleven years...."

TEN OR ELEVEN YEARS AGO young Peter Roos was a 19-year-old Swabian beginning to study at Tübingen University, or what passed for studies in the pamphleteering, sloganeering spirit of the day. As he recalls in his fascinating personal memoir of the period (*Spiegel*, 7 January 1980),

> "The revolution would be coming, for sure. It was our turn. We read Brecht, Seghers, Marx; listened to Eisler and Biermann; looked at Grosz and Kollwitz.... Sent home unwanted books: Thomas Mann, James Fenimore Cooper, Karl May, and the like.... Our shelves featured the little blue volumes of Marx, the works of Bloch, Benjamin, Lukács, Wilhelm Reich. Above hung the obligatory Che Guevara poster. And Brecht and Brecht and Brecht...."

He looks back in some anger and bewilderment (but one wonders why all those Marx-obsessed characters never looked for the "cash-nexus" and inquired occasionally who was making money out of all those books and posters and records that kept a whole generation generously supplied with its ideological paraphernalia).

> "We were all marching in a kind of phraseological goose-step.... We wrote theses and manifestos in which there wasn't a single sentence of our own. I wrote about 'Language and Class Realities.' Whatever individual personality we may have had, we put out like the light-switch on our desks....
>
> "And why did we never clean up? Not on Fridays, not any day. Today we wonder about getting some daily in several times a week, and we even consider buying a washing machine. But then we were against all 'division of labour', all 'exploitation', all 'master-servant' relationships, all 'consumerist technology'.... So it was that we devoted all our time to help

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free the oppressed peoples of Indochina, and we left whoever it was that had the job of cleaning our student digs—Swabian, Greek, and Turkish peasant women—to scrub our filthy kitchens, and sweep up our leaflet-littered rooms. . . .

"That's the way we were, the generation born in 1950. Our youth is gone, and we have become hateful adults, as neurotic as they come, impatient, individualistic, sentimental, and spoiled. . . .

And now what lies ahead for them? Should they go in for nostalgia, or perhaps for mourning?

"Could it be that it was all simply that old familiar swing of the pendulum? Is the new generation passive because we were active? Are they quiet because we were so loud? Do they think only of themselves because we always thought of the others? Were we Left because our fathers were Right? Does red follow brown and brown red? . . .

"I suppose I'll try and get away from it all by going out to the countryside. Pleasant greenery, on the bicycle. Nice to relax a little."

SOMETHING OLD has passed away, something new is a'coming. A young doctor also writes in *Kursbuch* about the arguments of the "old men of '68" and he repudiates the whole ideology of all those embattled APO militants of yesteryear. Boring stuff, nobody under 30 wants to listen any more. . . .

To be sure there is still a brave persistent handful who are hoping to "march through the institutions", and in one mole-like way or another there is here and there some notable headway (in the left wings of the social-democratic parties, in the progressive press, in TV public-affairs programmes). But what they all have had to survive is a terrible triple challenge—first, from their elders, the "know-it-alls" who always "knew better" (and in fact did, especially about reform *v.* revolution); second, from the next generation of youth who crowded the noisy militants off the stage; and third, from the vacuum created by the failure of their own romantic devotion to Paradise Now. The years go on but they still like to fancy themselves as the Youth (in German there is a special telling adjective which derives from the Youth Movement, *jugendbewegt*, and it can fit even starry-eyed 70-year-olds). The new Youth is not really deserving of the name, with their old-fashioned return to greater quietness, personal ambition, eclectically critical attitudes. The Veterans of '68 still think they embody true youthful ideals. Small wonder that the new generation in *Kursbuch* and elsewhere have been counter-attacking the "superciliousness", the persistent know-it-all *Besserwisserei* which had in fact outraged the earlier generation in the pre-'68 world.

EVIDENTLY THIS new *Jugend* is busy developing new virtues of their own, and they include an attractive penchant for self-criticism. "Unlike the militants we are neither so hard on others nor ourselves. . . ."

And yet, if one follows the reports from West Berlin's *Frei Universität* and from the *Abendgymnasium* in Frankfurt-am-Main, one knows that no such generalisations can be entirely acceptable, for there are still cadres around and in sufficient quantity to cause academic trouble. Perhaps the difficulty lies simply in the idea that one can talk about "a generation", that a portrait or a psychograph is possible and plausible.

But that bit about revolting against dogmatic omniscience is surely an accurate sign of the times. Rudi Dutschke was buried last month in West Berlin, and Professor Juergen Habermas praised his socialist idealism and Dr Hellmut Gollwitzer paid tribute to his Christian ethics—but there are still a few who remember his "worst hour", that absurd trip he took to Prague during the "Dubcek spring" to warn the Czech revisionists and reformers about going "too far" (i.e. in the direction of "bourgeois liberties"), flinging warnings and grave lessons around with a raised German-schoolmaster's *Zeigefinger*.

In any case the inheritance of the '68 generation is full of ambivalences and contradictions—leading, at one end, to the élitarian conspiratorial groups preaching (and practising) terror; and, at the other end, to the proliferation of local and not unuseful committees of civic action known here as *Bürger-initiativen*. But the largest social contradiction of that entire period remains: the unbridgeable chasm between middle-class students and working-class workers, between an élite and a mass, between the people and self-appointed leaders (those who have always cried "*All power to the people!*" when they really only meant "*All power to the people who cry all-power-to-the-people!*").

Or as Enzensberger puts it in his *Titanic* allegory:

"Sie verstanden wohl, was er sagte,
aber sie verstanden ihn nicht.
Sein Worte waren nicht ihre Worte."

(They quite understood what he was saying,
but they did not comprehend him.
His words were not their words.)

François Bondy

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Daumier: Gagged Again ...

Paris

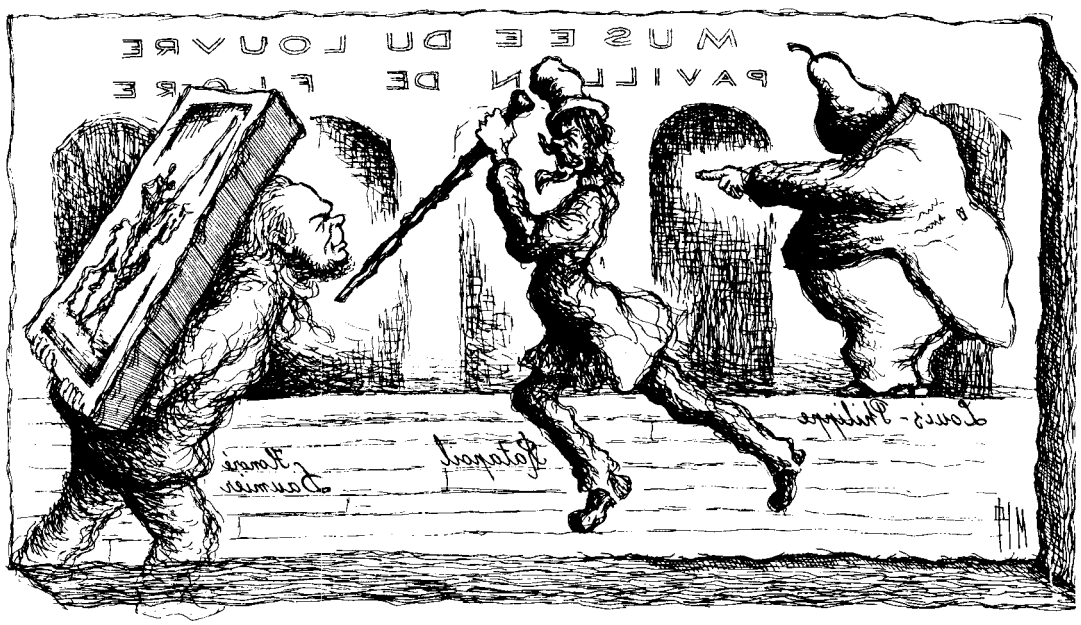
HONORÉ DAUMIER died a hundred years ago, and the world has been commemorating the centenary with exhibitions—Washington, Hamburg, Bucharest. . . . In France, the provincial museums have done the same, especially in Grenoble and Marseille. The Louvre, which during the last few years has taken alert advantage of anniversaries to highlight the work of Courbet and Millet, Daumier's friends, had planned a modest tribute last November for the author of *Le Ventre legislatif*. But it has since cancelled the show.

"*Pour cause de travaux*" is the official alibi, but in the high-spirited atmosphere of a Paris cocktail party one curator betrayed a different reason: "We had nothing new to say about Daumier. . . ." So official art-historians have managed to achieve what every political power from Louis Philippe to Napoleon III had tried and failed—to gag one of the sharpest voices of the century. We have come a long way from the prophecy of Michelet, who admired Daumier so much that when they first met he threw himself at his feet. Michelet said: "I'm glad to see a time coming when government will become the people themselves, and when it thereby becomes an 'educator' it will certainly call on your genius. . . ."

Yet what a marvellous intercessor he would make, not only because of the ever-faithful mirror that his thousands of caricatures hold up to the French people, but also because these drawings—which time has converted into true visual proverbs, and part of our unconscious heritage—constitute a perfect introduction to modern art: Daumier was, after all, one of its pioneers.

And this, firstly, because caricature played the part of the on-the-spot witness which photography was unable to perform until somewhere around 1890. Obliged as it was to cleave to the ephemeral event, caricature adapted its pencil to that revolutionary phenomenon of the modern age, the acceleration of time. In order to say things quickly and clearly, line becomes quick and summary, cutting out extraneous detail. Forms simplify, and tend to become signs. The work is there to be read rather than seen. "*Les legendes sont inutiles*", Daumier said: "Captions are useless." That was because he "wrote" his drawings, in a firm and cursive hand. In so far as modern art was to confront the phenomenon of time, and all the destabilisations it involves—whether in order to espouse or reject it, Daumier's visual journalism is a signpost into the future. It is surely no accident that from Claude Monet to Juan Gris, many *avant-garde* painters started out as caricaturists.

IF DAUMIER IS no ordinary caricaturist, it is becuase he is not only a caricaturist, but a sculptor and painter of genius, even though these



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two aspects of his work are still unjustly neglected to this day. This has happened because the 60-odd sculptures[1] and 300 paintings which he produced are buried beneath the sheer quantity of his lithographs. But worse than that, it has happened as a result of the typical French cultural snobbery which causes journalism to be seen as a more indelible stain on the artistic escutcheon than any *mésalliance*.

Far more sapping than the fatiguing nature of journalism for Daumier were the snubs he suffered because of the indifference and even contempt that his profession incurred; for the high-minded *beaux esprits* he remained *cet ouvrier*, and son of a working man, crushed under his lithographic stone. It required the genius of Balzac to divine what lay beneath the laborious exterior: "This fellow has some Michelangelo in there."

Which was literally right. Daumier's modelled figurines, many of them coloured—and particularly the haunting caricatures of politicians—inaugurate the new branch of sculpture: painter's sculpture. The 19th century saw painting gradually abandoning depth and volume, but what the volume lost—and missed—on canvas was regained in sculpture. The painter, however, introduces into sculpture what has most characterised painting: the rapidity which simplifies, the presence of the hand. All this, which comes into its own in Rodin, is prefigured by the terracotta figures of Daumier, a unique blend of keen observation and inspired liberty.

Even more astonishing and original are the pictures which Daumier painted when his professional drudgery allowed him the time, and especially when the ups-and-downs of fashion put him into enforced unemployment. Delacroix, Corot, Degas and Cézanne all admired him. "*Daumier est notre maître à tous*", declared Van Gogh. "He is the master of us all." The originality of his painting is explained by its links with his caricatures and sculptures. In a sense it comes to life at the point of intersection of the two. From drawing he borrows speed; from sculpture, volume. This is not compromise, but an equilibrium of tensions: the painting of Daumier is written sculpture. Its massive, monumental forms are on the point of incandescence; they seem to liquefy and flow in broad slow floods of lava

Only passion can kindle the fire needed for work like this. Daumier's passion was for justice. He paints workers, pariahs, the dwellers on the margin of life. He paints them to repair an injustice: he brings them dignity by snatching them from oblivion. Is that a reason for consigning him to it?

Pierre Schneider

[1] These were briefly on exhibit at two Paris galleries, The Sagot-le-Garrec and Marcel Leconte.

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Kriegel's Communists

Paris

ANNIE KRIEGEL has been the historian of the French Communist Party for two long decades now, and she has had time to polish her ideas. She comments regularly in her column for the readers of *Le Figaro* (who, we hope, are conscious of the honour thus conferred on them) and in her new book she combines scholarship with journalism.[1] The French Communist Party, according to the author, is a living organism equipped with a double genetic code. On the one hand it is linked to the international Communist movement which, "polycentric" though it claims to be, necessarily gravitates round its most powerful pole, Moscow. This does not necessarily mean that our French militants are "*aux ordres de Moscou.*" It simply means that their strategy, however decentralised it may be, forms part of the world-wide activity of a tripartite hierarchical movement consisting of the "Socialist" countries, the Communist parties of the developed world, and finally various forces of the Third World. The other aspect of the genetic code is the Party's stubborn attachment to the French working class, which (at least in part) returns the loyalty with mass support.

Is Communism in our ageing French society a guarantee of youthfulness? True, there are many young people among the members of the French Communist Party, though for the past thirty years the numbers of those who vote for it have slowly and steadily dwindled. The presence of these young people in the Party only half-surprises Annie Kriegel; for the post-War population bulge filled our universities with students and also, alas, swelled the ranks of the unemployed. Is it unusual that a mass party can maintain its cells effectively? In some years, however, this has not prevented some 10% of the members of this sieve-like party from dropping out, to be replaced by a roughly equal number of young recruits, many of them destined for early disillusion in their turn.

However, as at Verdun, this *noria*, this constant replenishing with fresh troops, should not deceive us. *L'appareil* of senior and junior officers who constitute the "party treasure" has been rooted in the system for much longer than its ordinary members. The Marxist-Leninist background of the principal leaders, now in their alert fifties, dates from before 1958, i.e. the Stalin and immediate post-Stalin period, and that is true of Roland Leroy, Georges Marchais, and other French Communists, making for a certain unwieldiness.

Annie Kriegel has no illusions about a possible liberalisation of this vast organisation. In a non-totalitarian society of the French or West European type the best way of doing a bit of "liberalising" is simply to leave the Party and go and be a militant (or not) on one's own, or in some other party or *groupscule*. Many of the comrades vote with their feet in this way; and that is why the Party will never be *liberal*, deprived as it is of the liberalising influence of those who might make it so but walk out instead; as they say, it's always the best that go. More than that, there is the problem of the quality of debate inside the Party. The forty- and fifty-year-olds who act as an "opposition" inside the Party in 1979 kept their mouths shut and tolerated for some two or three decades faults and failings that they timidly denounce today but which left so many of their former comrades aghast when they quit in 1956. To discover at what is almost the age of retirement "what must not be allowed to go on in the Communist Party" when one has passed most of one's life in it, is simply tragic . . . or tragic-comic

The French Communist Party may lack emotional ties with the French people, but surely it has them with Eastern fraternal régimes and movements. And yet, being a "closed society", it is narrow-minded and inward-looking, and betrays chauvinistic attitudes, in familiar tones of French nationalism even in relation to European comrades. It is easier to arrange a meeting between Giscard d'Estaing and the King of Spain than between Georges Marchais and Santiago Carrillo. It is a surprising bellicose *localisme*; and in Asia it is no longer Capitalism that "means War" but Communism, as Marxist régimes make war on each other on the frontiers of China. Viet Nam, and Cambodia just as surely as dark clouds herald a storm.

ANNIE KRIEGEL'S forceful accounts of facts and events are convincing, but they do not explain everything, for not everything can be squeezed into a theoretical structure. If the Left did not win, if it remains irremediably divided, it was, according to this analysis, because it had to admit on the initiative of the Communist Party that it did not exist. *La gauche* was fatally divided between two possibilities: that of the Socialist Party, which sometimes wanted to be revolutionary but in fact is social democratic or reformist; and that of the Communist Party, twisted by a Leninism which

[1] *Le Communisme au jour le jour.* By ANNIE KRIEGEL. Hachette-Littérature, 58 Frs.

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has never really rehabilitated itself from its Stalinist distortions and excesses.

All this is perfectly obvious and yet it remains amazing and incomprehensible that the leaders of the French Communist Party—who could have gained partial access to power in 1978 and could have gone on to manipulate and infiltrate in their well-known manner—nevertheless light-heartedly refused the participation in government that seemed within their grasp at the price of just a little moderation and guile. Can this strange refusal be explained by the fact that Soviet influence was stronger than Annie Kriegel claims? Could it really be that the Communist leaders sinned out of stupidity, sheer lack of intelligence or reasonableness, stolidly rejecting the sumptuous prize that lay before them? I suspect Annie Kriegel makes an old mistake here: overestimating the *lucidité* of one's opponents, underestimating their *sottise*. Marchais is not Machiavelli, even a mini-Machiavelli. Or are we to resort to explanation by "roots"? Old anthropological contexts illuminate the problems of the Basques, the Bretons or the Provençaux—why not in the case of the Communists? They appear to be anxious to return to the ancestral habits that are dear to them, to revive their bond of affection to a Soviet fatherland, to bask in the warm unanimity of their conferences and congresses, punctuated by the ticking of the applaudimeter (all stand, all cheer). What a cold unattractive alternative is the new world of trends and tendencies!

In a previous book (*Le Pain et les roses*) Mme Kriegel did not shrink from going back to the 18th century to explain the Thorez "Personality Cult" by the monarchical traditions of the French plebians of the *ancien régime* (combined, of course, with the Stalin worship of the 1950 period). The fall of Roland Leroy—the (open) secret of which was preserved by *L'Humanité* alone in the whole of the French press—reminds us of the Byzantine practices imported into the West by way of that second (Muscovite) Byzantium. As for the French Communist Party of the present day, it has also called to mind the Roman Empire at its height—an all-powerful Imperial boss (the secretary-general of the Party), an impotent rump Senate sliding into servitude (the Central Committee), and freedmen belonging to the personal clientele coopted into the dominant secretariat to carry out the daily tasks of administration. It all reminds one of the time of Pallas in the 1st-century reign of the Emperor Claudius.

True, the comparison ends there. Pallas by his plotting led to Claudius's death (and slanderous tongues allege that he was subsequently "liquidated" by Nero). Roland Leroy was liable only to demotion. Over two millennia, a bit of progress.

Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie

The delivery of fruit

The restaurant shutters are back
And Madame leans out on the morning
Waiting to see the delivery of fruit.
Like the granite figures inhabiting
The rue Armand Henri Rousseau,
She does not move, but her little
Golden heart still moves.
It swings here and there on its fine chain
Locked with a life of its own,
Like the water still swinging here and there
In the bucket someone has left
Standing in the kitchen doorway—
Like the ocean still sidling here and there
On the far side of Madame's granite cliff.

Not that Madame regards unruly waters
Or is moved by her wayward heart.

She is waiting to see the delivery of fruit.

Freda Downie

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The Battleground of Home

Versions of Fairy Tales—By DEREK BREWER

FAIRY TALES are a highly fashionable study today for literary scholars as well as folklorists, and another new book shows what a range of interests can be evoked by them. This time, in Jack Zipes' interesting and vigorous study,[1] the chief inspiration, rather surprisingly, comes from the East German Marxist literary theorists seen in an American context. Vladimir Propp's formalist study is now famous, and recently we have had Bruno Bettelheim's valuable, if rather excessively Freudian, study. Ann Wilson has contributed a more literary study from this country, and there are plenty more, including the stable, central work by the Swiss Professor Max Lüthi.[2] Yet it is curious to see how often these serious scholarly interests are rejected or treated with indignation if they filter through to reviewers. Bettelheim's book met with some scorn at first, and I know that several publishers refused to publish Ann Wilson's perfectly respectable book because they thought it would cause offence.

The reasons why people reject modern literary work on fairy tales are no doubt complex, but three stand out: the primitive satisfaction that these stories give; their subject-matter; and their manner of proceeding. The first may be taken for granted, but it is important because the second and third take their strength from it, and set up conflicts with what we assume all literature ought to be.

Basically we want—or rather, think we want—literature to give us a plausible image of life as it "really" is, in terms of rational cause and effect, as on the whole the novel, our dominant form, still does. That is perfectly reasonable. But fairy tales (and associated literature) have at best a purely superficial local realism, they are wildly implausible, characterisation is by type, they give a message of hope. They are much more like "romance", and romance is often despised as escapist by literary people, while unliterary people, who enjoy such stories, dislike the rationalising process which threatens to destroy "the magic." So the literary study of fairy tales, and many implications to be drawn from it, may irritate both the literary and the unliterary, fundamentally for the same reason, which is that such study, when it goes beyond basic folklore scholarship, has to engage with the *symbolic* structures of *story*. The subject-matter of these fairy tales when thus revealed comes all too closely home to us, for it is the battleground, home itself, as we experience it in the processes of growing-up. Fairy tales show that our relationships with our parents, basically our desire to throw them off, constitute a permanently interesting family drama with a thousand permutations.

Consider the story of Cinderella, normally regarded as the archetypal fairy tale, very widely distributed, with its origins in 9th-century China. It deploys the major image of the home, the hearth. The hearth, in the kitchen, is the centre of the house, where the whole family naturally congregates; the place of origin, security, warmth, food. But for the emerging adult it is also ambivalent, the place of constrictions, threats, work for others not oneself. Ashamed of one's home, one wants to escape. But if one is a girl, Mother will not allow this. The stepmother in the story is obviously a symbolic mother-image. Mother-images are always hostile to heroines of fairy tales unless heavily disguised, and the father-image, if good (as in the main version of the Cinderella story), is also weak, under the domination of the mother-image. The heroine cannot go on a quest, but has to get out of the house so that Prince Charming can meet her. Fortunately the fairy godmother (in other versions a helpful animal, or even the bones of the

[1] *Breaking the Magic Spell: Radical Theories of Folk and Fairy Tales*. By JACK ZIPES. Heinemann, £8.50, paper £3.95.

[2] *Morphology of the Folktale*. By V. J. PROPP. Texas University Press (2nd rev. ed. 1968), £6.95, paper £2.75.

The Uses of Enchantment. By BRUNO BETTELHEIM. Thames and Hudson (1976), £6.50; Penguin, £2.75.

Traditional Romance and Tale. By ANN WILSON. D. S. Brewer Ltd., Cambridge and Ipswich (1975), £5.00.

Once Upon a Time: On the Nature of Fairy Tales. By MAX LÜTHI. Translated by L. CHADEAYNE and P. GOTTWALD. Indiana University Press, (1977), £2.10. Also published by Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., New York (1970), $8.50.

For texts in English with admirably informative introductions see I. and P. Opie, *The Classic Fairy Tales*, Oxford University Press (1974), £6.95.

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helpful animal when killed) will help her. The siblings, the Ugly Sisters, being of the same sex as the heroine, are hostile. The story of Cinderella is wildly improbable but that does not prevent us from understanding what is going on (which is indeed only very lightly disguised) and from deriving profound satisfaction from it. It represents what, if children, we will have to do—grow up—and what, if adult, we are always trying to consolidate.

The late-Victorian study of related Cinderella-type stories counted 345 variants, which is characteristic of the nature of traditional stories, always the same, always different.[3] There are three main groups. In one, the heroine is ill-treated by her mother and recognised by the Prince by means of the slipper or similar device. The second group presents a more shocking type of story—the father is not good and weak but strong and bad; that is, he has an incestuous passion for his daughter. This is the only situation in which a heroine has to flee from her own home. This type of the story is represented by the version known in English as *Catskin*. However, when the heroine has fled she soon re-establishes herself in someone else's kitchen and becomes the skivvy. The move is only a superficial narrative shift, and we are still symbolically at home.

The third group of related stories is a sort of compromise version in which the father, though not incestuous, demands an excessive display of affection from his daughter. This version is represented in English most famously by the story of *King Lear*, complete with Ugly Sisters. The co-existence of *Cinderella, Catskin* and *King Lear* is a good demonstration both of the essential folktale nature of many of Shakespeare's plots and of the capability of the same set of tensions within the family drama to issue in either tragedy or its opposite.

In *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* the heroine has a weak father-figure and a baleful mother-figure; the dwarfs, being of opposite sex to the heroine, act as helpful siblings. *The Sleeping Beauty* repeats this fundamental pattern. The disgruntled or evil fairy is a characteristic mother-figure. The heroine is put into a deathly sleep (like Snow White) at the onset of puberty by the machinations of the evil mother-figure—the great crime of parents being, in our eyes, that they will not let us grow up. At the predestined time, nevertheless, a prince penetrates the impenetrable thicket which has grown up round the heroine. In modern versions he wakes her with a kiss. In earlier

[3] Marian Roalfe Cox, *Cinderella: Three Hundred and forty-five Variants of Cinderella, Catskin and Cap o'Rushes, abstracted and tabulated, With a Discussion of Medieval Analogues, and Notes* (The Folklore Society, London, 1893).

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versions, as in the medieval French romance *Perceforest*, he has sexual intercourse with her. Even in the modern version they have children and the action continues with a terrible conflict with the heroine's mother-in-law. Having tried to murder her daughter-in-law and grandchildren, she is herself ingeniously killed by her own cruel device. *The Frog Prince* is another story about sexual awakening into marriage. The heroine loses the golden ball she is playing with and it is recovered for her by a frog, who in the 19th-century version asks as a reward to sleep on her pillow at night. In an earlier version he has sexual intercourse with her. He then asks her to decapitate him (decapitation being an image often associated with sexual intercourse from a male point of view). He then turns into a handsome prince, and they marry.

A similar theme is treated in *Beauty and the Beast*. The Beast captures the heroine through her father's incompetence (a version of the ancient motif of Jephthah's daughter, *Judges* II) but eventually Beauty comes to love the Beast, and her love turns him into a handsome prince. In these stories the heroine grows up, and is reconciled to sex through love. Sexuality on its own is seen as a repellent animal quality but it is necessary to maturity and is more than redeemed by love. Though stories which are centred on heroines are primarily concerned with the heroine's development, they are not solipsistic. The creation of a new relationship with another person of opposite sex and similar age outside the family group is of the essence of the action, and the well-being, even the redemption, of the Other is intrinsic to the story.

MALE PROTAGONISTS offer a somewhat different pattern within the general theme of maturation. The hero almost always leaves home, either voluntarily or by ejection, goes on a quest, performs difficult deeds, kills monsters, avoids witches, and wins the princess. He is often apparently idle or simple, but he is also good-natured, quick-witted, and lucky. In *The Golden Goose* the hero is the youngest of three brothers, and of course the elder siblings (being of the same sex) and his mother treat him unfairly. The well-provisioned elder brothers when sent to the wood are harsh to the starving little old man who begs for food and they cut themselves with their own axes. The hero, sent out with a crust and water, is kind, and is correspondingly rewarded.

The story English readers know as *Puss in Boots* is another with many variant versions. As usual the hero is the third and youngest son. His father dies, leaves his wealth to the elder sons, and only his cat to the youngest. But the cat can talk—a talent apparently hitherto unremarked in the family, and a nice example of the satisfyingly non-naturalistic structure of traditional stories. (This cat is the most famous of many "helpful animals", as the folklorists call them. Deprivation of wealth and the bequest of a magic object are a characteristic situation of the hero in these tales, at once deprived and "special."

Do we not all respond to this endemic youthful paranoia? Do we ever completely outgrow it, except imaginatively in the traditional tales? As many will remember and most will realise, for we unconsciously know the "rules" of such stories, the cat by a series of tricks brings wealth to the hero, and kills the giant, so that the hero may win the princess. Some moralists deplore the deceitful means, taking, in Chaucer's words, "game" for "earnest"; they forget the rules of the game, confuse game with life, and deny that games *symbolise* life-situations. They forget too that games are valuable for physical or mental health, being both real and fictional.

IN PUSS IN BOOTS we may easily take both the actual father, who dies, and the giant as father-figures (easily dealt with, like most father-figures in these tales). The overt mother-image is absent, but since the "helpful animal" is often a mother-figure, we may take Puss as such, even though he is given the masculine sex.

The varieties of narrative that the normal tensions of the family drama can generate are immense. *Jack and the Beanstalk* in its English version is one of a whole cluster of similar tales with some interesting individual variants and much richness of imagery. In the best-known version Jack is a silly boy who sells the family cow for the beans, which turn out to be magic and sprout the beanstalk which reaches to the sky. Once up there Jack robs the Giant, with the connivance of the Giant's wife. Having done this successfully three times he is chased by (but kills) the Giant, cuts down the beanstalk, and goes no more a-roving. Clearly this story too is about growing up (Bruno Bettelheim gives it an elaborately Freudian analysis which one need not entirely agree with to find often illuminating).

The sale of the cow and his mother's anger give Jack reason for leaving home. The beanstalk is the way to the upper, outer world, where people are bigger, and which has the objects of wealth and culture (gold and harp) which Jack wants, and steals. The Giant is a father-figure. The Giant's wife who helps Jack is a helpful mother-figure. What is most interesting and unusual is that in this version there is no princess. Jack goes back to Mummy, and there is a certain regressive, negative element in this version, which no doubt corresponds to part of

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our own inmost wishes, but which ultimately makes it less satisfying.

I HOPE THAT these brief examples will be sufficient to establish a basis of possibility for the kind of interpretation I am aiming at. Detailed interpretation of all these stories and many more, could be much elaborated, but the basic principles are clear.

Though the stories are symbolic in that they do not aim at a naturalistic presentation of ordinary life, they are only lightly disguised. The protagonist—I use the word to denote either hero or heroine—is absolutely central. Everything is seen entirely from his point of view. Other characters are significant only as they relate to him, and never as they relate to each other. No serious communication or interaction ever takes place between the other characters independently of the protagonist's concerns. They have no autonomous life of their own. At a symbolic level the other characters are projections of the protagonist's conception of parent-images, and both father- and mother-images re-appear in various guises, hostile and friendly, as the protagonist struggles towards maturity. From this point of view there might be said to be only one character in the fairy tale, and the reader or hearer fully identifies himself with him.

This character represents our consciousness and our conflicting desires and inhibitions. But at a less general level, and from a more practical literary point of view, we may say that there are three characters who do so: the protagonist, the father, and the mother, these last two being represented by a variety of figures. The numerous possible interactions between the protagonist and these several images give us the great variety of traditional stories in the world, as if we have to work out in imagination all kinds of possible solutions to the multiple problems and interests of growing up. We know this projection of images in our own minds and the corresponding splitting-up of complex perceptions into various characters in our own dreams. The fairy tale makes dreams objective. In fairy tales the siblings may be thought of as further projections and splits of the parent-images, or of the protagonist—though as anyone knows who reflects on childhood, there is enough rivalry between children to generate of itself these other minor characters in fairy tales.

There is however another character beyond the main three who also has an ambiguous relationship to them. This is the Other, of opposite sex to and much the same age as the protagonist, to win whom the protagonist will kill, subdue or at least escape from the parents. At the lightly symbolised level this is Prince Charming, or "the Princess." At a deeper level the Other is our fantasy of that "not

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impossible she", or "he", whom we *must* meet. A good deal of the action of the fairy tale, and other such stories, concerns the disentangling of the image of the Other from that of the parent who is of the opposite sex to the protagonist. We do *not* want to marry our mother or our father, but someone young and fresh, of our own age, from outside the family. All these images, feelings and attitudes evoked in fairy tales are deeply ambiguous, representing our deep anxieties, inner conflicts, hopes and resolves. The pressures of growing up force us to confront and resolve them, and these imaginative tales present us with as it were a number of deeply interesting hypotheses about how we may grow up or might have done. The Other, often shadowy, occasionally rejected, is as we mature the natural focus of our desires, the hope of escape, the promise of the future.

The family drama which is the basis of the fairy tale is at the centre of many traditional tales, of which fairy tales are only a usefully simplified example. Everyone will think of the story of Oedipus. This is a tragedy because the hero does *not* escape from the mother, though he easily kills the father, as is usually the case. Fate deceived him when he thought he had broken out and won a princess outside the family. As his actions on discovery show, Oedipus did not want to marry his mother; he wanted to escape from the family. Freud seems to me to have turned the significance of the story on its head, granted that in these matters we are always deeply ambivalent.

A folktale just as ancient as that of Oedipus, but interestingly different, is the story of the origins of David. The story (I *Samuel* 16 ff.) has two strands. David is the unregarded shepherd boy, the eighth son, whom his father Jesse does not at first even bother to present to Samuel, who is looking for someone to replace the king, Saul. David is however eventually called for and found to be beautiful—strange grounds, except in folktale, for choosing a king. Another strand then begins, with Saul troubled by an evil spirit. His servants know the very man to cure him, a fine harp player, a valiant man of war, prudent, comely: "the Lord is with him." This skilful, proven man is no other than David, but he is very different from the unregarded shepherd boy. He becomes Saul's armour-bearer. Then the Philistines and Goliath appear and the story reverts to the strand of the simple shepherd boy.

Scholars have regarded the two incompatible strands as the product of two different historical traditions, and they may be right. But the reader versed in traditional tales is not troubled by the inconsistency because he does not seek a naturalistically consistent account. He responds here, as elsewhere, to the juxtaposed presentation of the two different aspects under which the hero, the emerging adult, appears as it were to himself, both splendid and neglected. It is a sharper instance of what we see in *Cinderella* or the hero of *Puss in Boots*, and is psychologically and imaginatively true, whatever the historical base. The story of David continues like a medieval romance, and our easy acceptance of it shows how remarkably well in its unrealistic way it articulates deep perceptions about life. Goliath is another father-image, who is killed and decapitated. The hero marries the King's daughter, Michal, and, like the hero of *The Golden Goose* and many other stories, he eventually inherits the kingdom. If it were medieval romance the significant personal relationship would be with the lady, but in an archaic peasant and warrior culture that can only be with another man. (In our time we have almost lost the cultural presentation of non-sexual friendship between men, though as a fact it continues to exist.)

I do not ask the reader to accompany me through all the traditional tales of our complex Western tradition that are based on the family drama. The briefest glance shows that most of the familiar stories of classical Greek drama are based upon it. Orestes, Hippolytus, perhaps Antigone are the obvious examples, and reflection on these gives us a useful general rule. Tragedy arises within the family drama only when the protagonist *fails* to kill, or otherwise get rid of, both parents; when the parents metaphorically kill the emerging adult by restraining him within the family circle. When the protagonist successfully rids himself or herself of the parent-figures (usually by "killing" them), we have a success story, our *own* success story. We have grown up. We stand on our on feet.

FAIRY TALES often tell this success story, and so does most medieval romance. Medieval romance is unwarrantably despised because it is often judged by standards appropriate only to the novel, a quite different, more modern, form. Romance is appropriately associated with fairy tale and the modes of folktale generally. There are of course individual tragic medieval romances, like those of Tristan and Lancelot, but great as they are, they are not typical in outcome, though they proceed by the same modes. I would just make two points about the rich field of medieval romances. The first concerns so-called "courtly love." Though much nonsense is written on this topic it is indeed true that it concerns the obsessive and humble love of the knight for the lady. It normally leads to marriage (contrary to the popular 20th-century view), and then it ceases to be of interest and the story stops. That is, the story follows the normal fairy-tale pattern of quest, conflict with giants etc., and winning the princess. But when medieval love is tragic we may well detect a dangerously *filial* element, an interesting variation of the Oedipus

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situation. The hero obsessed with the lady as his superior never really disengages the image of the Other from the image of the Mother. He is symbolically trapped in his own family circle and cannot break out to found another family; he will never become a father-like figure himself. This is what happens to Lancelot.

Secondly, in most English medieval romance, once the hero has established his own autonomy, that is, has killed father-figures, dodged mother-figures, married his girl, he is particularly anxious to establish friendly relations with the parents. Reconciliation and the unification of the family circle, once escape *beyond* it is assured, are of great importance. Malory's story of Gareth is as good an example as any.

IT IS CLEAR that the family drama is the basis of many, though not all, of Shakespeare's plays. He is one of the most traditional of writers, drawing deep on medieval romance, and his work offers a sharp contrast to that of his comtemporary Ben Jonson, who is much more *avant-garde* and therefore, in his own time, more Neo-classical. Jonson favours the naturalistic realism that eventually flowered in the novel, and he constantly criticises Shakespeare's traditionally symbolical, non-naturalistic modes of proceeding. I cannot take anything like all the examples of aspects of the family drama treated by Shakespeare, but *As You Like It* works out the theme, with a "split" heroine and "split" father-figure. The patterns of causation and fulfilment, the rapid fallings-in-love, can only be properly understood if we abandon any attempt at an inappropriate naturalistic reading. We must follow "the rules", which we unconsciously know, of fairy tale, folklore, medieval romance, to make sense of the story. Though not naturalistic it is real enough in perception of the movement of feeling.

Twelfth Night is a rich variant. Taken naturalistically, Viola would have to be regarded as a both cynical and silly mixture of gold-digger and hoydenish schoolgirl, while her impossibly identical twin of the opposite sex is an unstable youth. Such readings, common enough nowadays in the theatre, are absurdly at odds with the obvious tone and intention of the text (O reform it utterly, and read fairy tales for guidance!), for the interesting thing about *Twelfth Night* is the absence of overt parent-figures. The hero/heroine is symbolically delivered by shipwreck into the brave new world of early maturity to grow up fast and make what she can of it on her own. But also Olivia is another aspect of the composite protagonist. The love-stories are worked out like a complicated dance, and the implausibility of the whole story is as nothing compared with its portrayal of blossoming youth and the inner springs of love. Of the symbolic pattern-

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ing in this play, I note just one amusing point about parent-figures. If there is one thing that parents are more liable to say to us than anything else it is "Be quiet, and go to bed early." This is Malvolio's constant refrain, and he is surely a much displaced father-figure. What is more, he commits the father-figure's greatest crime of loving the heroine, in the aspect of Olivia, too much. Someone must suffer in such a situation. That the father-figure suffers makes the play a comedy and a romance, and we need spare no tears for this powerful, rational, authoritarian, Puritan intellectual.

IF ANYONE HAS TROUBLE with parents it is Hamlet, and that play is one of the greatest treatments of the family drama. Unusually for Shakespeare the hero has a mother, but like most mothers in folktale she is bad, or at least her son thinks her so. Claudius (who calls Hamlet both cousin and son, and who is called by Hamlet "uncle-father") is obviously a father-figure. Hamlet is deeply ambiguous towards father-figures, and both wants and does not want them to die. Claudius in an early speech rightly, in a sense, reproaches Hamlet for not accepting nature's law that fathers must die; that is, for refusing to accept the fact of death, and to grow up.

Why will not Hamlet grow up? In the first place it is because of the confusion of identities in the family circle caused by his mother's incest. The substitution of uncle for father, the perversion of the nature of the father from good to evil, makes it impossible for him either to identify with or clearly reject the general image of the father because it is too mixed, and this prevents his own emergence into independence. Symbolically the father is both dead and not dead. Apparently killed, he has come symbolically alive again in a totally unacceptable way, Hamlet's original father being to this new uncle-father as "Hyperion to a satyr." That is why Hamlet cannot get over his death, and why he is so obsessed with his mother's wickedness. It is in effect *she* who has done this to him: she is the occasion of his father's death (as the elder Hamlet) and yet in marrying Claudius she will not let his father die. She has corrupted the father-image. Her corruption is the latent cause of Hamlet's grief and the literal cause of his anger at her. There is no concealed, no displaced, latent love for his mother in Hamlet. After the play-scene he tells himself he must use no violence towards her, only "speak daggers." There is no "Oedipal" desire (even if there is in Oedipus). Her corruption extends to Claudius. Hamlet when sent to England says mockingly but revealingly to Claudius: "Farewell, dear mother."

KING: Thy loving father, Hamlet.
HAMLET: My mother: father and mother is man and wife: man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.

Thus is the confusion of the family circle compounded. The uncertainty of feeling thus created extends to Hamlet's view of the ghost of his father. Since the audience sees and hears this figure he has objective existence, as far as Hamlet and the play are concerned, at a literal level. Shakespeare does not present him as a figment of Hamlet's disordered imagination, nor does the Ghost tell lies. Claudius undoubtedly did murder Hamlet's father. The Ghost is not a devil, as Hamlet fears he may be (II, ii, 594–5), and the play-scene proves it. But Hamlet still cannot bring himself to carry out the Ghost's clear orders to revenge because he can neither accept the death of his true father, nor thrust off from himself the sense that after all his uncle *is* his father. In other words he cannot identify with an adequate father-figure, which in Shakespeare's culture, as in the New Testament, is the mark of full maturity ("I and the Father are one").

Another result of the trouble caused by an errant mother is that it arouses in Hamlet that disgust with physical sexuality that is never far below the surface in Shakespeare, though by a familiar reversal it often issues in its comic aspect as bawdy joking. Hamlet accuses his mother of a raging sexuality that is itself unnatural (III, iv, 65 ff.). She has much offended "his" father, and "would you were not my mother" (III, iv, 10 ff.). He dwells on the incestuous sweaty love-making with disgust, though in logic incestuous sexuality should be no more sweaty than legitimate conjugal love-making. Hamlet attributes Gertrude's corruption by generalisation to all women, including Ophelia, whom he undoubtedly loves, but whom he rejects in the scene with her which Polonius and the King spy on, and whom he makes the subject of degradingly coarse jokes during the play-scene. Even more, Gertrude's corruption extends to Hamlet himself. Unable to hate or to love the father, he feels, as part of his incapacity, that he himself is deeply corrupt and accuses himself passionately (III, i, 121 ff.). In the confusion of parental imagery Hamlet cannot accept his parents nor consequently himself.

The tragedy of Hamlet is not that of a man who cannot make up his mind, but of a man who cannot grow up. He can neither kill nor identify himself with his father, and the performance of this paradoxical symbolic act is the essence of growing up in a highly masculine and paternalist culture such as Shakespeare represents.

PATERNALISTIC CULTURE explodes with a vengeance in *King Lear*, a story already familiar to Shakespeare's audience. It is a variant of

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the Cinderella story, but in this case, although Cordelia is the youngest of three siblings, it is not Cinderella/Cordelia but the father who is the actual protagonist, the centre in terms of whom the action has to be understood. I am not arguing, of course, that the characters are seen through Lear's eyes as if he were a narrator within the story explaining to us what he sees. As always in a Shakespeare play, and in traditional literature generally, the audience knows more than any single character, knows the outline of the main events, and knows these things for certain. We know, as Lear at the literal level at first does not, that Cordelia is supremely good and that her sisters are wicked. Any other reading of the play is perverse (though characteristic of our time) and loses the essential point of the play.

Although the audience at first knows more than the hero, this kind of traditional narrative only makes sense when the other characters are interpreted in relation to the central protagonist and not as if they were fully rounded autonomous characters, whom we see independently from their own point of view, acting from the impulsions of their own psyche and circumstances, as we take to be the case in novels. The manifest character of hero or heroine is the leading edge of consciousness in the play, though not the whole of it, and the protagonistic point of view dominates the whole story, which is easily accepted since the audience knows it already. The actions and perceptions of the actual literal protagonist are cumulative and add up to the total point of view which is still that of the protagonist, as he is brought to full knowledge of what the audience knows. If Cordelia were the protagonist we should have this cumulative point of view expressed in and through her. As it is, she presents only that aspect of herself which is significant to the protagonist, her obstinate goodness. Her sisters present correspondingly single aspects of obstinate evil. They are on the margin, showing one aspect to the protagonist at the centre.

IT IS MORE USUAL in these traditional stories, as we see from fairy tales, for the protagonist to be young and the parent-images to be at the margin. To be marginal in this sense is not at all to be unimportant. What happens to the marginal figures is the essence of the action. In fairy tales the action is to get rid of them, push them over the edge, as it were, and it is striking how often in fairy-tale narrative the parent images may simply be forgotten at the ending.

If they do not die they simply fade away. Attention has been switched from them to the Other, not a usurper, not a mere substitute, but the real thing, possession of whom shows that the protagonist has grown up. The motto of fairy tales might be,

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"Look, we have come through", and that is why they are not tragedies.

Shakespeare's change of protagonist from emerging young adult to aged man has many implications, although he abides by the principal rules of traditional story-telling. It is hardly possible for us to have as unequivocal an identification with the old as with the young, partly because the process of time tends to make the old more complex, more individualised, than the young, and their potential, whatever it may be, is already largely realised. Nevertheless Shakespeare's feeling for character, based on the strange situation of so aged a protagonist, creates an old man who, with all the troublesome follies of the old, does nevertheless develop. Lear becomes more self-aware, more humble, more capable of sympathy with others. This, though very important, comes at the more particular levels of character and expression rather than of the fundamental pattern which I am interested in here, and I do no more than mention it, though it is a product of the pattern taken from a less usual point of view.

IF LEAR IS THE PROTAGONIST, already aged, yet still capable of spiritual development, where is the tragedy? The tragedy must centre on the death of Cordelia, but the play is not about Cordelia. She is Lear's tragedy, not her own. She is at the margin, not the centre of the pattern, and her importance is not in herself but what she means to Lear—or rather, in what Lear does to her, and thus to himself. The story could not be about Cordelia because she herself has already made the great transition of the protagonist in this kind of family drama. She has thrown off parents and found her prince. So have his other daughters. In the family drama that is not only natural but right. Death of parents is the happy ending, death of children is a tragedy, since within this (highly symbolical!) scheme death is brought about by the other persons in the drama.

Thus the persecution of Lear by his daughters may in naturalistic terms be pathetic and deplorable but it is not tragedy. In terms of the underlying traditional symbolic pattern, which Shakespeare has adapted with such remarkable originality, although the tragedy is not Cordelia's but Lear's, it does lie in Cordelia's death, and more profoundly, in *her returning to her father*, in voluntary rejection of her emancipation. On the literal level Lear does not ask her to return, but his plight calls her. "O dear father, It is thy business that I go about." The Biblical echo, one of several in this play, does not establish Cordelia as a Christ-figure, or suggest any regular allegorical parallel in the action, but emphasises the seriousness and virtue of Cordelia at the literal level at this moment. She identifies herself with her father, as Christ did with his, and that is one of the supreme virtues for Shakespeare. Virtue is essential to tragedy. Moreover it is only as little children, we are told, that we can enter heaven. But we are not concerned centrally with Cordelia's virtue, only that it destroys Cordelia when the battle is lost and she and Lear are imprisoned together—a highly symbolical situation.

The tragedy is the death of Cordelia, but her death is not a tragedy for her because she is not the protagonist. Her death is the tragedy for Lear because all the time she is what he wants and cannot have. He causes to be destroyed what he most values, and it is indeed a tragedy that he overvalues his daughter's love. He will not let go when he must. It is characteristic of Lear that he only pretends to let go, as we see very clearly at the literal level when he first divides his kingdom:

> *Only we shall retain*
> *The name and all th'addition to a king:*
> *The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,*
> *Beloved sons, be yours.*

Lear will retain the honour (*name*) and glory, and others can do the hard work. He gives up the practical reality of power while wishing to retain the prestige and personal advantage it gives. Life is not like this: he sets up a fundamental self-

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contradiction in political terms. He does the same in personal family terms, wanting love without responsibility, above all wanting to keep what cannot live if he retains it. That is Lear's tragedy at the latent and indeed at the literal level.

To say that Lear wants too much of his daughters is not at all to deny in Shakespeare's or in Christian, or general human terms that children should honour their fathers and mothers and do their duty to them. It merely asserts the ineluctable order and sequences of the family drama: parents are older than their children and should behave accordingly. Disturbance of such order will lead to tragedy if it is not corrected or redeemed.

Shakespeare had by no means exhausted the potential of the family drama with Lear. On the contrary he became obsessed with it. It even invaded his historical and political interests in *Coriolanus*. The late Romances, *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, highly traditional and extremely non-naturalistic stories, all work at the problem we see first clearly formulated in *King Lear*—how to reconcile the fate of the paternal protagonist with the successful survival of the young on whom the future depends. How can we ageing fathers appropriately kill ourselves off while yet fulfilling our proper paternal functions of protection and leadership? Shakespeare became less and less interested in naturalistic plausibility as he mined the symbolic reality of these themes in his last plays.

MUCH OF MY INTEREST centres on the contrast, as I see it, between the narrative modes and the rules of traditional stories (fairy tales, folktales, romances) and those of the novel as it emerges in the 18th century with its implicit assumptions of an original story based on naturalistic cause and effect, with the arbitrary sequences we observe nowadays in ordinary life. The novel, a product of Neo-classical assumptions about life and literature, does not re-tell old and well-known stories, or work to familiar patterns of three, or come back to the same symbolic patterns.

At least, it does not in theory. In practice the patterns and concerns of the family drama are so deeply rooted in our culture that though a great novelist may well either avoid them or treat them briefly—as does Scott, for example—others, equally great, concentrate on them powerfully even within an apparently naturalistic framework. Jane Austen will spring to most people's minds as in one sense the purest of Neo-classical novelists, yet it will be equally clear that all her novels are based on the family drama, with a female protagonist combating numerous and variously deplorable parent-figures. She produces some most interesting variations. Much of her compulsive appeal as a novelist rests on this traditional basis, as does the work of Charlotte Brontë. The same is true for Dickens, whose novels are crammed with parent-figures, and who has a marked regressive streak—he is Jack of the Beanstalk of immense genius.

To leap to the 20th century, it is plain that the widespread appeal of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, that romance of adolescence, centres on a version of the family drama. Equally, yet how differently, the novels of D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster. And many other cultures have it, from sophisticated modern French dramatists to Far Eastern folktale.

But the family drama does not crop up *everywhere*. If it did, it would be so true as to be quite unimportant. There are plenty of folktales in our own tradition not concerned with it. I suspect that the main body of African folktale, diverse as it is, may contain few examples. It is not found in every play of Shakespeare, or in the work of all novelists. That makes it important to recognise where the family drama is overtly or symbolically the centre of the narrative, determining its structures and nature, so that we understand and appreciate it properly.

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Contour Lines

On American Poetry—By ALAN BROWNJOHN

IT'S BEEN EASY for English readers to tell which selected American poets have been most influential on this side of the Atlantic in recent years; harder to know who they have been selected *from*. There is (there almost always has been) a dearth of good, explanatory anthologies, even those with axes to grind; so the map of present-day American poetry is difficult to draw. Its two poles are clearly marked, because they are the places at which English poets leaning towards the United States have been most eager to cluster: around the "avant-garde" at one end and the "academic", "Europeanised" poets at the other. (The categories are gross simplifications, but they have been only too usable for English poets—and they do in fact relate quite plausibly to that basic division into redskins and palefaces.) But the land between the poles is wide and indistinct, a terrain where vaguely respected names appear like distant cities, too shadowy for their age, geography or customs to be made out with any certainty.

The best we get is occasional shafts of light on this scene, often in the form of guilty reminders of what we have allowed ourselves to miss. Stanley Kunitz's collected poems,[1] for example, is a remarkable achievement by any standards; his anti-chronological arrangement of the poems allows the reader to choose between beginning with new poems "and stepping back to my start"; or to try out the experiment of reading a book backwards. The last pages of the book contain work (just contemporary with late Hart Crane and just after most of John Crowe Ransom) of considerable formal gravity and command, a little severe on its own romantic inclinations, yet already impressively confident. Further back, in the poems of the war years and after, his range widens, to include the sensuous, the ironical, and the disquieting (" 'Rover!' I call my fourfoot home,/Whose only language is a growl; /Dig up old bones, but he won't come/That chose the world: it is more foul.") And back further still, towards the present, Kunitz is drawing into his own work some of the strengths of the European poets he is translating with unobtrusive distinction, Mandelstam and Ungaretti among them. In the present, at the end of the book which is really the beginning, he is writing in a flexible yet controlled free verse hammered out of years of dedication to the hard graft of formal versification; something suited equally to scenes from the American past (and occasionally the landscape of today) and to personal meditations on age and death.

Such a control, so traditional a kind of meticulous calculation, is not the point at all for certain American poets who have adopted a different kind of discipline. Since the deaths during the last three years of Robert Lowell, Allen Tate and Elizabeth Bishop, writers such as Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery and John Hollander can almost be advanced into a "senior" generation; but, to the astonishment and disappointment of their admirers in Britain, they remain for most readers in this country part of the great undiscovered territory. Read their work aloud in groups of knowledgeable aspirants (I have done this often in creative writing workshops in the English outback) and you raise only bewilderment, at best, among those who can take, say, Ginsberg at one extreme, and Wilbur at the other. Clearly something very new and unfamiliar is going on, so it's necessary to discount it for its eccentricity, or its flippant approach to serious matters like the shaping of imaginative effusions into proper forms, or its occasionally extravagant length. It's a poetry which puzzles, and disturbs, and calls out defences. So the chances are it might be good.

JOHN ASHBERY'S *Houseboat Days*[2] comes out in the "Penguin Poets", and if there is to be a series, after the manner of the lamented "Penguin Modern Poets", then this is a handsome start to it: a substantial collection of new work by Ashbery mostly not seen in this country until now. One way into Ashbery for beginners is to take a short, comparatively simple-looking poem and work out what

[1] *The Poems of Stanley Kunitz 1928–1978*. Secker & Warburg, £6.50.

[2] *Houseboat Days*. By JOHN ASHBERY. Penguin, £1.50.

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is happening both in it, and to you, the reader, after a few lines. "Two Deaths" opens:

The lace
Of spoken breathing fades quite quickly,
becomes
Something it has no part in. . . .

All right so far, one feels: that "lace" is understandable as a possible metaphor for finely-wrought words; at the same time it brings in associations of steam issuing from a speaker's mouth in a cold atmosphere (condensed imagery, then, as well as condensed breath!). In line 3 "it" gives a little difficulty, but the mind stretches out to include it in the image: surely, one says, the "spoken breathing" simply vanishes into air it can't permanently stay alive in. But how about the next few lines (and let's take a run-up from the beginning):

The lace
Of spoken breathing fades quite quickly,
becomes
Something it has no part in, the chairs and
The mugs used by the new young tenants, whose
glance
Is elsewhere. The body rounds out the muted
Magic, and sighs.
Unkind to want
To be here, but the way back is cut off. . . .

Is this a mixed metaphor, or a cut to another? Once again, reaching out to fit it somehow into the overall structure of the imagery: "the chairs and the mugs" must be the mental furniture of persons who have not heard, or would not appreciate, the words just faded on the air. But *why* is flesh ("the body") required to "fill out" the space left by the vanished words ("the muted magic")? Well, for a start, you could say. . . . You could say. . . . Wait a moment, let's try going back to the beginning. Except that

. . . the way back is cut off:
You can only stand and nod, exchange stares

Ashbery leads the reader on to *seek* meaning, with an imagery and a syntactical structure which simultaneously grip the imagination and suggest that the quest might be valid. And you go on reading because the tone of this voice (which speaks like someone intermittently heard in the next room) is arresting, and it feels as if what it has to say shouldn't be missed. But all the effort to force the poems into having connected sense will come to seem useless, and wasted. If "Two Deaths" is fairly simple, "Pyrography" is more typical; and if short quotations won't yield up sense, longer ones may at least give a better sense of Ashbery's method:

. . . Why be hanging on here? Like kites, circling,
Slipping on a ramp of air, but always circling?
But the variable cloudiness is pouring it on,
Flooding back to you like the meaning of a joke.
The land wasn't immediately appealing; we built
it
Partly over with fake ruins, in the images of
ourselves:
An arch that terminates in mid-keystone, a
crumbling stone pier
For laundresses, an open-air theater, never
completed
And only partially designed. How are we to
inhabit
This space from which the fourth wall is
invariably missing,
As in a stage-set or dollhouse, except by staying
as we are,
In lost profile, facing the stars, with dozens of
as yet
Unrealized projects, and a strict sense
Of time running out, of evening presenting
The tactfully folded-over bill? And we fit
Rather too easily into it, become transparent,
Almost ghosts. . . .

It's right, of course, not to give *up* the ghost and simply submit to the dip and roll of images, as one might do on shipboard in order to avoid seasickness and enjoy the trip. Ashbery continually offers a *possibility* of meaning; and unlike practitioners of some less fruitful and more tedious kinds of obscurity, he has not sought refuge in a

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mystical silence about his work. So we look at what he has specifically said:

> There are no themes or subjects in the usual sense, except the very broad one of an individual consciousness confronting or confronted by a world of external phenomena. The work is a very complex but, I hope, clear and concrete transcript of the impressions left by these phenomena on that consciousness. . . . Characteristic devices are ellipses, frequent changes of tone, voice (that is, the narrator's voice), point of view, to give an impression of flux. . . .

It is a plain statement which also helps to make clear what his poetry is *not*. It is not, for one thing, a stream of consciousness: there is a controlling narrator changing the tone of voice, altering the point of view, selecting (and not indulging) detail. Nor is it surrealism: Ashbery deals in the bright untidiness of the everyday, not the logic of nightmare. And it is not a random, unsorted heap of images parcelled up into poems and arbitrarily titled: this is a highly disciplined process, an act of balance which keeps the work upright and performing elegantly over the abyss of meaninglessness into which the flux of the modern world constantly threatens to plunge us. Or, to change the metaphor: Ashbery hangs on to the bewildering flux of sensation with the fingertips of imagery and the ropes of syntax. These absorbing, finely-cadenced poems are about a courageous attempt simultaneously to accept the imperfect world and to pin down some human significance in it. Ashbery's clues are themselves hard to pin down, not because he is evasive but because he wants to be truthful, and the truth may appear to change. But some lines from "Valentine" may assist; especially as they sound rather like Ashbery's way of putting it for his own generation, as Eliot formulated it for his:

> *Seven layers: moss-agate, coral, aventurine,*
> *Carnelian, Swiss lapis, obsidian—maybe others.*
> *You know now that it has the form of a string*
> *Quartet. The different parts are always meddling*
> *with each other,*
> *Pestering each other, getting in each other's way*
> *So as to withdraw skillfully at the end, leaving—*
> *what?*
> *A new kind of emptiness, maybe bathed in*
> *freshness,*
> *Maybe not. Maybe just a new kind of emptiness.*

Houseboat Days will be for those who want poetry to raise more questions rather than repeat old answers; and in recent years few poets have extended the frontiers of the art more fascinatingly.

THE TITLE-POEM of John Hollander's new volume, *Blue Wine*,[3] recalls, appropriately, both Wallace Stevens's blue guitar and John Ashbery's poem "Blue Sonata" in *Houseboat Days*. But Hollander's sequence of meditations, on the chance of making sense of the contents of the bottles of this wine in Saul Steinberg's studio, stays nearer to Stevens (his and Ashbery's great forbear and mentor) and stops well short of Ashbery's huge successions of filmic dissolves. "It was blue: reality is so Californian", says Hollander, risking a joke (jocularity is almost entirely absent from Ashbery) which brings us comfortingly back into a world where long periodic sentences end with conclusive meanings; and Hollander's complex syntax usually can be teased out into ordinary sense. But once admit something approaching a normal paraphrasable meaning, and every working part of the poem has to earn its place and be exactly adjusted. At his less good moments, Hollander gives the impression of writing things that are somehow much less urgent, less necessary than Ashbery's obscurities. This is how he begins "Monuments":

> *Start here: something has exalted this marble*
> *and moved*
> *On, itself a kind of wind. Yet what blows among*
> *The carvings now and the polished tablets can*
> *feel*
> *Nothing of the stone it touches, which feels*
> *nothing*
> *Of air.*

The flux is here pinned down a bit too surely, that painstaking circling round the subject produces no very arresting conclusion, clear as the images are. There may, by now, be too much poetry which tries to capture in very "conceptual" frames the essence of things like light playing on a physical landscape—thus again Hollander, in "Ode to Landscape":

> *the lesson learned is*
> *An introduction to*
> *Radiance, the early paradigms*
> *Of the distinct, whether brushed up from*
> *Surroundings, or ruled by*
> *Stern lines, no matter how*
> *Bending.*

And yet *Blue Wine* provides plenty to prove a highly individual, substantial talent; Hollander, despite a generous and enjoyable *Selected Poems* published in Britain a few years ago, remains an oddly underestimated (or unfocused) poet here, perennially uneven yet excellent at his best. His "Lyrical Interval: Song-Cycle for Piano and Low Voice" sounds like an ornate joke but offers a series of mysterious, resonant love poems, like "The Park":

[3] *Blue Wine*. By JOHN HOLLANDER. Johns Hopkins University Press. $8.95, paper $3.95; £5.15, paper £2.75.

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Here on these benches in the wan sun
Ancient couples sit and wait for death.
They absorb what they can of the wide
Field of uncaring life around them.
I shall never have grown into old
Winter with you now: has time robbed me
Of waiting with you here, or spared me?

"Just for the Ride" is a poem about a bus journey, dedicated to John Ashbery and offering an implicit response to the seething, ostensibly unrelated detail in many of his poems; though you may not grasp the "uncertain course" of the vehicle "through districts unconnected by bus", you at least know where you yourself are in relation to all this, and may guess where you have arrived at the end:

. . . how close to home I believe myself to be,
With no grounds for assuming that I am even
In the neighbourhood of where I boarded the bus
And not at the other end of the wide town, where
Night has risen from the vacant sidewalks like
dew
Seemingly wept up by darkened grass

It's as characteristically Hollander's own voice as in the best poems in his *Selected* (poems like "Sunday Evening" and "From the Ramble"), and as in "Déjà-Vu" in this book—a haunting evocation of those familiar moments of sudden, inexplicable recall.

these scenes—
You reach for a book with a purple cover; you ask
If anyone has seen the sunset; the telephone rings
As the last guest bends into his overcoat—these
things
That have and have not happened are central, if
not to
The dark puzzle of your life, then at the heart of
the world.

IT WOULD BE GOOD TO FIND similar stores of resource and promise in the work of the five younger American poets in John Matthias's anthology;[4] the five being Robert Hass, Matthias himself, James McMichael, John Peck, and Robert Pinsky, all of whom are now around forty (where have all the flamboyant, *very* young poets gone?). It's an honourable and useful introduction to the work of poets who each came, in different ways, under the tuition and influence of Yvor Winters; but a sense of newness and excitement is (perhaps not unexpectedly) *not* what it conveys. They have "taken stock" of the "extremists" and moved on; but to what?

With Robert Hass, it's often a fairly literary engagement with place ("These green New York summers—/foreign and magical to me/as novels were when,/younger, I read long afternoons/of seedling and ripe harvest"), or an imagistic preoccupation with making words fit objects despite "the limits of language." This kind of writing can be pleasing when it comes off ("Apricots—/the downy buttock shape/hard black sculpture of the limbs/on Saratoga hillsides in the rain") and inert or meandering when it doesn't; stuck on its own sandbanks, as in James McMichael's "Matins":

This hour is for the lakes,
for their patience as they look through
themselves,

for the light they see there,
the splinters of light
falling over their sunken ledges,
and for the patience of those ledges,

for the trees they listen for and never hear

Etc. This is so slight it is barely there; I prefer McMichael getting down and looking hard at an otter, in "Lutra, the Fisher"; though he might have taken stock of Ted Hughes on the same topic.

There is more to grip on in John Peck, who is technically the most impressive of the five, and works through some skilfully handled forms to charge his rather staid diction with something extra, as in "March Elegies":

Mother set table and ate nothing,
Knowing of that death
before word of it,
Her brother in my recollection
Withdrawing from sight

Even as that path turned, rough brown arm
Folding into
the foreknowledges
Of small hills, leaf litter smelling
Like uncut apples.

Two of the contributors to *Five American Poets* may be followed up in newly-published individual

[4] *Five American Poets.* Edited by JOHN MATTHIAS. Carcanet, £3.25.

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volumes. John Matthias shows to better advantage in bulk in *Crossing* [5] than he does in his anthology selection. The flow of references starts a bit too readily in places ("As the dandy and the duelist/replace the likes of/Kuchelbecker and Kondraty Ryleev,/the Masons go all misty/and Mickiewicz cries: despair"), but he ranges over his adopted English landscape with exuberant curiosity and humour, and occasionally strikes gold, for example, in "26 June 1381/1977", his harsh but strangely touching poem about the execution of Geoffrey Lidster, the Norfolk rebel.

Robert Pinsky's *An Explanation of America* [6] seems to me a brave, misconceived disaster: an abandonment of the quieter lyric structures he handles fairly sensitively, in favour of a grand leap at a Major Theme in Wordsworthian blank verse:

> *one's aspirations must depend*
> *Upon the opportunities: the justice*
> *That happens to be available; one's fortune.*
> *I think that what the poet meant may be*
> *Something like that; and as for aspiration,*
> *Maybe our aspirations for ourselves*
> *Ought to be different from the hopes we have*
> *(Though there are warnings against too much*
> *hope)*
> *When thinking of our children.*

Not enough *is* explained in this long poem, which loses itself in positive mazes of sententiousness; the best passages come where Pinsky catches something felicitous and moving *despite* his chosen form and cadences—as when he conjectures that a love of speed *could* be as reassuring for the future as a love of stillness was for the past:

> *... motion would be a place, and who knows, you*
> *May live there in the famous national "love*
> *Of speed" as though in some small town where*
> *children*
>
> *Walk past their surnames in the churchyard, you*
> *At home among the murmur of that place*
> *Unthinkable for me, but for the children*
> *Of that place comforting as an iceman's horse.*

SOME LAST RIPPLES of the huge tide of confessional poetry which swept America during the 1960s and early '70s: Frank Bidart's *The Book of the Body* [7] is a finely-produced, weird, and weirdly pretentious work. The diction in these five long—or strung-out—poems is resolutely prosy, and the question would seem to be: does the required tension and luminosity emerge for the reader in something about the way the brief, limp sections of verse are arranged on the page? For me, it doesn't. Passages like this, from the title-poem, should have been bitten back:

> *—So many*
> *infatuations guaranteed to fail before they started,*
>
> *terror at my own homosexuality,*
>
> *terror which somehow*
> *evaporated slowly with "Gay Liberation"*
>
> *and finding that I had fathered a child—;*
>
> *... All those who loved me*
> *whom I did not want;*
>
> *all those whom I loved*
> *who did not want me. ...*

"Ellen West", about an anorexic, possibly lesbian, wife who kills herself, reads like an undigested case-history (which was how it started). Only in parts of "Elegy" does the book rise to any acknowledgement of the skills and disciplines required to render these crudely raw materials into poetry.

Linda Pastan's *Selected Poems* [8] are written almost entirely in a mode that lends itself to expressions of limitation and low spirits: short poems, short lines, mild sub-romantic diction ("Beyond waits the sea/ready to pour its salt in all my wounds,/reminding me that you have gone,/that summer is going."). Many of them teeter on the brink of sentimentality (and there is an obvious danger of sameness about the routine). Yet somehow they do draw away from it: a well-controlled, resolving image will often work successfully against the current pulling a poem down towards bathos. Now in her forties, she has only been writing during the 1970s, and it's encouraging to see that towards the end of this volume she is getting more strength and resonance into these modestly structured pieces. Here is "21st Anniversary":

> *I have called myself*
> *by your name*
> *for exactly*
> *as long*
> *as by my father's.*
>
> *It is a point*
> *of no return. I cross it*
> *to the sound of children laughing,*
> *more dangerous*
> *than children crying.*

---

[5] *Crossing*. By JOHN MATTHIAS. Anvil Press, £3.25.

[6] *An Explanation of America*. By ROBERT PINSKY. Carcanet, £2.95.

[7] *The Book of the Body*. By FRANK BIDART. Faber, with Farrar, Straus and Giroux, £4.50.

[8] *Selected Poems*. By LINDA PASTAN. John Murray, £2.95.

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DISCUSSION

Anti-Soviet or Anti-Russian?

By Wladislaw G. Krasnow

IN RECENT YEARS Professor Richard Pipes, a former Director of the Russian Research Centre at Harvard and the author of *Russia Under the Old Régime* (1974), has emerged as one of the most formidable critics of the policy of *détente* the way it has been formulated and conducted by Henry Kissinger and his successors. Most comprehensively he expressed his critique of that policy in his lengthy lead article "Détente: Moscow's View" in the collection *Soviet Strategy in Europe*, which he edited.[1] He faults American foreign policy in general and *détente* in particular for being "without theoretical underpinnings" and reposing on "nothing more substantial than a vaguely felt and poorly articulated faith that the march of human events follows the script written by the Founding Fathers, and that if one can only avoid general war long enough all will be well.". . . In an apparent effort to provide our foreign policy *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union with theoretical underpinnings he offers an approach which, he says, "differs fundamentally." [2]

The basic underpinning of his approach seems to be the assumption that "no major power can conduct a successful foreign policy if such policy refuses to recognise that there exist in the world the most fundamental differences in the psychology and aspirations of its diverse inhabitants." When applied to the Soviet Union this assumption leads him to the conviction that Soviet leaders cannot be trusted because their political thinking and behaviour have been shaped by a national mentality and aspirations essentially different from our own. Since Soviet leaders cannot be trusted, Pipes argues, "Instantaneous reciprocity or barter of concessions ought to lie at the heart of peaceful US-USSR relations at all times", and, therefore, whatever concessions to the USSR we might consider, they "should always be accompanied by a commensurate *quid pro quo*—not pledges redeemable in an unspecified future, but instant political, military, or economic repayment."

I must admit at the outset that, on the whole, I find Professor Pipes's critique of the current policy of *détente* well-founded and deserving the most serious attention of our foreign-policy-makers as well as scholars specialising in Sovietology. While I also agree with his recommendation of "instantaneous reciprocity" in dealing with Soviet leaders, I disagree with his explanation as to why they can not be trusted. I particularly beg to disagree with his explanation of Soviet foreign policy as rooted in the historical experience and the "psychology and aspirations" of the Russian people.

According to Professor Pipes there are four factors which determine the current Soviet policy and which our sponsors of *détente* fail to take into account:

1. The tradition of "proprietary" or "patrimonial" authority over the land and its inhabitants which "has many consequences for the *modus operandi* of Russian politicians, whatever the régime and its formal ideology."
2. "The persistent tradition of Russian expansion" which would explain "some of the techniques presently employed on a global scale by Soviet diplomacy."
3. The fact that present Soviet leaders are the product of the Stalin era.

[1] *Soviet Strategy in Europe*, ed. by Richard Pipes (1976). See also Pipes's contribution to *Détente*, ed. by G. R. Urban (1977).
[2] Richard Pipes, "Détente: Moscow's View," pp. 5–6. Although written before President Carter took office, most of Pipes's criticism would apply to our current foreign policy, as in his article "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War" in *Commentary* (July 1977 64, No. 1: 21–35).

WLADISLAW KRASNOW *is a graduate of Moscow University's History Department where he specialised in anthropology. Before he defected to Sweden (in 1962), he had worked as an editor of Moscow Radio's foreign broadcasts. He taught at the University of Lund in Sweden and received his doctorate at the University of Washington (Seattle). He is the director of the Russian programme at the Monterey Institute of International Studies, and Visiting Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford, California. His articles have appeared in "Grani", "Kontinent", "The Russian Review", and "Modern Age", and his book "Solzhenitsyn and Dostoevsky: A Study in the Polyphonic Novel" will be published this year by University of Georgia Press.*

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4. The fact that they are "for all practical purposes directly descended from peasantry."

What the above four points amount to is essentially an explanation of the aggressiveness and treacherousness of Soviet policy out of the alleged perfidy of Russian national character. In fact, Pipes admits as much by saying that

> "These various elements of historical experience blend to create a very special kind of mentality, which stresses slyness, self-interest, reliance on force, skill in exploiting others, and, by inference, contempt for those unable to fend for themselves."

Even if one agrees with Pipes's assumption that there exist considerable cultural differences between Russians and Americans, we must wonder if he has read them correctly. Above all, we must ask ourselves: can US foreign policy be based on such a flimsy foundation as our necessarily subjective speculations about the national psychology of our opponents, whoever they might be?

WHAT WORRIES me most, however, is not those four points but the absence among them of other factors usually considered important, such as economic, geopolitical, moral and ideological. The latter is especially conspicuous *in absentia* in view of the expressly ideological nature of the Soviet State. Doesn't the Communist ideology have something to do with the shape of Soviet foreign policy? Doesn't it deserve to be mentioned at least on a par with the four factors? It seems unlikely that Professor Pipes simply forgot it; he must have discounted it.

Right after his verdict on the perfidious mentality of the Russians, he goes on to say that Marxism-Leninism exerts on Soviet conduct only "minor influence", so that the Marxist notion of "class warfare", for example, merely reinforces the "existing predispositions." In fact, he considers this influence so minor that he advises that the world view of Soviet leaders "is better studied from Russian proverbs (for example, Dal's *Poslovitsy russkogo naroda*)" than from the collected works of the "coryphaei" of Marxism-Leninism.

Heeding his own advice, he quotes these three proverbs: "The tears of others are water", "Beat a Russian and he will make you a watch" (*"Bei ruskogo, chasy sdelaet"*), and "It is the pike's job to keep the carps awake" (*"Na to i shchuka v vode, chtob karas' ne dremal"*). Considering them a representative sample of Russian folk wisdom, Pipes says that their basic thrust is "that life is hard and that to survive one must learn to take care of oneself and one's own, without wasting much thought on others", and that the world is "a ruthless fighting ground, where one either eats others or is eaten by them, where one plays either the pike or the carp."

So seriously does Professor Pipes take this folk wisdom, or rather his own wisdom of selecting and interpreting the proverbs, that he turns one of them, on the pike and carps, into a *leitmotif* of his reasoning on *détente*. He starts his article by referring to the opinion of a number of foreign visitors to Muscovy who had recorded this proverb as a confirmation of "the unusually low business ethics of the native population." What struck them most, Pipes muses, was not only that ordinary *muzhiks* "engaged in the most impudent cheating" but that they showed no remorse. He then defines this proverb as

> "a distillation of centuries of experience, a kind of folkish anticipation of Social Darwinism, to which *a large majority* of the Russian population (with the notable exception of the intelligentsia) has learned to adhere, whether placed by fortune in the role of pike or of its potential victim." [emphasis added]."

One can hardly blame Pipes for not having heard better proverbs but it is unexcusable that he seems to be unaware of the Soviet government's ideological war on Russian proverbs. He should have recalled, for instance, how Boris Pasternak in his *Dr Zhivago* castigated the Communist leaders for demagogically abusing Russian proverbs while forgetting such popular ones as "One cannot be forced to love" (*"Nasil'no mil ne budesh"*), because they go against the grain of their Marxist conviction of the necessity of violence. He also should have remembered Solzhenitsyn's description of how a representative of the Soviet intelligentsia, Nerzhin, has extracted "the home-spun truth" from the semi-literate peasant Spiridon: "The wolfhound is right, the cannibal is wrong." This episode of *The First Circle* strongly suggests that whatever humanity was preserved in the USSR under Stalin, was preserved rather among the *muzhiks* raised on proverbs than among the intelligentsia educated on the sophistry of dialectical materialism.

While Pipes has apparently done his homework with Dal's collection of Russian proverbs, he ignores the fact that Soviet collections, such as Zhigulev's *Russkie narodnye poslovitsy i pogovorki* (Moscow, 1965) deliberately expunge ideologically "unsound" proverbs. The proverbs reflecting Christian values of the Russian people, such as "Christ suffered and commanded us to do the same" (*"Khristos terpel, i nam velel"*), are made to suffer most. They are replaced by such newly invented "pearls" as "It is hard for god [sic!] to be with us, for we ourselves built our paradise" or "Lenin's commandments are for a thousand years." By focusing on one part of the enormous

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treasury of Russian proverbs and ignoring the other, Professor Pipes seems to be doing for foreign readers what Soviet censors have done for the domestic ones. While every nation has probably a few proverbs reflecting attitudes similar to Social Darwinism (beginning with the Latin *"Homo homini lupus est"*), these "ruthless" proverbs are seldom balanced with the more humane ones as well as they are in Russia.

As to the charge of the "unusually low business ethics" of the Russians, I hope nobody will judge the Americans by such adages as

Thou shall not steal, an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat.

or

Don't steal; thou'lt never thus compete
Successfully in business. Cheat.

I leave it to the Soviets to use them in their anti-American propaganda.

IN SPITE OF HIS NOD to the Russian intelligentsia whom he generously excepts from being guided by the "ruthlessness" of Russian proverbs, Pipes's view of the roots of Soviet foreign policy clashes head on with those of the best representatives of that same intelligentsia. Solzhenitsyn in his *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* directly links both success and failures of their foreign policy with *"an exact adherence to the precepts of* Marxism-Leninism" (emphasis his). Accusing his addressees of subordinating Russian national interests to the demands of the Marxist-Leninist ideology, he appeals to their national consciousness to reject "this cracked Ideology" which orders them "to leave women with crowbars and shovels, and instead finance and expedite world revolution." Although less nationalistically-minded than Solzhenitsyn, Andrei Sakharov, too, bemoans the "monstrous ideological pressure" which Marxism-Leninism exerts on Soviet people "at all times and places—from the school desk to the professional chairs", certainly including the chairs of international relations. Since Pipes postulates—rightly, in my opinion—the primacy of domestic politics over foreign policy, it is beyond me how he can ignore these two voices from deep inside Russia.

Now let us examine the four factors which, Pipes says, are "bearing on *détente*", and find out if they can hold water in the light of the overwhelming fifth factor (that of ideology) which he chooses to ignore.

FIRST, the "patrimonial" tradition of the Russian state, whatever validity it may have had in the past, has been entirely eclipsed by the Bolshevik takeover in 1917 followed by the expropriation of virtually all private property. Contrary to Pipes's contention that the "patrimonial" tradition has always determined the *modus operandi* of Russian politics "whatever the régime and its formal ideology", the Communist revolution did not merely revert to this tradition (which, Pipes admits, had been considerably weakened prior to it) but exploited and distorted it in such a way as to create a totalitarian "patrimony" *qualitatively* different from all its previous forms to be found either in Russia or abroad. As Pipes himself had to admit in *Russia Under the Old Régime*, among several impediments which prevented imperial Russia from becoming a full-blown police state "the most important was private property." In a sharp contrast to the arbitrariness of the totalitarian "patrimony" in the USSR today, in imperial Russia "Private property created ... enclaves which the police was powerless to trespass in so far as the existing laws, cavalier as they were with personal rights, strictly protected the rights of property." It is certainly arguable that the emergence of the totalitarian "patrimony" has more to do with the teachings of Marx and Engels who emphasised that "the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property" than with any indigenous Russian tradition.

Second, "the persistent tradition of Russian expansion", though it cannot be ignored, is decisively overshadowed by the ideological compulsion of Soviet leaders to live up to the Marxist promise of world Communism. (The double-headed eagle of imperial Russia was never imposed on the globe as the hammer and sickle of the official coat of arms of the USSR are.) This compulsion stems not so much from any residue of revolutionary zeal among Soviet leaders, the majority of whom have ceased to be truly revolutionary, but rather from their pragmatic realisation that the slogan of world revolution helps them both to exploit domestic difficulties of their opponents and to divert attention from their own. They realise just as clearly as Pipes does that they lack "a legitimate mandate to rule and can never risk putting [their] credentials (that is, force) in question. Failure effectively to apply power abroad would at once raise doubts in the minds of Soviet citizens about the régime's ability to cope with internal opposition...." Though it cannot be directly blamed on Marx, this lack of legitimacy at home inevitably leads Soviet leaders to seek insurance in a show of force abroad and thus exerts by far a more persistent and powerful influence on their foreign policy than any tradition of expansion they may have inherited from the Czarist régime.

While Pipes goes to pains in reminding us that "between the middle of the 16th century and the end of the 17th, Russia conquered territory the size

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of the modern Netherlands every year for 150 years running," it apparently does not occur to him that the record of acquisition of foreign lands by the countries steeped in "non-patrimonial" traditions, such as Britain, the United States and the Netherlands themselves, was quite comparable to that of "patrimonial" Russia. But why bicker about bygone years? Why not analyse instead the dynamics of our century? Don't all historical records pale before the staggering fact that in the last six decades the Communists have been able to expand their "patrimony" from a few thousand party zealots to nearly half of mankind? (It is hardly a strong consolation for the non-patrimonial societies that the Russian Communists have to share this patrimony with the Chinese.)

PIPES MAY BE RIGHT that "No other country has a comparable wealth of accumulated experience in the application of external and internal pressures on neighbors for the purpose of softening them prior to conquest." But he is wrong in suggesting that, to understand it, "one can do no better" than study the history of the Muscovite conquests. There is simply no other period in Russian history comparable to the last sixty years as far as the experience of subjugating other countries is concerned. Instead of dwelling on Moscow's conquest of the Golden Horde one can certainly do better by studying the techniques of subjugating the Golden Prague and other capitals of Eastern Europe. Moreover, as Pipes himself admits, "a steady increase of Soviet intervention in the West's internal life . . . represents a development deserving greater attention than it ordinarily receives." Why spend time on the study of primeval chronicles when every Communist, every propagandist, every student of history in the USSR has to learn as a catechism that

> ". . . The Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.
>
> In all these movements they bring to the front, as the leading question in each case, the property question, no matter what its degree of development at the time.
>
> Finally, they labor everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries."

All the combined archives of imperial Russia would not tell us much as these three short paragraphs of *The Communist Manifesto* about the fundamentals of Soviet foreign policy. They explain Soviet support to all nationalist movements (even the expressly non-Communist ones such as that of the Arabs) as long as they think these movements undermine "the existing social and political order" in the world. They provide the key to their manipulation of the property question in such a way that peasants from Russia to Cuba to Viet Nam are always promised private land but find themselves instead penned up in collective farms. They also contain in embryo, the tactics of popular fronts and democratic coalitions which have produced Soviet victories in Eastern Europe and which are still being practised, not without success, in Western Europe and elsewhere. In short, they contain all essentials of Communist ideological warfare meticulously designed by Soviet strategists to soften *us* prior to conquest.

THE THIRD FACTOR in Richard Pipes's scheme is, perhaps, the only one meriting serious attention.

> "No one dealing with Brezhnev and his colleagues, ought to forget [the fact that they are] the product of a process of natural selection under which the fittest proved to be those who knew best how to suppress within themselves everything normally regarded as human."

However, Pipes's explanation of this factor out of the personality of "the dictator of genius" (Stalin) suffers from a misleading superficiality. As Solzhenitsyn, among others, has convincingly demonstrated, the crimes of Stalin cannot be easily separated from those of Lenin. Ultimately they are rooted in the Marxist ideology which attributes all evil to economic conditions and thereby in advance excuses those who trample "everything normally regarded as human." Take, for instance, this statement of *The Communist Manifesto*:

> "The Communist Revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas."

I do not know how they read it at Harvard but at Moscow University we read it as meaning "Everything is permitted." In the same manifesto Marx did not even bother to refute the accusation that Communism does not recognise "eternal truths such as Freedom, Justice, etc." as "it abolishes all religion, and all morality" inherited from the past. This arrogance of mind, this spirit of intolerance to different views is also evinced in his declaration that "The charges against communism made from a religious, philosophical, and, generally, from an ideological standpoint, are not deserving of serious examination." Hence come the ruptures of laws, even of the Soviet ones, by the sponsors of the *Cheka* and the Gulags, the Show Trials and lunatic asylums for political deviants; hence come the Cultural Revolutions in Russia, China, and elsewhere; hence come the Red Armies, Red Guards, and Red Brigades of East and West;

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hence—not from the Russian proverbs—come also all past, present, and future ruptures of international law, treaties and agreements by Soviet leaders. No efforts of the US foreign policy experts to stem the current tide of Soviet expansion are likely to succeed until and unless they take into account this most fundamental theoretical underpinning of Soviet foreign policy.

AS TO THE FOURTH FACTOR, "that the élite currently ruling the Soviet Union is for all practical purposes directly descended from a peasantry", I see no reason to dispute it from a strictly sociological viewpoint. But I do not accept its implication that one's social origin, even if removed by several generations, is deemed to have more "bearing on *détente*" than either party affiliation or education or convictions. What does Professor Pipes find wrong with being a person of peasant origin? Why can't American business men have *détente* with Russian peasants? Apparently sharing Marx's bias against "the idiocy of rural life", Pipes also seems to share his low opinion of the Russian nation as a whole. Since the majority of Russians have descended from peasants, and the majority of peasants "during the past four centuries (the brief interlude 1861–1928 apart) . . . have been serfs" who "managed to survive . . . not by entrusting themselves to the protection of laws and customs, but by exercising extreme cunning and single-mindedly pursuing their private interests", all Russians except intelligentsia, Pipes argues, cannot be trusted because they are bound to be guided by no higher moral standards than Social Darwinism of the "pike-and-carps" syndrome. (I wonder if Professor Pipes would tell the same to the American Blacks who have also presumably "managed to survive" not by laws alone.) Thus, Pipes returns to the lead theme of his article and reiterates it with the observation that "This experience has left deep marks on the psyche of ordinary Russians."

Even if Pipes does not believe in the Platonic notion that ideas govern the affairs of men, as a professor he must attach at least some importance to the factor of education, more properly called indoctrination, in the USSR. Take, for example, Khrushchev. A country bumpkin, and a Russian *muzhik* to boot, who impressed the world with his folksy ways, he knew how to quote Russian proverbs. As such, he would appear, at least in the eyes of Pipes, a paragon of his fourth factor. However, it was not a Russian proverb that he quoted when he so undiplomatically enunciated to his dumbstruck American hosts *"We shall bury you."* He was merely giving the gist of these two lines: "What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own gravediggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable." But why did he quote *The Communist Manifesto* at such an inappropriate moment? Why such a *faux pas* in Soviet diplomacy? Forget about his boorishness. Forget about the pike and carps. It was rather because, in the process of an *unnatural* selection through various party schools, the poor peasant lad bent on making a career had to learn by rote certain lines of the "coryphaei." He may have spontaneously substituted the verb "bury" for the noun "gravediggers", but the Marxist notion of inevitability of outcome he got straight.

He may have been drunk at the time too, and blabbered it out according to the Russian proverb, *"What a sober man keeps in his mind, the drunk one lets slip off his tongue."* In any case, his slip of tongue does hardly reveal anything new to those who pay some attention at least to the supreme "coryphaeus." What it does reveal, however, is that the dogmas of Marxism have been so thoroughly imbibed by Soviet leaders that it has superseded their peasant origin, and their common sense. More particularly and as far as *their* foreign policy is concerned, they all have gone, like myself, through intensive courses of indoctrination, in which they learned, for instance, that Hugo Grotius, the father of international law and the founder of the principle of co-existence, was, in spite of his "progressive" convictions, merely reflecting in his writings his bourgeois origin. Following a logic not too dissimilar to that of the fourth factor, they are convinced that it is not only their right but a sacrosanct duty (*"sviashchennyi dolg"*) to break any international law, agreement or treaty whenever this would serve "the inevitable victory of the proletariat."

THUS I find Professor Pipes's account of the factors allegedly determining the Soviet foreign policy, if not uninformed or useless, then crucially incomplete, grossly unbalanced, and dangerously misleading. Not only does he distort Russian history—this would have been a matter for historians to settle—but he also projects a picture of Soviet society that may influence US foreign policy toward a fatal course. Ironically, this picture is in conflict with his own recommendations for a "sound policy toward the Soviet Union." For, besides recommending "instantaneous reciprocity", with which I do agree, he insists on our "doing everything within our ability to enhance the participation of the population in political and economic processes" in the USSR. I have no quarrel with this recommendation either.

But the problem is: how can we even begin to carry it out, if we concede in advance—and that is what his four points amount to—that the Soviet leaders are expressing nothing but the collective

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psychology and historic aspirations of the Russian people? By conceding that, we would, in fact, lend our support to *their* claim that Communism and Soviet power are inseparable from Russian patriotism, and thus present them with a major propaganda victory. Surely, this is not the way to "instantaneous reciprocity" or to a sound foreign policy. We should not forget that in a not-so-remote past, the Nazis signed their own death warrant on the Eastern front the moment they began to equate the Russians with the Communists, to identify them with Soviet leaders, and to write them off as predestined for a collectivist outlook.

I fear that our support for human rights in the USSR and our intercession on behalf of the dissidents, spurred as they are by a sense of justice and a feeling of compassion, would amount to little, if they are not at the same time founded on the rock-hard conviction that these dissidents—from Solzhenitsyn to Aleksandr Ginsburg, from Andrei Sakharov to General Grigorenko, from Georgii Vins to Father Dmitrii Dudko—not only represent ethnic, religious, or social minorities but speak for the broadest interests and noblest aspirations of all Soviet people, including ethnic Russians.

But let us assume for a moment that I am wrong and Professor Pipes is right. If the Soviet foreign policy, perfidious as it is, is indeed pre-determined by the unavoidable Russianness of its leaders allegedly following nothing but the Russian traditions of expansion, we are then faced with the question: "Is there any hope of preventing their further expansion without teaching a lesson to the whole Russian nation?" Professor Pipes knows the answer:

> "Nothing short of a major cataclysm that would demonstrate beyond doubt that impulses rooted in its history have lost their validity is likely to affect the collective outlook of the Russian nation and change it, as defeat has caused the German and Japanese to turn away from dictatorships, and the Nazi massacres have caused the Jews to abandon their traditional pacifism. Unless and until that happens, one can ignore Russia's historical tradition only at great risk."

I can hardly believe my ears that someone would grant the Russians no hope except going through yet another "major cataclysm." This is as if Professor Pipes has never heard of the Great Purge and of the Gulag Archipelago, or of the fact that Soviet victory in World War II was more costly for the Russians than for the defeated Germans and Japanese. The fact that the country did not turn away from dictatorship makes the dimensions of this cataclysm so much larger. Even if one would grant the fateful honour of suffering a holocaust only to some 15 million Soviet citizens (by the way, mostly Russians *muzhiks*) annihilated during the worst peace-time years of Stalin, one has to be extremely frivolous with historical facts to maintain that all sixty-odd years of the Communist experiment in Russia have been "short of major cataclysm." What kind of other cataclysm, except a nuclear holocaust, Professor Pipes thinks might be in store for the Russian nation defies my imagination.

As one American reviewer of Pipes's *Russia Under the Old Régime* pointed out, this book expresses "his political predestination" of the Russian people, and "serves as a vivid reminder that the historian himself becomes a political force as he influences the way societies view one another."[4] The same applies even more to Professor Pipes's political writings. Together with another reviewer I wish that he would show "more sensitivity to positive traits, greater readiness to praise what is at all praiseworthy, and more sympathy and warmth for the human being discussed."[5]

A Reply

By Richard Pipes

I REGRET that Mr Krasnow has taken as the text for his criticism of my views one solitary article out of the many articles and books that I have published. This particular essay ("*Détente*: Moscow's View") is concerned primarily with current Soviet policy toward Europe: the historical background contained in it takes the form of a six-page introduction. While I am fully prepared to defend what I have said on these six pages, I do wish to make it clear that this highly condensed summary presents neither the evidence nor the analyses for the assertions which are to be found in my scholarly writings. Mr Krasnow ought to have been aware that these remarks were meant as a kind of crash course in applied Russian history for policy-makers, at a time (1974) when many of them perceived Russia as a political *tabula rasa* on which a benevolent America could write her own messages. My assertion that foreign policy has to acknowledge the existence of "the most fundamental differences in the psychology and aspirations of [the world's] diverse inhabitants" is not, as Mr Krasnow seems to believe, the *summa* of my methodology but a hoary truism which I felt compelled to make because experience in Washington

[4] See Dorothy Atkinson's review of Pipes's *Russia Under the Old Régime* in *The American Historical Review* (April 1976).

[3] See Donald Treadgold's review in *Slavic Review* (December 1975).

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had convinced me that our politicians, in their eagerness to come to terms with Moscow, had forgotten it.

As I understand it, Mr Krasnow concurs with my general attitude towards the Soviet régime and the policy of *détente*, but takes exception to my explanation of the reasons behind Communist behaviour. Whereas I seek its roots *primarily* in Russian historical experience, he sees it *exclusively* in the influence on Russia of Marxist ideology. He implicitly denies any link between pre-1917 and post-1917 Russia: in this one respect, at least, he concurs with the official Soviet view of the matter. I find this view very strange. While one can legitimately argue over the extent and the nature of political continuity in Russia before and after the Revolution, to deny any continuity at all seems patently absurd. After all, the same people, occupying the same territory, tilling the same soil, speaking the same language, and inheriting the same thousand-year old history cannot have developed by any stretch of the imagination two distinct political systems that have no features in common. Even the most violent mutations in nature do not yield entirely different biological organisms; and such a phenomenon is no more conceivable in history.

I will not endeavour here to justify my general conception of Russian history and its continuities: I have done so in passing in *Russia under the Old Régime* and hope to do so explicitly and in detail in the history of the Russian Revolution on which I am presently working. I will here concentrate on our fundamental disagreement, the validity of the "ideological" explanation of Communism, and then briefly answer some of Mr Krasnow's specific criticisms.

BUT FIRST ABOUT MY USE of Russian proverbs. Mr Krasnow makes much too much of this issue. Clearly, I have used these not as proof of my statements concerning the mentality of the Russian peasant but as illustrations: my analyses on the basis of which I made these generalisations can be found elsewhere, especially in Chapter Six of *Russia under the Old Régime*. That they were not capriciously chosen, Mr Krasnow may persuade himself by reading Maxim Gorky's *O russkom krest'ianstve* (Berlin, 1922), written by a man who, whatever his other sins, surely knew the Russian peasant. Furthermore, the proverbs I cited were meant not to demonstrate, as alleged, the "perfidy of Russian national character"—a term I have never used in any of my writings—but rather to stress the importance which the Russian peasant, taught by centuries of harsh experience, has learned to attach to cunning and self-seeking as preconditions of survival.

Are perceptions of "national psychology" a solid base on which to conduct a foreign policy? I suppose that if the perception is correct it is an indispensable ingredient of a foreign policy. I do not see how one can engage in competition or conflict without having formed some perceptions, on the basis of past experience, of one's adversary's strengths and weaknesses, strivings and anxieties.

Mr Krasnow inadvertently provides an excellent example of that continuity in mentality to which I refer. He says that when he was a student at Moscow University he and his colleagues interpreted to mean "everything is permitted" the following passage from the *Communist Manifesto*: "The Communist Revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas." Now, in fact, this statement grants no such licence. Marx, who believed that ideas form a superstructure of economic relations, merely reiterates here that a fundamental change in economic relations (the abolition of private property) must be followed by correspondingly fundamental changes in ideas. I believe this idea to be false; but it certainly does not suggest that "everything is permitted", the more so that the sentences preceding this particular quotation make it clear that what Marx had in mind was the elimination of ideas that throughout history had made possible the "exploitation of one part of society by the other." But curiously enough, when one reads accounts of Russian peasants during the revolutionary years of 1905–7 and 1917 one finds that their reaction to all news of change emanating from the city (e.g. the October Manifesto) was precisely the one that Mr Krasnow and his fellow-students had to Marx: "everything is permitted", which in their case meant pogroms of private estates and seizures of someone else's property. It is in this sense that one is justified in saying that Marx's idea of "class war" did not determine behaviour but "reinforced" existing predispositions.

The thought that a nation of over one hundred million people with a millennium of recorded history behind it can be completely redone and forced to behave, decade after decade, in an outrageously different manner because of the influence of some "evil ideas" strikes me as fantastic.

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IT IS TRUE THAT Marxism contains germs of totalitarianism (although it contains also liberal elements of which Mr Krasnow unfortunately remains blissfully unaware). But how is it that this doctrine, born in Western Europe, has never led to totalitarianism there, its homeland? How come the *Communist Manifesto* did not produce Communist tyranny in Germany, the country in whose language it was written? How explain the completely unrevolutionary effect of *Das Kapital* on England, where it had been conceived, written, and published? Why was it Russia, of all places, a country which of the major 19th-century powers was the least "capitalist" and to which Marx's theories, therefore, seemed the least applicable, that succumbed to their revolutionary gospel? My answer to these questions is that ideas do not generate major political and social changes, but at best encourage them: that is, that they produce an effect only where the climate and the soil for them happen to be propitious.

THE VALIDITY of this view becomes apparent when we look at the fate of Marxism in Western Europe. Whereas in Russia (and in much of Asia and the rest of the non-Western world) where the dominant traditions had been authoritarian, it was the violent and totalitarian elements in Marx's doctrine that found the widest acceptance, in Western Europe these tended to be sloughed off in favour of its reformist and liberal ingredients. In Germany, for instance, the Social Democratic Party, the oldest and at one time the most powerful Marxist organisation in Europe, and a model for Russian Social Democrats, had shed its revolutionary zeal even before the 19th century was over, and then turned into just another law-abiding, democratic party. How different from its Russian counterpart! It is instructive today to contemplate the entirely different developments of the two parties which had sprung from the same doctrine, from the same corrupting *Communist Manifesto*—because it indicates that the root of the problem lies not in what ideas are propounded but in how ideas are received. Even in Eastern Europe, where it is imposed by the Soviet Army, the manifestations of Communism are almost universally milder and more humane than in Russia: and in some Marxist states, for instance, Yugoslavia, we can have régimes that bear no resemblance to totalitarianism. All of which suggests to me that while Marxism indeed has strong authoritarian impulses, the actual shape which régimes based on it assume depends in large measure on indigenous political traditions: these, in the case of Europe, are more liberal, and in the case of Russia and other countries with predominantly authoritarian traditions, more totalitarian.

The "ideological" explanation postulated by Mr Krasnow and popular among conservative Russian émigrés has interesting analogues in the historical experience of other societies. Whenever people see the world around them collapse they find it difficult to admit that this collapse may have been due to internal, structural defects, and prefer to seek explanations in external causes, of which "evil ideas" are by far the favourite. Thus when Rome fell to the barbarians a century after it had adopted Christianity as its state religion, many Latin writers blamed its downfall on the abandonment of the old gods: Rome had been victorious under its old faith, they argued, and suffered nothing but calamities after it had converted. St Augustine wrote his *City of God* as a repudiation of this simplistic argument: in its Third Book he showed how many disasters had befallen Rome under the old gods. And again after the French Revolution, conservatives like Joseph de Maistre sought the principal cause of the catastrophe in the ideas of the *philosophers*, notably Rousseau, whose *Contrat social* he regarded much as Mr Krasnow regards the *Communist Manifesto*. De Maistre's explanation, however, like others of this kind failed to address itself to the question why the ideas of Rousseau produced a revolution in France and nowhere else (unless carried on French bayonets) although Rousseau's writings were by no means confined to France.

THE POINT AT ISSUE has more than historiographic significance. I believe that to argue as do Mr Krasnow and other like-minded émigrés is to succumb to a delusion which can have dangerous consequences. Some day the Communist régime in Russia will die, as do all things on this earth. What then? If those who succeed it to power will think as he does they will see no need for major reforms that would change the underlying conditions which had made Communism in Russia possible in the first place, and caused its rule to be so terrible and prolonged subsequently. If they are convinced that the tragedies of the past were due exclusively to "evil ideas" they will naturally devote themselves to suppressing these ideas. Logically, Mr Krasnow should favour in his liberated homeland the complete outlawing of the *Communist Manifesto* and other writings of the Marxist school, including

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those of non-Communist authors influenced by Marx. This procedure would require not only the prompt restitution of censorship but also of a political police to enforce it and apprehend violators, say, a student who may have had hidden under his mattress a copy of Marx's *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts*. And, of course, such violators would have to be denied access to government positions. And so, as they like to say in my country, Russia would be back at square one: the hunted would become the hunters. . . .

TO ANSWER BRIEFLY Mr Krasnow's other criticisms:

I see none but the most superficial resemblance between Russian imperialism and that of Britain, Holland, or the United States: they have little in common in the mode of administration, or in the intensity of colonisation, or in their attitude toward the conquered territories. The United States, Britain and Holland have never treated colonial territories as part of the "homeland" and have, therefore, given up their empires relatively without a struggle: the Soviet Union has yet to surrender one inch of its empire.

I nowhere equate "Communism" with "Russianness." What I do say is that the Russian political tradition causes that country to swing between authoritarianism and anarchy, with very little likelihood of its political pendulum stopping for any length of time between these two extremes. This authoritarianism can be imperial-bureaucratic, it can be Communist, it can be Fascist, or it can be of some new, as yet untried variety.

I sympathise with Mr Krasnow's predicament: it is very difficult for one who deeply loves his homeland to be witness to its appalling behaviour, and it is natural to seek a way out of this emotional difficulty in pseudo-explanations. But it is no service to Russia to blame all the suffering that she has experienced and inflicted since 1917 on a scapegoat, a German writer, long dead. One can imagine the world's hilarious response if anti-Nazi Germans had sought to "explain" the monstrosities of Nazism exclusively by the pernicious influence of the ideas of Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Fortunately, German political thinkers and historians have not been content with such facile explanations as seem to satisfy our Russian friends, and have dug much deeper in their quest for the causes of Germany's tragedy. I do not know how many more cataclysms Russia will have to experience before she can enter the path of more peaceful and normal development: here progress is measured not by millions of bodies killed but by millions of minds illuminated and converted, above all, to the idea of law as a regulator of human relations.

To say this is not to be anti-Russian, surely. Who has not been castigated as "anti-Russian" by misguided Russian patriots who thought that the love of one's country demands decorum with no questions asked? Among them can be counted Nil Sorskii, Maxim the Greek, Peter the Great, Novikov, Chaadaev, Turgenev, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Struve. But I believe that they and others like them were truer friends of Mr Krasnow's country than those who lull her with fairy tales about Holy Russia, the Christ-loving *muzhik*, and evil foreign "ideas."

About How Many?

About one in six.
What kind of people?
People like us.
Who hasn't wanted
to scream the house down?
Felt there was no point
carrying on?
Sat day-dreaming
at place of employment?
Wouldn't be human
if you hadn't.
Why do five million
people per annum
visit their doctor? . . .
More working days lost
than flu and bad backs.
All walks of life—
executives, soldiers,
old-age pensioners
(hommes de lettres?).
"Different"? "Odd"?
Require reassurance.
Occupational
and industrial
therapy units
help, as can Fine Art,
Music and Drama.
Tolerance, patience,
talk freely to them,
build warm relaxed
relationships with them.

Peter Reading

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DOCUMENTS

Kolyma Tales

(1) Shock Therapy—By VARLAM SHALAMOV

DURING one blissful period in his life Merzlakov had worked as a stable hand and used a homemade huller—a large tin can with a perforated bottom—to turn oats intended for the horses into human food. When boiled, the bitter mixture could satisfy hunger. Even then his thoughts kept returning to one simple question. Large workhorses from the Mainland were given twice as much oats as the stocky, shaggy Yakut horses, although all the horses were worked an equally small amount of the time. Enough oats were dumped in the trough of the monstrous Percheron, Thunder, to feed five Yakut horses. This was the practice everywhere, and it struck Merzlakov as being only fair.

What he could not understand was the camp's rationing system for people. The mysterious tables of proteins, fats, vitamins, and calories intended for the convicts' table did not take a person's weight into consideration. If human beings were to be equated with livestock, then one ought to be more consistent and not hold to some arithmetical average invented by the office. This terrible "mean" benefited only the light-weight convicts who, in fact, survived longer than the others. The enormous Merzlakov—a sort of human analogue to the Percheron, Thunder—felt only a greater gnawing hunger from the three spoons of porridge given out for breakfast. A member of a work gang had no way of supplementing his food supply, and furthermore, all the most important foodstuffs—butter, sugar, meat—never made it to the camp kettle in the quantities provided for by the instructions.

Merzlakov watched the larger men die first—whether or not they were accustomed to heavy labour. A scrawny intellectual lasted longer than some country giant, even when the latter had formerly been a manual labourer, if the two were fed on an equal basis in accordance with the camp ration. Not calculated for large men, the basic nourishment could not be essentially improved even by food bonuses for heightened productivity. To eat better, one had to work better. But to work better one had to eat better. Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians were always the first to die—a phenomenon that the doctors always explained away by claiming that peoples of the Baltic states were weaker than Russians. True, their normal way

IN MOSCOW *I tried to see Varlam Shalamov, but I was told he was old and sick and nearly blind, isolated from the outside world (both the official and the dissident). He had been arrested in 1937 during the Great Purge; his crime was that he had praised the Russian prose of the exiled Nobel Prize laureate, Ivan Bunin. For some 17 years he was a slave labourer in the Arctic camp of Kolyma, where (according to the estimates of Robert Conquest in his recent study of "Kolyma; the Arctic Death Camps") several millions had perished in the Siberian hardships.*

Solzhenitsyn's "Gulag Archipelago" scarcely treats the Kolyma tragedy, and in fact he had asked Shalamov to co-author the book with him. As he said, "Shalamov's experience in the camps was longer and more bitter than my own, and I respectfully confess that to him and not to me was it given to touch those depths of bestiality and despair toward which life in the camps dragged us all. . . ." Of Shalamov's poetry, Solzhenitsyn wrote that when he first came upon it in an anthology he "trembled as if he were meeting a brother. . . ."

Shalamov's "Kolyma Tales" circulated in manuscript in the USSR and, recommended by Saul Bellow ("Westerners are often made uncomfortable by such powerful books . . ."), they will shortly be published in English (translated by John Glad) by W. W. Norton in New York and London.

M.J.L.

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of life was more dissimilar to that of the camps than was the world of the Russian peasant, and it was more difficult for them. The primary reason, however, was quite different: it wasn't that they possessed less endurance, but that they were physically bigger than the Russians.

ABOUT a year-and-a-half earlier Merzlakov had arrived as a newcomer at the camp. In a state of collapse from scurvy he had been allowed to work as a stand-in orderly in the local clinic. There he learned that medical dosages were determined according to the patient's weight. New medicines were tested on rabbits, mice or guinea pigs, and human dosages were then calculated according to body weight. Children's dosages were smaller than adult dosages.

The camp food ration, however, had no relation to the weight of the human body, and it was precisely this improperly resolved question that amazed and disturbed Merzlakov. But before he completely lost his strength, he miraculously managed to get a job as a stable hand so he could steal oats from the horses to stuff his own stomach. Merzlakov was already counting on surviving the winter. Perhaps something new would turn up in the spring. But it didn't work out that way. The stable manager was fired for drunkenness and the senior groom—one of those who had taught Merzlakov how to make a huller—took his place. The senior groom had himself stolen no small amount of oats in his day, and he knew exactly how it was done. Wanting to impress the administration and no longer in need of oatmeal for himself, he personally smashed all the hullers. The stable hands began to fry or boil oats and eat them unhulled, no longer making any distinction between their own stomachs and a horse's. The new manager reported this, and several stable hands, including Merzlakov, were put in solitary for stealing oats. From there they were dismissed from the stable and returned to their former jobs—in the general work gang.

IN THE general work gang Merzlakov soon realised that death was near. He staggered under the weight of the logs he had to carry. The foreman, who had taken a dislike to this husky man, forced Merzlakov to carry the thick end of the log every time. At one point Merzlakov fell and, unable to get up from the snow, in a moment of decision refused to carry the damn log any farther. It was already late and dark. The guards were hurrying to their political indoctrination session; the workers wanted to return to the barrack to food; and the foreman was late for a battle at cards. Merzlakov was the cause of the entire delay, and he was punished. At first his comrades beat him, then the foreman beat him, then the guards. The log remained lying in the snow; instead of the log they transported Merzlakov. He was freed from work and lay on his bunk. His back ached. The paramedic rubbed it with machine grease since there were no rubbing compounds in the first-aid room. Merzlakov kept waiting, half bent over and insistently complaining of pains in the small of the back. The pain had long since disappeared, the broken rib quickly healed, and Merzlakov was attempting at any price to save himself from being signed out to go back to work. And they didn't sign him out. At one point they dressed him, put him on a stretcher, loaded him into the back of a truck and transferred him together with some other patients to the regional hospital. There was no X-ray machine there, and it was time to think things over seriously. Merzlakov did precisely that.

For several months he lay bent in two and was finally transferred to a central hospital which, of course, had an X-ray machine and where Merzlakov was placed in the surgical division. In the traumatological ward the patients in their simplicity referred to the ward as the "dramatological" ward, not even realising the bitterness of the pun.

"THIS ONE", said the surgeon, pointing to Merzlakov's chart, "we're transferring to you, Peter Ivanovich. There's nothing we can do for him in surgery."

"But you write in your diagnosis—'ankylosis resulting from a trauma of the spine.' What am I supposed to do with him?" asked the neuropathologist.

"Well, yes, ankylosis, of course. What else can I write? After beatings, even worse things turn up. I remember there was an incident at the Sery Mine. The foreman beat one of the men. . . ."

"I haven't got time to listen to your incidents, Seryozha. I ask you, why are you transferring him to me?"

"It's all written down. He has to be examined to make up the papers. You poke him with needles for a while, we do the papers, and we put him on the boat. Let him be a free man."

"But you did X-rays? You should be able to see any problems without needles."

"We did X-rays. Take a look." The surgeon held the dark film negative up to a gauze curtain. "The devil himself couldn't find anything in that picture. And that kind of smear is all your X-ray technicians will ever produce until we get regular current."

"What a mess", said Peter Ivanovich. "OK, let's let it go at that." And he signed his name to the medical history, giving his consent to transfer Merzlakov to his own ward.

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THE SURGICAL WARD was noisy and confusing. There was nothing funny about the northern mines, and the ward was filled with cases of frostbite, sprains, broken bones, burns. Some of the patients lay on the ward floor and in the corridors where one totally exhausted young surgeon with four assistants could only manage three or four hours sleep a day and had no time to examine Merzlakov carefully. Merzlakov knew that the real investigation would begin in the neuropathological ward.

His entire despairing "convict will" was concentrated on one thing: not to straighten out. And he did not straighten out, much as he wanted to—even for a moment. He remembered the gold mine: the cold that left him breathless with pain; the frozen, slippery stones, shiny with frost; the soup he slurped without any spoon; the rifle butts of the guards and the boots of the foreman. And he found within himself strength not to straighten out. Already it was easier than it had been the first few weeks. Afraid to straighten out in his sleep, he slept little, knowing that all the attendants had orders to keep an eye on him and unmask his duplicity. And after such an unmasking he would be sent to a "penal mine." What must such a penal mine be like, if even an ordinary one left Merzlakov with such terrible memories?

On the day after his transfer, Merzlakov was taken to the doctor. The head doctor asked briefly about the origin of the illness and shook his head in sympathy. He remarked in passing that even healthy muscles forced into an unnatural position for many months could become accustomed to the position and a man could make himself an invalid. Then Peter Ivanovich took over the examination. Merzlakov responded at random to needle pricks, pressures, and taps with a rubber hammer.

PETER IVANOVICH spent more than half of his time exposing malingerers. He, of course, understood the reasons for their conduct. Peter Ivanovich had himself recently been a prisoner, and he was not surprised by the childish stubbornness of the fakers or the primitiveness of their tricks. Peter Ivanovich, a former associate professor at a Siberian medical institute, had laid his own scientific career to rest in those same snows in which the convicts were saving their lives by deceiving him. It was not that he lacked pity for people, but he was more of a doctor than a human being; first and foremost he was a specialist. He was proud that a year of hard labour had not beaten the doctor, the specialist, out of him. He understood his task of exposing cheating—not from any lofty, socio-governmental point of view and not from the viewpoint of morality. Rather, he saw in this activity a worthy application of his knowledge, his psychological ability to set traps, into which hungry, half-insane people were to fall for the greater glory of science. In this battle of doctor and faker, the doctor had all the advantages—thousands of clever drugs, hundreds of textbooks, a wealth of equipment, aid from the guards and the enormous experience of a specialist. The patient could count only on his own horror before that world from which he had come and to which he feared to return. Precisely this horror lent him strength for the struggle. In exposing any malingerers, Peter Ivanovich experienced a deep satisfaction. He regarded it as testimony from life that he was a good doctor who had not yet lost his qualifications but, on the contrary, had sharpened them, who could still "do it."

"These surgeons are fools", he thought, lighting up a cigarette after Merzlakov had left. "They either don't know or have forgotten topographic anatomy, and they never did know about reflexes. They get on with X-rays alone, and without X-rays they can't even diagnose a simple fracture. And the bullshit they throw around!" It was crystal clear to Peter Ivanovich that Merzlakov was a faker. "Let him stay for a week. We'll get all the tests worked up to make sure the formalities have been observed and glue all those scraps of paper into the history of the illness." Peter Ivanovich smiled in anticipation of the theatrical effect of the new exposé. In a week a new group of patients would be shipped back to the mainland. The reports were compiled here in the ward, and the chairman of the board of medical commissioners would arrive to examine personally the patients prepared by the hospital for departure. His role amounted to examining the documents and checking that the formalities had been observed; an individual examination of the patient took thirty seconds.

"My lists", said the surgeon, "contain a certain Merzlakov. The guards broke his back a year ago. I want to send him home. He was recently transferred to Neuropathology. The papers for his departure are ready."

The chairman of the commission turned to the neuropathologist.

"Bring in Merzlakov", said Peter Ivanovich.

The bent-over Merzlakov was led in; the chairman briefly glanced at him.

"What a gorilla", he said. "But I guess there's no reason to keep that kind around." Pen in hand, he reached for the lists.

"I won't give my signature", said Peter Ivanovich in a clear, loud voice. "He's a faker, and tomorrow I will have the honour to prove that to both you and the surgeon."

"Let's set him aside then", said the chairman indifferently, setting his pen aside. "And, in general, let's wrap things up. It's already getting late."

"He's a faker, Seryozha", said Peter Ivanovich, taking the surgeon by the arm when they were leaving the ward.

The surgeon withdrew his arm.

"Maybe", he said with a disgusted frown. "Good

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luck in exposing him. I hope you get your kicks out of it."

THE NEXT DAY Peter Ivanovich gave a detailed report on Merzlakov to the head of the hospital at a meeting.

"I think", he said in conclusion, "we'll expose Merzlakov in two stages. The first will be the Rausch narcosis that you forgot, Seryozha", he said triumphantly, turning to the surgeon. "That should have been done right away. And if the Rausch doesn't produce any results, then. . . ." Peter Ivanovich spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "Then we'll have to try shock therapy. I assure you, that can be very interesting."

"Isn't that going too far?" Aleksandra Sergeevna asked. She was a heavy woman who had recently arrived from the Mainland. Here she ran the tubercular ward, the largest ward in the hospital.

"Not for that son-of-a-bitch", the head of the hospital answered.

"Let's wait and see what kind of results we get from the Rausch", Peter Ivanovich inserted in a conciliatory fashion.

Rausch narcosis consisted of a stunning dose of ether for a short-term effect. The patient would be knocked out for fifteen or twenty minutes, giving the surgeon time to set a dislocation, amputate a finger or open a painful abscess.

The hospital bigwigs, dressed in white gowns, surrounded the operating table at the dressing station where the obedient, stooped-over Merzlakov was brought. The attendants reached for the cotton strips normally used to tie patients to the operating table.

"No, no", shouted Peter Ivanovich. "That's totally unnecessary."

Merzlakov's face turned upward, and the surgeon placed the anaesthetic mask over it, holding a bottle of ether in his other hand.

"Let's begin, Seryozha!"

The ether began to drip.

"Deeper, breathe deeper, Merzlakov. Count out loud."

"Twenty-six, twenty-seven", Merzlakov counted in a lazy voice, and, suddenly breaking off his count, started to mutter something fragmented, incomprehensible and sprinkled with obscenities.

Peter Ivanovich held in his hand the left hand of Merzlakov. In a few minutes the hand fell limp. Peter Ivanovich dropped it, and the hand fell softly on to the edge of the table, as if dead. Peter Ivanovich slowly and triumphantly straightened out the body of Merzlakov. Everyone gasped with amazement.

"Now tie him down", said Peter Ivanovich to the attendants.

Merzlakov opened his eyes and saw the hairy fist of the Hospital Director.

"You slime", he hissed. "Now you'll get a new trial."

"Good going, Peter Ivanovich, good going!" the chairman of the commission kept repeating, all the while slapping the neuropathologist on the shoulder. "And to think that just yesterday I was going to let him go!"

"Untie him", Peter Ivanovich commanded. "Get him down from that table."

STILL NOT completely aware of his surroundings, Merzlakov felt a throbbing in his temples and the sickeningly sweet taste of ether in his mouth. He still didn't understand if he was asleep or awake, but he had frequently had such dreams in the past.

"To hell with all of you!" he shouted unexpectedly and bent over as before. Broad-shouldered, bony, almost touching the floor with his long, meaty fingers, Merzlakov really looked like a gorilla as he left the dressing station. The orderlies reported to Peter Ivanovich that patient Merzlakov was lying on his bed in his usual pose. The doctor ordered him to be brought to his office.

"You've been exposed, Merzlakov", the neuropathologist said. "But I put in a good word for you to the head of the hospital. You won't be retried or sent to a penal mine. You'll just have to check out of the hospital and return to your previous mine—to your old job. You're a real hero, brother. Made us look like idiots for a whole year."

"I don't know what you're talking about", the gorilla said without raising his eyes from the floor.

"What do you mean, you don't know? We just straightened you out!"

"Nobody straightened me out."

"All right, friend", the neuropathologist said. "Have it your own way. I wanted to help you out. Just wait. In a week you'll be begging to check out."

"Who knows what'll happen in a week", Merzlakov said quietly. How could he explain to the doctor that an extra week, an extra day, even an extra hour spent somewhere other than the mine was his concept of happiness. If the doctor couldn't understand that himself, how could he explain it to him? Merzlakov stared silently at the floor.

Merzlakov was led away, and Peter Ivanovich went to talk to the head of the hospital.

"We can handle this tomorrow, and not next week", the head of the hospital said upon hearing Peter Ivanovich's suggestion.

"No, I promised him a week", Peter Ivanovich said. The hospital won't collapse."

"All right", the head of the hospital said. "We can handle it next week. But be sure to send for me when you do. Will you tie him down?"

"We can't", the neuropathologist said. "He could dislocate an arm or a leg. He'll have to be

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held down." Merzlakov's case history in his hand, the neuropathologist wrote down "shock therapy" in the *Treatment* column and inserted the date.

SHOCK THERAPY consisted of an injection of camphor oil directly into the patient's blood stream. The dose was several times that used in hypodermic injections for seriously ill coronary patients. It produced a sudden seizure similar to seizures of violent insanity or epilepsy. The effect of the camphor was a radical heightening of muscle activity and motor ability. Muscle strain was increased incredibly, and the strength of the unconscious patient was ten times that of normal.

Several days passed, and Merzlakov had no intention of voluntarily straightening out. The morning of the date scheduled in the case history arrived, and Merzlakov was brought to Peter Ivanovich. In the North any sort of amusement is treasured, and the doctor's office was packed. Eight husky orderlies were lined up along the wall. In the middle of the office was a couch.

"We'll do it right here", Peter Ivanovich said, getting up from behind his desk. "No sense going to surgical ward. By the way, where is Sergey Fedorovich?"

"He can't come", Anna Ivanovna, the physician on duty, said. "He said he was busy."

"Busy, busy", Peter Ivanovich repeated. "He ought to be here to see how I do his job for him."

The surgeon's assistant rolled up Merzlakov's sleeve and smeared iodine on Merzlakov's arm. Holding the syringe in his right hand, the assistant inserted the needle into a vein next to the elbow. Dark blood spurted from the needle into the syringe. With a soft movement of the thumb the assistant depressed the plunger, and the yellow solution began to enter the vein.

"Pump it in all at once", Peter Ivanovich said, "and stand back right away. You", he said to the orderlies, "hold him down."

Merzlakov's enormous body shuddered and began to thrash about even as the orderlies took hold of him. He wheezed, struggled, kicked, but the orderlies held him firmly and he slowly began to calm down.

"A tiger, you could hold a tiger that way", Peter Ivanovich shouted in a near ecstasy. "That's the way they catch tigers in the Zabaikal Region." He turned to the head of the hospital. "Do you remember the end of Gogol's novel, *Taras Bulba*. 'Thirty men held his arms and legs.' This gorilla is bigger than Bulba, and just eight men can handle him."

"Right", the head of the hospital said. He didn't remember the Gogol passage, but he definitely enjoyed seeing the shock therapy.

While making rounds the next morning Peter Ivanovich stopped at Merzlakov's bed.

"Well", he said. "What's your decision?"

"I'm ready to check out", Merzlakov answered.

(2) My First Tooth

THE COLUMN OF MEN was just as I had dreamed all through my boyhood years. Everywhere were darkened faces and blue mouths burned by the Ural sun in April. Enormous guards leaped into sleighs which flew by without stopping. One of the guards had a single eye and a scar slash across his face. The head guard had bright blue eyes and we all, all two hundred convicts, knew his name before half the first day had passed—Sherbakov. We learned it by magic, in some unfathomable, incomprehensible way. The convicts uttered his name in an off-hand fashion as if it were something they had long been familiar with and this trip with him would last forever. Indeed he entered our lives for eternity. That is just the way it was—at least for many of us.

Sherbakov's enormous, supple figure appeared briefly everywhere. He would run ahead of the column and meet it and then follow the last cart with his eyes before rushing forward to catch up and overtake it. Yes, we had carts, the classic carts of Siberia. Our group was making a five-day march in convict file. We carried no special goods with us and whenever we stopped anywhere or had to be counted, our irregular ranks reminded one of recruits at a railway station. It would be a long time, however, before the paths of our lives led us to any railway stations.

It was a crisp April morning, and our yawning, coughing group was mustered in the twilight of a monastery courtyard before setting out on the long journey.

The quiet, considerate Moscow guards had been replaced by a band of shouting, sun-tanned young men under the command of the blue-eyed Sherbakov, and we spent the night in the basement of the Solikamsk Police Station, located in a former monastery. Yesterday, when they dumped us into the cold basement, all we could see was ice and snow around the church. There was always a slight thaw during the day and in the evening it would freeze over again. Blue-gray drifts blanketed the entire yard, and to find the essence of the snow, its whiteness, one had to break the hard, brittle crust of ice, dig a hole and only then scoop out the flaky snow that melted joyously on the tongue and cooled dry mouths, searing them with its freshness.

I WAS ONE of the first to enter the basement and was thus able to pick a warmer spot. The enormous

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icy chambers frightened me, and I searched with all the inexperience of youth for something that would at least resemble a stove. But my chance comrade, a stunted thief by the name of Gusev, shoved me right up against the wall next to the only window, which was barred and had a double frame. Semicircular and about a yard high, the window began down at the floor and looked like a loophole. I wanted to find a warmer spot, but the crowd kept coming through the narrow door and there was no opportunity to return. Very calmly, without saying a word to me, Gusev kicked the glass with the tip of his boot, breaking first one pane and then the second. Cold air rushed through the new opening, burning like boiling water. Caught in this icy draught and already terribly chilled after a long wait and head-count in the courtyard, I began to shiver. Immediately, however, I understood the wisdom of Gusev's action. Of the two hundred convicts we two were the only ones that night who breathed fresh air. People were so packed into the cellar that it was impossible to lie down or even to sit; we had to remain standing.

The upper half of the room was hidden by the white fog of our breath, unclean and stuffy. The ceiling was invisible, and we had no idea if it was high or low. People began to faint. Choking for breath, men tried to push their way to the door in which there was a crack and a peephole. They tried to breathe through it but every now and again the sentry outside the door would shove his bayonet through the hole, and the men didn't try again after that. Naturally, no medical assistance was rendered to those who fainted. Only the wise Gusev and I were able to breathe easily at the broken window. Muster took a long time. . . .

WE WERE the last to leave and, when the fog in the cellar had cleared, we saw within arm's reach a vaulted ceiling, the firmament of our church-prison. In the basement of the Solikamsk Police Station I found huge letters drawn with a lump of coal, stretching right across the vaulted ceiling: "Comrades! We were in this grave three days and thought we would die, but we survived. Comrades, be strong!"

Accompanied by the shouts of the guards, our column crawled past the outskirts of Solikamsk and made its way toward a low area. The sky was blue, very blue, like the eyes of the guard commander. As the wind cooled our faces the sun singed them so that by nightfall of the first day they became brown. Accommodation, prepared in advance, was always the same. Two peasant huts were rented to put up the convicts for the night. One would be fairly clean, and the other rather dingy—something like a barn, and sometimes it was a barn. The trick was to end up in the "cleaner" one, but that was not for the convicts to choose.

Every evening at twilight the commander of the guards would have the men file past him. With a wave of his hand he would indicate where the man standing before him should spend the night. At the time Sherbakov seemed to me to be infinitely wise, because he didn't dig around in papers or lists to select "more distinguished criminals", but simply picked out the necessary convicts with a gesture of his hand. Later I decided that Sherbakov must be unusually observant; each selection, made by some unfathomable method, turned out to be the correct one. The political prisoners were all in one group, and the common criminals in the other. A year or two later I realised that Sherbakov's wisdom did not depend on miracles. Anyone can learn to assess others by outward appearance. In our group, our belongings and suitcases might well have served as secondary signs, but our things were being hauled separately, on the carts and peasant sleighs.

ON THE FIRST NIGHT something happened. That event is the subject of this story. Two hundred men stood waiting for the commander of the guards when, off to the left, a disturbance was heard. There was an uproar of shouting, puffing, and swearing and finally a clear cry of "Dragons! Dragons!" A man was flung out on to the snow in front of the file of convicts. His face was bloodied, and someone had jammed a tall fur hat on his head, but it could not cover the narrow oozing wound. The man, who was probably Ukrainian, was dressed in homespun. I knew him. He was Peter Zayats, the religious sectarian, and he had been brought from Moscow in the same train car with me. He prayed constantly.

"He won't stand up for roll call!" the guard reported, excited and puffing.

"Stand him up!" ordered the commander.

Two enormous guards supported Zayats, one on each side. Zayats, however, was heavier and a head taller than either of them.

"You don't want to stand up? You don't want to?"

Sherbakov struck Zayats in the face with his fist. Zayats spat into the snow.

All at once I felt a burning sensation in my chest and I realised that the meaning of my whole life was about to be decided. If I didn't do something—what exactly, I didn't know—it would mean that my arrival with this group of convicts was in vain, that twenty years of my life had been pointless.

The hot flush of shame over my cowardliness fled from my cheeks. I felt them cool down and my body lighten.

I stepped out of line and said in a trembling voice:

"How dare you beat that man!"

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Sherbakov looked me over in sheer amazement.

"Get back in line."

I returned to the line. Sherbakov gave the command, and heading for the two huts as indicated by his finger, the group melted away in the darkness. His finger directed me to the poorer hut.

We lay down to sleep on wet, rotting, year-old straw which was strewn on bare smooth earth. We lay in each other's embrace because it was warmer that way, and only the criminal element in the group played the eternal card games beneath a lantern hanging from a ceiling beam. Soon even they fell asleep and so, mulling over my act, did I. I had no older friend, no one to set an example. My sleep was interrupted by someone shining a light in my face. One of my comrades, a thief, kept repeating in a confident, ingratiating voice:

"He's the one, he's the one."

The lantern was held by a guard.

"Come on outside."

"I'll get dressed right away."

"Come as you are."

I walked outside, shivering nervously and not knowing what was going to happen.

Flanked by two guards, I walked up on to the porch.

"Take your underwear off!"

I undressed.

"Go stand in the snow."

I went out into the snow, looked back at the porch and saw two rifle barrels aimed directly at me. How much time I spent there that night in the Urals, my first night in the Urals, I don't remember.

I heard a command:

"Get dressed."

As I pulled on my underwear a blow on the ear knocked me into the snow. A heavy boot struck me directly in the teeth, and my mouth filled with warm blood and began to swell.

"Go back to the barrack!"

I returned to the hut and found my spot, but it was already occupied by another man. Everyone was asleep or pretending to be asleep. The salty taste of blood wouldn't go away. There was some object in my mouth, something superfluous, and I gripped this superfluous thing and tore it forcibly from my mouth. It was a knocked-out tooth. I threw it into the decaying straw on the earthen floor.

With both arms I embraced the dirty, stinking bodies of my comrades and fell asleep. I fell asleep and didn't even catch cold.

IN THE MORNING the group got under way, and Sherbakov's blue imperturbable eyes ranged calmly over the convict columns. Peter Zayats stood in line. No one beat him, and he wasn't shouting about dragons. The common criminals in the group peered at me in a hostile, anxious fashion. In the camps every man learns to answer for himself.

Two days later we reached "headquarters"—a new log house on the river bank.

The commandant, Nestorov, came out to take over the group. He was a hairy-fisted man, and many of the criminals in the group knew him and praised him highly.

"Whenever they brought in escapees, Nestorov would come out and say: 'So you boys decided to come back! All right, take your pick—either a beating or solitary confinement.' Solitary had an iron floor, and no one could survive more than three months there, not to mention the investigation and the extra sentence."

" 'A beating, sir.' "

"He'd wind up and knock the man off his feet! Then he'd knock him down again! He was a real expert. 'Now go back to the barracks.' And that was all. No investigations. . . . A good supervisor."

Nestorov walked up and down the ranks, carefully examining the faces.

"Any complaints against the guards?"

"No, no", a ragged chorus of voices answered.

"How about you?" The hairy finger touched my chest. "How come you're answering as if you had cottonwool in your mouth? And your voice is hoarse."

"No", I answered, trying to force my damaged mouth to enunciate the words as firmly as possible. "I have no complaints about the guards."

"THAT'S NOT a bad story," I said to Sazonov. "It's even got a certain amount of literary sophistication. But you'll never get it published. Besides, the ending is sort of amorphous."

"I have a different ending", Sazonov said. "A year later they made me a bigwig in camp. That was when there was all that talk about rehabilitation and the new society 'reforging' men. Sherbakov was supposed to get the job of second-in-command of the section I worked in. A lot depended on me, and Sherbakov was afraid I still hadn't forgotten about the tooth I'd lost. Sherbakov hadn't forgotten it either. He had a large family, and it was a good job, right up on top. He was a simple, direct man and came to see me to find out if I would object to his candidacy. He brought a bottle of vodka with him to make peace Russian-style, but I wouldn't drink with him. I did tell him I wouldn't interfere with his appointment.

"Sherbakov was overjoyed, kept saying he was sorry, shifting from one foot to the other at my door, catching the rug with his heel and not able to bring the conversation to an end.

" 'We were on the road, you understand. We had escaped prisoners with us.' "

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"THAT'S NOT REALLY a good ending either", I said to Sazonov.

"I have a different one then."

"Before I was appointed to the section where I met Sherbakov again, I saw Peter Zayats on the street. He was an orderly in the village. There was no trace of the former young, black-haired, black-browed giant. Instead he was a limping, gray-haired old man, coughing up blood. He didn't even recognise me, and when I took him by the arm and addressed him by name, he jerked back and went his own way. I could see from his eyes that Zayats was thinking his own thoughts, thoughts that I could not guess at. My appearance was either unnecessary or offensive to the master of such thoughts who was conversing with less earthly personages."

"I don't like that variation either", I said.

"Then I'll leave it as I originally had it."

Even if you can't get something published, it's easier to bear a thing if you write it down. Once you've done that, you can forget. . . .

White room, white tiles

Not just the thin scalpel:
somehow they always bring you back
efficiently,
so that in time the economy recovers
and the same people
win all the prizes.
It is strange this belief
that we will not die:
it is almost
all we live on.

Perhaps it is to lie
in a strange room
among strangers and give them your sleep:
it is so personal, your eyes closing
as you begin your dream;
it is no place for aliens.
Yet we are crowded among aliens,
gowned, scrubbed, masked and
operating as though humanity
had been scrubbed off with its dirt.
In this dream
even scrubbed dirt is indestructible.

This poem is a clean nightmare.
I am not blaming anyone:
I scoured the walls, used white
paint and plain white tiles;
I washed the air as it came in
from the thick outside.
I opened the door and invited
these people in, paid for
their training and encouraged
their clean white gloves.

Today not even their presence
is necessary, and this room
transports itself from town
to country and back again.
In it we dream of rain
and all the old seasons, imagine
everywhere trees falling and
rotting into more trees;
remember the way life begins
in a mess of happiness and
thin blood. In it we talked
all night and believed
the morning would connect
through open windows.

I am not blaming anyone:
it was my mistake from
the beginning: I did not know
that in a clean room
there is only room for one
clean life; nor that
scrubbed, masked and gowned,
my strangers would spread
this whiteness everywhere.

Edwin Brock

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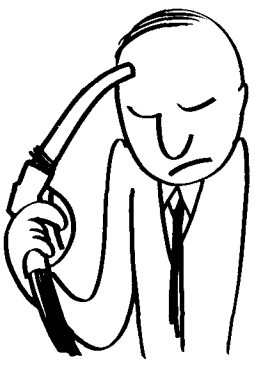
EAST & WEST

The Road to Kabul

The Kremlin & the Gulf

By J. B. Kelly



THE GAINS made by the Soviet Union in the Middle East in the 20 years or so after 1955 had been achieved by the policy of supporting Arab nationalist governments against the Western powers. At the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956 the doctrine of "the class struggle" as the fundamental and indispensable element in the progression to communism in the countries of Asia was played down. Cautious approval was given instead to the possibility of different and even non-violent paths to socialism, as well as to the notion of "the national bourgeoisie" as an ally in both the struggle against Western imperialism and the victory of the national liberation movement.

Traditionally, Soviet ideology regarded "the national bourgeoisie" in the states of Asia under European dominion as necessary only at the stage of winning their independence from the powers of Europe. Thereafter, so the dogma had it, the national bourgeoisie was bound to become unstable, would lose its "progressive" character and would compromise with its late imperial masters. It would therefore become the task of the proletariat, after initially supporting the national bourgeoisie in the struggle for independence, to turn upon it in due course, and, under the leadership of the local Communist parties and with the backing of the Soviet Union and other socialist states, overthrow the national bourgeois governments as a preliminary to building the socialist state.

J. B. KELLY is an historian specialising in British relations with the Middle East. His books include *"Eastern Arabian Frontiers"* (1964) and *"Britain and the Persian Gulf 1795–1880"* (1968). His study of *"Arabia, the Gulf, and the West"*, from which this article is extracted, will be published by Weidenfeld at the end of May and in the US in the autumn by Basic Books.

SO MUCH FOR Soviet theory. By 1960 the national-bourgeois régimes which had emerged as the successors to European imperial rule in Asia had consolidated their positions and were, most of them, beginning to develop their own kind of socialist state. More often than not this process involved the intimidation or suppression of the local Communist parties, a consequence which implicitly challenged (even if unwittingly) Soviet dogma that the transition from the national-bourgeois to the socialist state should be directed by the Communist party. For sound practical reasons—among them the weakness of the local Communist parties and the lack of "working-class cadres" in most Asian countries—the Soviet government suppressed its ideological reservations and continued to support the national-bourgeois régimes. They were, after all, accomplishing the Russians' objectives for them, by their unceasing display of hostility to the West and by their constant extension of state control over their own economies. Thus, in the Middle East, the Soviet Union followed the wholly pragmatic policy of supplying military, economic, and technical assistance to the military dictatorships which ruled over Egypt, Syria, Iraq, and later Algeria, without allowing herself to be distracted by the deviations from the doctrinally legitimate path to socialism which they represented.

The subordination of dogma to expediency in the conduct of Soviet foreign policy was all too apparent in the Russians' exploitation of the Kurdish separatist movement in Iraq from the mid-1950s to the mid-1970s. Soviet policy in Arabia in the same period likewise demonstrated the secondary role assigned by the Russians to ideology in the pursuit of their strategic objective in the Middle East.

A new treaty was concluded with the Yemen in October 1955 in which the Soviet Union recognised "the full and absolute independence of Yemen and also the full independence and absolute legal sovereignty of the King." It seemed to matter little that the King in question, the Imam Ahmad ibn Yahya, was an absolutist and theocratic sovereign, utterly aloof from, indeed immovably opposed to, everything the Soviet Union stood for. What mattered (as in the case of his father, the Imam Yahya, with whom a similar treaty had been concluded in 1928) was that he was actively hostile to the British in Aden. Further agreements covering the supply of arms and economic aid followed in 1956 and 1957, their latent purpose being to underwrite the campaign of harassment which the Yemenis were conducting against the British along the borders of the Aden Protectorate. As late as

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1961, a year before Imam Ahmad's death and the revolution which overthrew his successor, the Soviet propaganda machine was still grinding out encomiums to the aged monarch, particular stress being laid upon his unrelenting struggle against the "imperialists" to the south.

IN CONTRAST, the Soviet attitude towards Saudi Arabia in these years became increasingly churlish. Although no serious attempt had been made after the Second World War to renew the earlier diplomatic ties which had been abandoned in 1938, the Soviet government had observed a considerable degree of caution in its approach to the Saudi régime, exempting it from the kind of criticism to which governments of a monarchical or theocratic character were normally subject. When it seemed, however, in the late 1950s that Saudi Arabia was aligning herself with the "imperialist" camp in the Middle East, the tolerance formerly accorded the Al Saud and Wahhabism in general vanished. Modern Wahhabism was accused of having discarded its "positive" (i.e. egalitarian) attributes, and of having forsaken its original mission to restore the pristine simplicity of Islam. Instead, it had become a mere tool of the "feudalists" for the exploitation of the Saudi people, part of the wider conspiracy to substitute religion for the growth of class feelings among the Arab masses. The criticism intensified when the revolution in the Yemen in 1962 brought a republican régime to power in Sana and the Saudis gave aid to the royalist forces in the ensuing civil war.

The anti-Saudi propaganda did not diminish when Faisal succeeded his brother as ruler and instituted a programme of reform in Saudi Arabia. On the contrary, it reached new heights when Faisal organised the Islamic Pact in December 1965 as a counter to Nasser's influence in the Arab world. *Pravda* proceeded to denounce the Islamic Pact as

> "an imperialist creation similar to the notorious Baghdad Pact, an instrument for combating the Arab national liberation movement . . . a means of bolstering the reactionary forces . . . a spearhead against the spreading of socialist ideas in the Middle East."[1]

Much the same kind of hostility was evinced towards Kuwait in these years, partly for ideological reasons but mainly out of political calculation. The desire to preserve the influence it had acquired in Baghdad led the Kremlin both to adopt a more or less neutral stand over the merits of the Iraqi claim to Kuwait in 1961 and to curry favour with Qassim by vetoing Kuwait's application to join the United Nations. After Qassim's fall in 1963, however, the Russians responded favourably to an approach from Kuwait for the establishment of diplomatic relations, consented to Kuwait's admission to the UN, and appointed an ambassador to the sheikhdom in June 1963. Pragmatism had smothered ideological misgivings. There was clearly more to be gained from acquiring a diplomatic foothold in Kuwait (the only such foothold the Soviet Union had in the Arabian peninsula other than that in the Yemen) than from indulging in denunciations of the Al Sabah's "feudal" and "reactionary" rule on the lines of that uttered by Khrushchev in 1964.

THERE WAS MORE to the Soviet Union's veering and tacking over policy in Arabia in the 1960s, however, than simply the growing ascendancy of pragmatism.

The Kremlin's own ideological conceptions were in flux, largely as a consequence of the challenge that had been thrown down by the Chinese Communists. Whereas the Soviet Union was prepared, in the interests of securing her own objectives as a great power, to accept the notion of "gradualism"—of separate and peaceful paths to socialism, of the role of the national bourgeoisie in effecting the transition to the socialist state and in fomenting and sustaining anti-Western sentiments in the Middle East as well as in Asia at large—the Chinese were not. They rejected all such compromises, declaring that the triumph of socialism in the world could only be achieved through the national liberation movement, a violent uprising of the urban and rural proletariat led by the Communists and directed against the "colonialists" and "feudalists." No trust or hope was to be reposed in "the national bourgeoisie", however one defined, or failed to define, this anomalous body: its members were bound in the long run to throw in their lot with "the imperialists" against the "progressive" forces.

Under the impact of the Maoist assault the Russians were forced to revise some of their ideological formulations concerning the progression to socialism in the backward countries of the world. By the mid-1960s less emphasis was being placed upon the role of the national bourgeoisie as an instrument of political transformation, especially in countries where more than one political movement was active. More confidence was reposed instead in those one-party states where the governments, although not Communist in complexion, were nevertheless strongly anti-Western, as well as interventionist in their national economic policies.

In truth, however, the ideological arguments were becoming increasingly diffuse, contradictory, and irrelevant as opportunism gained the upper

[1] For this quotation, as for much useful background information on the development of Soviet ideology concerning the Arab world, I am indebted to Stephen Page's excellent study, *The USSR and Arabia* (1971).

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hand in Soviet foreign policy. This became particularly evident in the Middle East after the disaster which befell Arab arms at the hands of the Israelis in the war of 1967, a disaster which grieved the Kremlin sorely. It had tied its fortunes to those of Nasser's "Arab socialist" régime without having sufficient influence over the Egyptian dictator to ensure that his fortunes prospered. The Russians were not going to make the mistake again of allowing themselves to be ideologically identified with an Arab régime which claimed to be "socialist." Thus Soviet commentary on the Arab world after 1967 made a point of emphasising how far the states of the area were from making the transition to "true socialism."

IT WAS THIS ATTITUDE of caution which regulated Soviet relations with South Yemen in the years immediately following that country's attainment of independence in 1967.

The Russians had been relatively slow to take notice of developments in Aden and the protectorates in the years after the Second World War. It was not until 1958, in fact, that they began to comment upon them, and then largely as a consequence of their own activities in the Yemen. The usual propaganda resulted. Britain was "exploiting" Aden and the protectorates, using them as a base for "aggression against the peace-loving countries and national liberation movements of Asia and Africa." Over the next few years the Russians, in accordance with their theories about the national bourgeoisie, affected to regard first the South Arabian League and then the Aden People's Socialist Party as the leaders of the struggle for independence. They never seemed to grasp the fact that from 1963 onwards the running was being made by the NLF, and to a lesser extent by FLOSY; so that when the NLF emerged at the end of 1967 as the new masters of Aden and South Arabia, the Kremlin was taken by surprise. It was also uncertain of the character of the new régime, even though some of the NLF leadership were quick to show their Marxist-Leninist colours. Another factor inhibiting the Russians' approach to the NLF régime was the prompt appearance on the scene of their ideological rivals, the Chinese, with offers of technical aid for the new republic and support for the insurgency in Dhufar. Though the Russians lost little time in making comparable offers, they still hesitated to clasp the NLF leadership in a fraternal embrace, even after the Marxist-Leninist faction within it had overthrown its opponents and proclaimed its intention to build a society based upon the principles of "scientific socialism" in South Yemen.

MOSCOW'S RELUCTANCE to give its ideological imprimatur to the South Yemeni revolution was based primarily upon practical considerations. Ideological approval implied a willingness to provide economic, political and even military assistance, especially if the standing of the Soviet Union as the true and legitimate heir of Marx and Lenin, and the dynamic centre of world communism, was not to be impaired. Yet a commitment to a country such as South Yemen, virtually bankrupt and highly unstable, could well prove very costly financially and extremely embarrassing politically. The uncomfortable lesson of Cuba, and all that it had entailed in the way of incalculable economic and political liabilities incurred in haste, was still very much in the forefront of the Soviet government's mind a decade later. It was also uncertain of how the Western powers might react if it were to make a client of South Yemen. Moscow was still digesting the implications of Britain's withdrawal from Aden in 1967 and her proclaimed intention to leave the Gulf in 1971. It seemed to the Kremlin inconceivable that the United States would not compel the British to change their minds, still less that the Americans would sit idly by and allow the Soviet Union to occupy Britain's former base at Aden.

BRITAIN'S ACTION in quitting the Gulf at the end of 1971 removed most of the Kremlin's doubts and hesitations about the wisdom of becoming involved in South Yemen.

What few misgivings remained were completely dispelled two years later by the panic displayed by the Western powers in the wake of the Arab oil embargo of October 1973. Developments in South Yemen itself also played into the Russians' hands. The Aden régime had by this time managed to alienate not only the Western powers but the conservative Arab régimes as well, thereby cutting itself off from two potential sources of aid to alleviate South Yemen's desperate economic condition. The Chinese could not compete with the Soviet Union in the provision of material goods and arms, which left the radical Arab states, like Libya, and the Soviet Union and her European satellites as the only possible countries to which South Yemen could turn for succour. At the same time the Aden politburo was experiencing growing difficulty in maintaining its hold upon the country, especially as it was frequently distracted by outbreaks of feuding within its own ranks.

As every ruler of South Arabia since time began has learned, the only way in which order and authority can be imposed upon the country is by the ruthless and widespread application of force. The British never attempted, or wished to attempt, to enforce their rule outside Aden colony in this fashion, with the result that they have since been criticised for having left the hinterland, the former

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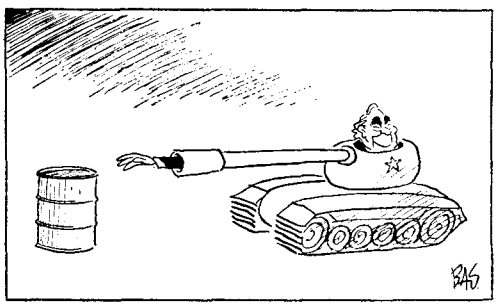
Aden Protectorate, in as backward a condition as they found it. Its perversion of the truth apart, the criticism is misconceived; for if Britain had employed the measure of severity necessary to subdue the inhabitants of South Arabia and cause them to abandon their age-old pursuits of rapine, slaughter, and brigandage, not to mention their cherished superstitions, tribal customs and primitive social habits, she would have been execrated by enlightened opinion everywhere. Unlike the British, the NLF politburo had no compunction about endeavouring to crush the resistance of the tribesmen of South Yemen. Moreover, being Marxist-Leninist and therefore counted among the "progressive" régimes of the world, it provoked no outraged protests in enlightened circles about the methods it used in erecting the grotesquerie of a Marxist-Leninist state in southern Arabia. Its only real problems were those created by its own limited economic resources, a lack of arms, and deficiencies in modern techniques of repression.

All of these were supplied in increasing quantities by the Soviet Union and her allies from the mid-1970s onwards. For the Russians it was a small price to pay to secure access to Aden's incomparable strategic location, commanding at one and the same time the passage of the Red Sea, the southern gates of Arabia and the Horn of Africa. The benefits accruing to both partners to the arrangement were complementary. As the National Front régime was enabled to employ more brutal and effective methods for the subjugation of its people, so also the Soviet grip on Aden and South Yemen progressively tightened. The army was placed under the *de facto* command of Soviet officers, while the popular militia was trained by Cubans. East Germans (eventually to the number of 2,000) were brought in to take charge of the police and security services. They proceeded to introduce their own methods of dealing with political dissidents, including the setting up of concentration camps for the detention of real or suspected opponents of the régime. A South Yemeni air force was created, the aircraft being supplied by the Soviet Union, the air and ground crews by Cuba.

BY THE OUTSET of 1978 South Yemen had progressed from being a client state of the Soviet Union to the status, for all practical purposes, of a Soviet colony. At the former RAF station at Khormaksar, outside Aden, now an operational base for the Soviet air force, were located the Russian military and intelligence headquarters for the Red Sea region. Aden itself furnished the Russians with naval facilities. A second naval station and air base had been established at Mukalla, in the Hadramaut, while on Socotra Island the Russians had installed communications and surveillance equipment. Whatever the Kremlin might privately think of the "Marxist-Leninist" pretensions of the National Front, it had now identified itself with the régime and with its fortunes.

In any case, the ideological veneer on Soviet policy in this corner of the world, never very substantial at any time, had by now almost completely worn away. It mattered not in the least to the Kremlin that South Yemen was a pariah state, with an unsavoury reputation as a haven and training ground for the terrorist riff-raff of the world. On the contrary, its involvement in international terrorism only increased its attraction in Soviet eyes. Opportunism of the most flagrant kind was the governing factor in Soviet policy towards South Yemen, as it was towards its neighbours, Somalia and Ethiopia. Just how subject South Yemen had become to Soviet direction was amply demonstrated during 1977 and 1978 by the use of Aden as a logistics centre for the Ogaden and Eritrean campaigns, and by the employment of South Yemeni troops as Soviet auxiliaries in the latter conflict. It was displayed even more, however, by the Soviet intervention in the crisis which erupted in the leadership of the Aden politburo in the middle of 1978.

HOW THE CRISIS came about and the course it took are still unclear, and doubtless will remain so for some time yet. Supreme power in South Yemen up to June 1978 had been wielded by a presidential council of three men—Salim Rubayyi Ali (the President), Ali Nasir Muhammad (the Prime Minister), and Abdul Fattah Ismail (the chairman of the central committee of the National Front). The personal and political rivalry which had long existed between Salim Rubayyi Ali and Abdul Fattah Ismail attained violent proportions in late June 1978, when the presidential palace in Aden was assaulted by South Yemeni army units and militia detachments loyal to Abdul Fattah Ismail. They were supported by Cuban troops, five thousand of whom had been flown in from Ethiopia only the previous week. Cuban pilots flying MIG fighters attacked the palace and the defence ministry with cannon fire, while one or more Soviet warships off shore shelled



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the same targets. The fighting lasted for most of 26 June, ending with the capture and swift execution of Salim Rubayyi Ali and his closest associates. Ali Nasir Muhammad was installed as acting president in his place, but the real victor was the fanatical Marxist ideologue, Abdul Fattah Ismail.

Fighting broke out at various places in South Yemen in the days and weeks that followed. It was probably inspired less by sentiment for the late president than by hatred for the victorious faction in the politburo, who called upon the Russians and the Cubans to help suppress the outbreaks. Russian naval vessels were reported to have shelled districts in the Hadramaut, while Cuban pilots flew sorties against rebel strongholds. Thousands of South Yemenis fled for safety to the Yemen, Saudi Arabia, and Dhufar, among them army officers and police officials who feared the consequences of yet another vindictive purge of the army and police force. An entire battalion of the army in Beihan defected to the Yemen, its place being taken by an Ethiopian battalion brought in by the Russians.[2]

Whatever other benefits the Soviet Union may have reaped from the ascendancy she has established at Aden, three at least are plain to see. She has acquired a base for the penetration of Africa; she has placed herself within striking distance of the Gulf oilfields; and she has gained control of one of the most important strategic outposts in the world, an importance which Aden has possessed ever since the early years of the 16th century when the great Portuguese captain, Afonso d'Albuquerque, sought to capture the trade of the Indies by seizing its traditional outlets, the Red Sea, the Gulf, and the Straits of Malacca. Moreover, the Russians have learned the uses of sea power, which the West is in danger of forgetting, and they are ready to act upon this knowledge in the seas east of Suez.

HOW FAR the Soviet Union may desire access to the oil reserves of Arabia and the Gulf for her own sake, how far to deny them to the West, can only be matters for speculation. Much depends upon the Russians' reliance upon outside sources of oil to meet their own needs and those of their Eastern European allies.

Up to about 1966 the Soviet Union produced sufficient oil each year to have a surplus after satisfying these requirements. Normally, the surplus was exported to the West in order to earn the hard currency needed to import industrial goods and machinery. After 1966, however, consumption of oil in the Soviet bloc began to exceed production, despite a rise in the volume of oil produced annually—from 148 million tons in 1960 to 353 million tons in 1970 and perhaps as much as 520 million tons in 1976. Consumption has continued to increase in recent years and will probably go on doing so, though to what extent it will exceed production it is impossible to forecast with any precision.

Western estimates of the probable size of the gap between the two have varied considerably: from 20 million to 100 million tons annually in the mid-1970s, up to as much as 160 million tons annually by the early 1980s. So far the deficiency has been made good by the importation of oil from the Middle East by the European satellite states, the transaction being arranged as a form of barter—oil in exchange for machinery and other industrial equipment. Barter deals of this kind have been concluded, for instance, between Iran on the one side and Romania and Czechoslovakia on the other, and between Iraq on the one side and Hungary, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia on the other. Although these transactions have been conducted with Soviet approval, the Soviet government is still anxious to retain the major part of the Eastern European market for itself, for obvious political purposes. It also wants to remain in a position to export oil to the West and Japan for financial reasons.

There are only two ways open to the Soviet Union of meeting these various requirements: one is by expanding Soviet domestic production of oil; the other is by importing more oil from the Middle East. Most of the oil produced in the Soviet Union at present comes from the Volga-Urals region. It is doubtful, however, whether the deposits there will be sufficient to supply even half the volume of oil needed in the near future. There are large deposits in Siberia, especially around Tyumen in western Siberia, but their exploitation depends upon capital investment and advanced technological resources beyond the present reach of the Soviet government. Hence the Russian efforts in recent years to interest both the United States and Japan in the development of these oilfields. Even if these efforts were to bear fruit, there is little likelihood that oil would begin to flow from the Tyumen fields in any quantity for some time to come. Meanwhile the Soviet Union will become increasingly dependent upon Middle Eastern oil to fill the gap between demand and supply and to provide the surplus needed for sale to Western Europe and Japan.

THE RUSSIANS, HOWEVER, are having to pay much higher prices for Middle Eastern oil than they were

[2] For students of history this last circumstance had a certain ironic interest; for in AD 525 the ancient Himyarite kingdom of Yemen was destroyed by invaders from Ethiopia, who remained in possession of south-western Arabia for the next 50 years, until they in turn were expelled in AD 575 by an expeditionary force from Persia. Thereafter Yemen was ruled as a Persian satrapy for half-a-century. The chances of such an historical episode recurring in our day would appear to be fairly remote.

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before October 1973, and the extent to which they can increase their trade with the oil-producing countries to meet the bill is limited. Up to date the Russians have paid for Arab oil mainly with arms, to a value of $500–600 million annually over the past few years. Oil imports have been of comparable value, viz. 20 million tons in 1973 at a cost of $800 million at pre-October 1973 prices. The same volume of oil at prices obtaining in 1980 would cost anything between $4,500 million and $5,000 million.

It seems unlikely that the Russians will be able to increase the value of their arms shipments to anything approaching these figures, and ordinary Russian manufactured goods have little appeal in the oil-producing countries, where there is a strong preference for Western and Japanese manufactures. The Soviet government's inability both to supply acceptable manufactures as substitutes for Western and Japanese products and to pay for oil in the requisite amounts of hard currency would appear to limit severely its power to purchase oil from the Middle East in appreciably larger quantities than those it is at present purchasing. Certainly it lacks the financial and economic means needed to induce the governments of the oil-producing states to divert oil exports from the West to the Soviet bloc on a scale sufficient to cause serious damage to the West's economy.

IT WOULD SEEM, THEREFORE, in so far as any judgments are possible in such uncharted terrain, that the Soviet government is faced with an ever-widening margin between oil production in the Soviet Union and consumption of oil by the Soviet bloc; that the cost of developing the Soviet Union's own untapped oil reserves—a cost per barrel well above that for Alaskan or North Sea oil—is beyond her financial capacity, even if she had the technological skills and equipment required, which she does not; and that similar financial and economic constraints limit her ability to purchase Middle Eastern oil in excess of what she now obtains through barter agreements and sales of arms.

If this assessment is correct, the temptation for the Russians to acquire by political or military means what they cannot afford to purchase must be a strong one. It can only be made stronger by the consideration that the acquisition of preferential access to the Gulf's oil would enable the Soviet Union to dictate the terms upon which oil would thereafter be supplied to the West.

SOVIET RUSSIA is now in a stronger position than ever before in her history to accomplish her ambitions in the Middle East, whether they be to dominate the routes from Europe to the East, to command the landward and maritime approaches to the eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Gulf, or to lay hands upon the massive oil reserves of the region. She is entrenched in Iraq and Afghanistan by virtue of extensive arrangements for the supply of arms, the equipment and training of their military forces and the provision of economic and technical assistance, as well as by actual treaties of friendship with both countries. In the case of Afghanistan the treaty concluded in December 1978 was the direct outcome of the violent overthrow of the republican government in April 1978 and the subsequent installation, after further bloodshed, of a Marxist regime at Kabul. The opportunities which the Marxist *coup d'état* in Afghanistan and the civil turmoil in Iran in 1978–9 opened up to Russia to advance her strategic interests in the direction of the Gulf and the Indian Ocean were almost infinite.

Leaving to one side the implications of Russian military paramountcy in Afghanistan for the politics and security of the Indian sub-continent, the combination of radical governments in Kabul and Baghdad and domestic chaos in Iran directly threatens the political and territorial integrity of the latter country. For both Iraq and Afghanistan harbour deep animosities of a religious, racial and cultural kind against Iran, which, if they were to find active expression—whether under Russian inspiration or guidance is almost immaterial—at a time when Iran was torn by internal dissension, could lead to the disintegration of the Iranian state as it is now constituted.

WHILE THE Soviet Union's favoured position in Iraq and Afghanistan has increased her strategic options, it is Iran which has been the focus of Russian attention since Czarist times and which offers the Russians the richest potential rewards. Iran is by far the most important of the three states. She also possesses the greatest natural advantages, whether these consist in her oil and mineral resources or in her long coastline on the Gulf. The Russians have acknowledged this fact by maintaining at Teheran their largest embassy in the Middle East, twice as large in terms of personnel as the embassies at Ankara and Cairo, and with the biggest contingent of *KGB* and *GRU* officers. Whatever covert role the latter may or may not have played in precipitating the collapse of governmental authority in Iran in the latter part of 1978, there can be no doubt of the large benefits the Russians may expect to derive from that collapse, and, conversely, of the grim harvest of troubles the Western world may expect to reap in consequence.

The Russians are just as well placed to bring pressure to bear upon the Gulf region from its southern approaches, their obvious base of opera-

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tions being Aden and the Hadramaut. From there they can proceed, under cover of reactivating the guerrilla war in Dhufar, to sow the seeds of subversion in a wide arc through Oman to the shores of the Gulf. It is a most promising line of advance, especially as the Russians now have the naval and air power to support a campaign of this nature fought by their South Yemeni auxiliaries. They may equally elect to initiate or encourage seditious activities, or *soi-disant* "national liberation movements", within the Gulf states, where radical political elements of all shades, including Marxist-Leninist, are to be found, not least among the extremist factions in the Palestinian *émigré* communities. The clandestine running of arms to dissidents to raise rebellions has been a commonplace of political life in eastern Arabia since the Second World War, and there is no reason why the Russians should be any less successful at this activity than the Saudis, Iraqis, Egyptians and South Yemenis have been.

Should the Russians decide to intervene more forcefully in any insurrection which may occur in one of the Gulf states, they have at their disposal a highly effective instrument, viz. naval power, the means by which dominion over Arabia's coasts and seas has been asserted and sustained down the centuries.

ONE COULD SUM UP the Soviet Union's position at the outset of the '80s by paraphrasing Palmerston's well known comment of 150 years ago: "Russia pursues the same system of strategy against Arabia and Iran; she creeps down the Red Sea and wants to do the same down the Gulf, and to take both Arabia and Iran on each of their flanks."

Yet to present the situation in such literal terms would be over-simplification. For one thing, the actual intentions of the Soviet Union towards the Gulf are inscrutable, and any attempt to divine them depends upon the interpretation of a host of considerations, the greater part of which have little or no direct connection with Arabia and the Gulf. For another, it would be wrong to view the progress of Russia in the Middle East over the past 60, or even 30, years as a chronicle of uninterrupted successes, or as the preordained and irresistible fulfilment of some grand design. The necessity to compress historical material here may have produced an impression of the ineluctability of this progress; but such an impression would be a misleading one.

While there is undoubtedly a consistent central theme in Soviet policy towards the region, the Soviet Union is as prone to make *ad hoc* moves and decisions in the face of changing circumstances as are the Western powers. The Kremlin is far from being infallible in its political judgments, as the record of its relations with the Arab world since the Second World War bears witness. It has revealed no signs of possessing any unique insight into the hearts and minds of the Arabs, nor has it exhibited any unusual dexterity in handling them. What it has shown has been an unremarkable ability to exploit for its own purposes the numerous grievances held by many Arabs against the West.

WHATEVER VIEW ONE MAY TAKE of Soviet intentions towards Arabia and the Gulf, and of the Soviet Union's capacity to carry them into effect, it remains that the Russians now possess considerable strategic and tactical advantages in the region which they did not possess a decade ago. These advantages, moreover, have been gained as much through the ineptitude and infirmity of the Western powers as they have by the Soviet Union's own efforts. While the Russians may have miscalculated at times, they have at least attempted to ground their policy upon reality and not upon wishful thinking. Western policy, on the other hand, has been based upon illusions, upon self-deception and upon calculations of short-term advantage.

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LANGUAGE

A Cliché on One's Face

Of Hyperboles & Worn Expressions—By D. J. ENRIGHT

READERS are warned that *On Clichés* is not one of those books about English As She Is Spoke that alarm, amuse, instruct and make you feel holier than ye.[1] Readers are warned that in fact they may not be able to read it. It is sociology, written in a mixture of sociologese and unstylish lay lingo. On page one we are told that clichés and their social and political use have always "triggered" the author's curiosity. And then—hammered in as if only what is told thirty times and thus rendered a cliché is true—that

> "the most remarkable feature of clichés lies in their capacity to by-pass reflection and to thus unconsciously work on the mind, while excluding potential relativizations."

You can say that again!—preferably without splitting the infinitive.

Professor Zijderveld seems to believe, not merely that infinitives may occasionally be split to secure a particular stress, but that by inexorable law they must be split on sight and without exception. He also believes in spelling the word "exhilirating", and spells it frequently since it is introduced at regular intervals to brighten the proceedings up, though alas at some remove since exhilaration goes on in biochemistry and astrophysics and even the sociology of yesteryear, but never in the arts, the humanities, the politics or the sociology of today.

Yet there is a lively mind somewhere under all this verbiage, and something to say under all that is said and said again. The thesis is that clichés do not *mean*, but have a function. The nature of modernity fosters the functionality of clichés, and in turn clichés mould consciousness and behaviour in ways "very appropriate and functional to the speech, feeling, thought and action of truly modern human beings." (Why the emphasis on modernity? Because clichés are always here and now and, if not here and now, are not clichés?) Against this drab- or even sinister-sounding functionalism Zijderveld sets what he calls "aura." For instance, TV-dinners have no aura (so that's what's wrong with them?), and frozen food is "very functional but totally lacking in aura." The same applies to "blue jeans." Originally they had a meaning since—unisex, uniclass, unigeneration—they symbolised the "counter-culture"; but now they are no more than a functional article of clothing, "indeed the cliché of modern fashion." (Well, so long as your clichés keep you warm and decent . . . a point that Zijderveld is working up to.) More seriously, since they are no longer safeguarded by traditional values, modern man is able to dispose with ease of relationships such as friendship and marriage, which are now based only on "the desire to consume emotions instantaneously and continuously", and thus bear very little aura and are "doomed sooner or later to reach a point of saturation." In an agreeably moralising murmur Zijderveld adds: "Loyalty is almost as old-fashioned a virtue nowadays as honour!"

IT WAS RELIGION that kept function tied to meaning while meaning "remained tied to tradition through the institutions." In those times clichés had a greater air of permanent meaningfulness (indeed, as in the case of treason that prospers, no one would dare to call them that)—but then, what didn't? One wonders whether Zijderveld needed to drag clichés into the sad story, especially since he is a trifle uncertain as to what is a cliché. "Jesus, our Lord" and "Jesus, our Saviour" are not "semantically empty words": they are words you may or may not believe. It is not their fault if they are tossed around automatically by tired or lazy preachers. Come to that, what other words are there for "Jesus", "Lord", "Saviour"? (And one has one's mean reservations about the "cliché", "*the home is where the heart is*", which Zijderveld feels is so corny that it could only be found genuinely touching by a foreigner not well versed in the English tongue.)

[1] *On Clichés: The Supersedure of Meaning by Function in Modernity*. By ANTON C. ZIJDERVELD. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £5.95.

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On occasion, and rather pleasingly, Zijderveld lapses into personal confidences, albeit apologetically. Supermarkets may lack aura (to use them you don't actually need speech at all, there may be no "social interaction" whatsoever); but we should beware of sentimentalising the little village grocery where the shopkeeper chats about the weather and local politics and personalities and knows his customers inside-out. "Although the reader should not be interested in such a triviality as the author's shopping preferences", says Zijderveld, he must admit if pressed to disliking the "alleged cosiness" of such little shops: their inefficiency, though charming if you are on vacation, soon palls, and moreover the gossip that goes on in them "can be extremely vicious, its effects of social control very tyrannical and stifling." He concludes, "However, this normative belief of mine is irrelevant to the discussion." Would he were more often irrelevant! And would he had given more time to discussing Mahler's use of *kitsch* to transcend *kitsch*, his subduing of musical clichés by using instead of being used by them—a highly interesting proposition.

PROFESSOR ZIJDERVELD is not out to abolish or banish clichés. Far from it. Clichés are indispensable to social life and human communication, and the man who renounces them is as "tiresome" as the man who tries to be funny all the time: he ought to "retreat from social life radically, like the anchorites of old." In our world norms and values, meanings and motives, have slipped their moorings. Modern man is "up in the air", cast away on "a vast sea of cognitive vagueness, emotional instability, and moral uncertainty." Clichés at least serve as beacons, providing the individual—in lieu of "traditional institutions"—

Dropping the Hyphen

New York City

ONE DAY, *feeling bloodyminded (no hyphen), I wrote about a politician's rising "Dracula-like" from the body politic;* The Times*'s copy editor killed the hyphen. That is because the suffix "like" is glued to the word it turns into an adjective, according to* Times *(and Associated Press) style: as, "the phoenixlike Mr Deng." The only exception permitted is for words ending in double-l, as in "bell-like," because three "l's" together look funny.*

I THINK THE RULE **should be modified. In a lifelike, businesslike way, the hypen can be dropped when "like" is attached to ordinary nouns, but when it comes to proper nouns, I stand—bulldoglike and Horatio-like—at the bridge. Why? Because "Draculalike" just doesn't look right. "Dracula-like" looks right. In the correct use of hyphens, looks count.**

HYPHENS *should be used mainly when not using them causes confusion. As Fowler wrote in his* Modern English Usage,

> **"A little used car is not necessarily the same as a little-used car."**

Another hypheneticist adds,

> **"An old-world city is not the same as an old world city. A full-grown man refers to one who has reached adulthood, but a full grown man might be one who, already adult, has had enough to eat."**

Similarly, a small-business man could be a huge fellow who runs a mom-and-pop enterprise, but a small businessman is always a runt.

Hyphens should not be used when avoidance of them does not cause confusion—for example, "newly elected officials", "freshly painted faces", "the then secretary of state", "fellow Democrats", "the Watergate coverup."

AH. NOW WE'VE COME *to the puzzler: When does a compound word lose its hyphen? "To cover up", or conceal evidence, was made a noun in the '20s. Raymond Chandler used "cover-up" in* Black Mask *magazine in 1935—and the compound word was immortalised in the mid-'70s. Just this year, I decided to drop the hyphen, on the theory that once a compound word has been impregnated with a life of its own, it no longer deserves the hyphen that marks nonce words and tryout words.*

If you think a word has made it—then it is solidarity forever. If you think a word is compounded only for the time being, hyphenate: "Life-style" has begun to fade, embarrassing those who prematurely embraced "life style" (*Time*-style for "life-style" uses a hyphen).

WHAT OF *"hyphenated Americans"? Mexican-Americans, Polish-Americans, etc., keep their hyphens because the first part of the compound is a kind of prefix, denoting origin; however, "French Canadian" is not hyphenated because the first word is an adjective denoting not origin but membership in a discrete society—French Canada. Same with "Latin American."*

CLEAR? NO? *When in doubt, leave it out, unless it looks funny. Go with Winston Churchill:*

> **"One must regard the hyphen as a blemish to be avoided wherever possible."**

William Safire
in the *New York Times*

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with a degree of clarity, stability and certainty. They tend to function as "*substitutes for institutions*". . . .

Then why not say that they incorporate little bits of permanent and important truths? Admittedly, they do not tie the individual to long-term commitments—"*I love you more than life itself*"?—they do not insist on loyalty and responsibility. But they soothe, they offer a painless (and cheap) illusion of meaningfulness. Zijderveld goes further, claiming that clichés are useful to all concerned, to the Government, the Establishment, the Bureaucracy, *and* to the poor devil caught up in them. So, although they may not *mean* much, they do work; and in the absence of a truly functioning meaningfulness we ought to be grateful to them. "Feign then what's by a decent tact believed. . . ." Meaning is dead, long live the cliché! Or—which might serve as a summary of Zijderveld's book—God is dead, and we have to make do with the half-life of clichés. Even that should keep us busy.

IN AN ESSAY on "The Language of Novel Reviewing", one of the 63 items making up *The State of the Language*, Mary-Kay Wilmers reflects on the kindness of reviewers:

> "kind to the old novelist because he is old; kind to the young novelist because he is young; to the English writer because he is English ('all quiet, wry precision about manners and oddities') and not American or German; to others because they are black (or white) or women (or men) or refugees from the Soviet Union."[2]

Not surprisingly, then, reviewers' pens tend to follow well-trodden paths.

> "*Marvellous, delightful, brilliant*: it is hard for a reviewer eager to say good things about a novel to avoid such words, yet they have been used so often in connection with novels which, when compared, say, with *Our Mutual Friend*, are merely mediocre that readers may find some difficulty in giving them credence."

These words, as Miss Wilmers says, are important to publishers, who use them in advertisements and on the jackets of succeeding books, and "a reviewer anxious to promote a novel will be sure to include a few for the publisher to quote." The effort to avoid clichés can result in tortuous and even ambiguous commendations (highly irritating to the publisher looking for a potent quote!):

> "Through all such knots and breaks of time, a rare aptitude for patience is the unassuming form

[2] *The State of the Language*. Edited by LEONARD MICHAELS and CHRISTOPHER RICKS. University of California Press, $14.95, £7.95.

"Illit."

London

DO NEOLOGISMS *and vogue words add vivacity to the language? Macho, shibboleth, paradigm, gangbangsprache, pabulum, fanzine, Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band?*

What of the finger-lickin' kwik-cookin', oven-crunchy-golden, meltin-mouthin' admen (in the US you can now get Kitty Krums that are whiskerlickin' *good)?*

And what of the language of enormity, where words generate a horrible ease of acceptance of world catastrophe? Within a month of the Jim Jones cult's mass suicide in Guyana, American political pundits were writing of voters "doing a Jonestown" on defeated Congress candidates.

And there are the "happening people" of California, parroting in psychobabble: hanging in, getting it on, staying loose, getting their act together, being into someone's space, generally heavy-tripping and boring us all to death with "Where It's At."

John Simon gives a good example of an American professor of English complaining that another has "plagerised" his work—but then who expects an American professor, nurtured on hot dogs and Hershey bars, to know about the Latin plagiarius, *a kidnapper?*

As Kingsley Amis suggests, there ought to be a new dictionary word to go with (*joc.*) and (*arch.*) and (*vulg.*): how about "*illit.*", he asks, "used only by those who have no wish to write accurately or vigorously"?

Valerie Grove
in *The Evening Standard*

London

THE NOTION *of correct (or Queen's, or standard) English has become a difficult one for our generation, which is correctly suspicious of authority.*

Like what we bees needin is beaucoup cognisance that brothers and sisters rappin on am not necessarily talkin a substandard creole, but don disprove that in living vibrant color.

That may be incorrect Times *style, liable to make the sub-editor purse his lips and the night lawyer wake up with a start. But it is* correct *in Watts County, where the language of* The Times *would seem, if spoken, grotesquely stuffy, alien and unintelligible.*

What goes wrong is not deviation from some notional absolute standard of correctitude, but the use of an inappropriate dialect in an incongruous context, as in

"Ta-ta Your Holiness, baby—see you soon, luv."

Philip Howard
in *The Times* (London)

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of Trevor's irreplaceable imagination."

Miss Wilmers's point sends us back to Professor Zijderveld in one of his angriest spells, recording the adjectives he found in the publishers' advertisements in one issue of *The New York Review of Books*, advertisements addressed to "supposedly *critical* intellectuals on an *academic* level." They include, some of them many times over: *fascinating, marvellous, sensational, electrifying, incomparable, extraordinary, dazzling, explosive, devastating*, and "*exhilirating*." The books advertised, he grumbles, are not just remarkable but "most remarkable", not just promising but "exceptionally promising", not just significant but "most significant", while the authors are described as "one of the great scholars of our age . . . one of the most important names in 20th-century philosophy . . . one of the very best living American writers."

Yes, shocking—but you can hardly expect publishers to call their authors "one of the scholars of our age" or "a somewhat leading literary figure" or "one of the living American writers", or to announce a book as "illustrated" (as distinct from "magnificently illustrated") or merely "promising" or "rather incomparable" or "partly absorbing" or "nearly as good as *Our Mutual Friend*." Publishers are always afraid of seeming to have less than total faith in a book or an author, and hyperbolic language resembles book-jackets—into which go so much money and time, sometimes more than is spent on the contents—in that no publisher dares to be the first to call a halt. All this terminology is not seriously meant, as Zijderveld supposes, to (if I may split an infinitive) "semi-magically enchant the reader" and thus by-pass the mind. Minds are not so stupid as that. Publishers are aware that the reader divides their adjectives by ten—and if they content themselves with simply saying that a book is "good" or "entertaining" the reader will deduce that it is poor or dull.

The State of the Language, described by the publishers as "an exceptional gathering of British and American observations on English as the sensitive register of our ideas, feelings, and manners at the beginning of the 1980s", is a good and entertaining book, comprehending such topics as language and ethnic sensibilities,[3] multilingualism in London schools, liturgical English, Black English, Yiddish syntax and idiom in American English, the language of sisterhood (Angela Carter claims that in England, at least, the expression *Ms* has acquired a curious life of its own: "If *Miss* means respectably unmarried, and *Mrs* respectably married, then *Ms* means nudge, nudge, wink, wink"—so let's not use it), Enoch Powell on the language of politics, doctor talk (is it because doctors mumble or because we are deafened by dread that we think they say "*bow and arrow test*" when it's really "*bone marrow test*"?), the language of television, prison language, dubbing, the political vocabulary of homosexuality (we are reminded that "gay" is not just solely synonymous with "lighthearted" but also has associations with "loose", "immoral", as in "gay house"), malapropisms (Kingsley Amis adduces an elderly, staid aunt "gathering her *voluptuous* skirts", something that "*flaunts* every rational calculation", a question *illiciting* a reply, and New York City being "*paranoid*—with reason—about rising crime"), and clichés (Christopher Ricks finds Professor Zijderveld's fear of clichés "inordinate", by the way: but perhaps in this case Zijderveld is paranoid with reason). . . .

I would even go so far as to say that *The State of the Language* is an exceptionally good and most entertaining book, magnificently produced, and full of titbits. Among them, Marshall McLuhan's story (related by Ricks) of the boy who, asked by his teacher to use a familiar word in a new way, came up with: "The boy returned home with a cliché on his face."

When asked to explain the phrase, he answered: "The dictionary defines *cliché* as a 'worn-out expression'."

[3] We have all heard about the row in 1959 over the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*'s definition of Pakistan as "the independent Moslem Dominion in India." It is less well known that more recently (writing nervously from Singapore) I was instrumental in averting a much nastier row by persuading the editors of the same dictionary to change the example then given of the use of "NOT" preceding an emphatic appended pronoun: "*the Chinese will not fight, not they*."

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LETTERS

Goronwy Rees

A RECENT ILLNESS—allied to an extended stay in Wales—has delayed this letter which I write to you as colleagues of my late friend, Mr Goronwy Rees. You may remember that I called at your office last November to deliver Mr Rees' birthday card (ten days early!), and you very kindly directed me to Charing Cross Hospital; having no address for Mr Rees' family, I hope you'll allow me to take further advantage of your kindness, and to express my sadness through your good offices.

Over the very few years that I knew him, I spent many hours in conversation with Mr Rees discussing Wales (our common homeland), politics, religion, and the occupation of writing. In this last respect Mr Rees was characteristically generous with his advice, and showed a resolute refusal to treat me, an untried beginner, as anything less than an equal. Only once, when I dismissed Solzhenitsyn as "an élitist", did Mr Rees eschew his impeccable manners; though he did dress me down quite regularly for "talking too much and writing too little."

All of us who knew Goronwy Rees are left with special memories, and one which I will always treasure is of a night, almost two years ago, when Mr Rees and I sat in his Chiswick home, a bottle between us, and talked of Dylan Thomas, Welshness, poetry, Burgess and Co., and, finally, women. I became maudlin, having just ended a three-year-old relationship with a woman I loved deeply, and whom Mr Rees referred to wryly as my "assistant." As I talked of learning to live without my lady, Mr Rees asked quietly: "Do you mind?" I said yes, I minded very much. "So do I" he said,"Very much." He was, of course, referring to the loss of his own wife a few years before. That he should have made such an unqualified equation of the end of my comparatively short affair with the end of his long, happy marriage underlined the rare grace that so typified the man.

A few months ago I met Mr Rees in the street near my Chiswick flat. We chatted briefly, and agreed to meet "soon" for a lunchtime drink in the West End. He looked so ill that it seemed needlessly cruel to ask "How are you?"; but, as he walked away, I felt an urge to tell him how profoundly moved I had felt on that long night of talk. However, I had already begun to feel intrusive, and so went on my way. I never saw him again. The birthday card was delivered, though; and, a few days before his death, I sent him a postcard from Wales where I was myself recovering from a bout of sickness.

The "public" Goronwy Rees will, of course, remain a controversial figure to both the English and the Welsh. His revelations in the *Observer* are bound to stir up their own little hornet's nest, and, earlier this week in the letters column of the *Western Mail* I defended him from the ill-founded (but, in Wales, common) assertion that he was anti-Welsh. The "private" Goronwy Rees is less easy to define. He likened himself to Musil's "Man Without Qualities", but he was quite the opposite: a good man in a bad time. He will be missed.

P. J. RYAN

Cardiff,
Wales

Eysenck, Popper & Science

H. J. EYSENCK'S ESSAY (ENCOUNTER, December 1979) is based on two serious misunderstandings of Karl Popper's methodology.

1. Eysenck claims that Popper's account of falsification in science encounters the same difficulties as does verification. To be sure, both falsification and verification do rest, as Eysenck remarks, on certain assumed facts, etc., and on fallible deductions. The point, however, is that *even if* the assumed facts are correct and the deduction is sound, no universal scientific law can be verified; whereas, *if* the assumed facts are correct and the deduction is sound, a universal law can be falsified. In this consists Popper's asymmetry between falsification and verification and his resolution of Hume's problem of induction.

Irrelevant symmetries between verification and falsification have been pointed out *ad nauseam*. The existence of such symmetries in no way excludes the possibility of a basic asymmetry—any more than, say, the existence of considerable symmetry between positive and negative numbers excludes a fundamental asymmetry in the system of integers (that, for instance, a positive number has real square roots while a negative number has no real square root).

2. As to astrology, the subject of Eysenck's article, the question of its falsifiability and scientific character hardly hinges, as Eysenck maintains, on the fact that some *particular* statement within it has predictive power. Any good reinforced dogmatism will contain any number of such statements. The question is rather, as Popper says, whether the theory, *taken as a whole*, is falsifiable, or whether it is riddled with strategies for deflecting potential refutations.

W. W. BARTLEY, III

California State University
Hayward, California

PROFESSOR WILLIAM BARTLEY raises two objections to my brief mention of Popper's account of falsification in science. He claims that there is a definite asymmetry between verification and falsification. It would be difficult in brief to explain my disagreement with Bartley (and Popper). Essentially, I agree with Lakatos that in fact a universal law cannot be falsified in the way Bartley suggests. He maintains it can "if the assumed facts are correct and the deduction is sound", but how are we ever to know whether the assumed facts are correct, and whether the deduction is sound? These assumptions amount to absolute verification which by agreement is impossible.

I also disagree with Bartley's statement about astrology. What Popper says, regarding astrologers, is this: "By making their interpretations and prophesies sufficiently vague they were able to explain away anything that might have been a refutation of the theory had the theory and the prophecy been more precise. In order to escape falsification they destroyed the testability of their theory. It is a typical soothsayers' trick to predict things so vaguely that the predictions can hardly fail: that they become irrefutable."

Now this simply is not true. There are many specific predictions in astrology which can be and have been tested Talking about "the theory" taken as a whole is not really

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relevant to astrology which is a system made up of many theories; these theories are sometimes specific enough to be tested, at other times they are not. No general statement of the kind Popper makes can be taken to apply to all of astrology.

H. J. EYSENCK

Institute of Psychiatry
University of London

Charitable Impulses

SAMUEL BRITTAN (ENCOUNTER, January) is quite right. My *Liberty and Language* did overlook the possibility that State welfare provision could be justified as a "public good" yielding emotional benefits to those who pay for it, even though each individual taxpayer would prefer it to be financed by everyone except himself.

My own chief motives for giving to charity are guilt at being placed by chance in happier circumstances than the recipients (e.g. Boat People), or gratitude for benefits received (e.g. from my old school). If these motives are general, the public-good argument fails; one person's guilt or sense of obligation is not assuaged by *others'* generosity.

Perhaps most people's charitable impulses are less self-centred than mine. But then I would ask Mr Brittan: If the relief of poverty and distress really is to be treated as a public good, what principles can limit State economic intervention on behalf of the "underprivileged", which has led in practice to results which he deplores, I believe, as much as I?

GEOFFREY SAMPSON

Ingleton
Yorkshire

IT WOULD HELP to rule out all redistribution aimed at, or having the effect of, making the rich poorer without making the poor richer. In other words: to eliminate envy as a legitimate ground for redistribution.

Secondly, the aim should be to refrain from subsidising services—whether council houses or gas prices—and to provide cash for the least well-off and most hard-hit. These two suggestions do not of course provide a determinate criterion of how far to go; but their acceptance would be a marked improvement on the present.

SAMUEL BRITTAN

Financial Times
London

"Russians"?

THE URBAN-DJILAS article is, I fear, quite misleading on pages 40–41 [ENCOUNTER, December].

Armenians, Byelorussians, Cossacks, Crimean Tartars, Georgians, Tartars, Ukrainians, and other non-Russians comprised most of the "Russians" sent back for murder by the English.

J. B. GREGOROVICH

Toronto

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AUTHORS

Tayeb Salih, a Sudanese writer, has for the past few years been Director-General of Information in Qatar. His previous stories in ENCOUNTER are "The Doum-Tree of Wad Hamid" (November 1962) and "A Handful of Dates" (January 1966). Two of his novels—*The Wedding of Zein* and *Season of Migration to the North* (Heinemann Educational, n.e. 1978, 1976)—are to appear later this year in a one-volume paperback (Quartet Books).

Constantine FitzGibbon is the author, among numerous other works, of *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (1960), *The Life of Dylan Thomas* (1965), *Red Hand: The Ulster Colony* (1971), *A Concise History of Germany* (1972), and *The Golden Age* (1976). An SF thriller called *Rat Report* (Constable) and *Drink*, a personal account of the disease of alcoholism (Granada) are to be published this year.

Alistair Elliot last year published translations of Verlaine (Anvil Press) and Heine (MidNag).

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie is a French historian, author of *Times of Feast, Times of Famine* (Allen & Unwin, 1973) and of *Montaillou* (Scolar Press, 1978). His article first appeared in *L'Express*.

Pierre Schneider is art critic of *L'Express* and author of *The World of Manet* and *The World of Watteau* (1969), and of *Louvre Dialogues* (Atheneum, 1971), some of whose chapters first appeared in ENCOUNTER.

Derek Brewer is Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and a University Lecturer in English. He is the author of many books on Chaucer and medieval literature, including *Chaucer in His Time* (Longman, 1973). His *Symbolic Stories*, which develops the themes touched on in this article, is soon to be published by D. S. Brewer Ltd.

Alan Brownjohn's new book of poems, *A Night in the Gazebo*, will be published this autumn by Secker.

Richard Pipes is Professor of History at Harvard University. Among his books are *The Formation of the Soviet Union* (rev. ed. Harvard University Press, 1965) and *Soviet Strategy in Europe* (Macdonald, 1976). His exchange with Wladislaw Krasnow is based on papers originally published in *Russian Review*.

D. J. Enright, poet, literary critic, and novelist, has held various Chairs of English Literature abroad. He was from 1970–72 co-editor of ENCOUNTER, and is now a director of Chatto & Windus. His most recent book of poems is *A Faust Book* (Oxford University Press, 1979).

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Life & Letters Today

New York

ON THE ONE HAND: **In a letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle declared:**

"I grow daily to honour facts more and more, and theory less and less. A fact, it seems to me, is a great thing—a sentence printed, if not by God, then at least by the devil."

Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., on the other hand, reminded us: "You must see the infinite, i.e., the universal in your particular or it is only gossip."

NEW YORK TIMES

St. Peter, Jersey, Channel Islands

IDIOT'S DELIGHT: *Harry Patterson, author of the best-selling "The Eagle Has Landed" and more than 40 other books, is used to a certain amount of confusion over his name. Patterson wrote most of the action novels that have made him world-famous as Jack Higgins. He has also used such pseudonyms as James Graham, Martin Fallon and Hugh Marlowe.*

But Patterson is still fuming over the confusion that occurred in recent months over the name of the latest Higgins work. After battling for months with publishers, agents, producers and others concerned with turning literary properties into income, he reluctantly agreed to call the book "Solo" and has begun working on its screenplay.

Patterson originally entitled his book, a thriller about an international terrorist, "The Cretan Lover." This title was acceptable in England but in the United States the name was vetoed by the hardcover publisher, Stein & Day; the paperback publisher, Dell, and the film company, United Artists. Their reason: although the British pronunciation distinguishes between Cretan (CREE-tan) and cretin (CREH-tin), most Americans make no such distinction and pronounce both words alike.

"It would sound like a book about an amorous fellow who is an idiot. We just couldn't use that name for the movie."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Hollywood

THE MOSTEST: *Eleanor Coppola's "Notes" on Francis Coppola's film "Apocalypse Now" is a vivid behind-the-scenes picture of her husband's struggle to film an updated version of Joseph Conrad's "The Heart of Darkness," in which Vietnam is substituted for Africa and the Green Beret played by Marlon Brando takes the place of mad Mr. Kurtz.*

She is trying to be the objective camera's eye. At the end of a brief report on her husband's birthday party—the most distinguishing features of which were that "a lot of meat fell through the grills and burned on the coals," the host ran out of cold drinks, and a cake was served that was 6-by-8-feet and decorated with a scene from "Apocalypse Now"—she reports overhearing the remark, "Wow, this is the most decadence I've ever seen."

NEW YORK TIMES

London

CORN FLAKY: *Vogue words come and go, each enjoying a brief flowering rather like the rarer species of cacti. This season's may turn out to be "flaky."*

Until last week I had never heard the word used other than as the appropriate adjective to describe the disintegrating condition of my kitchen ceiling.

All that changed during an interview with the charming lady director of a firm specialising in leasing paintings to hang. Did they ever get clients who felt that a Picasso in the foyer would dispel rumours of financial unsoundness, I asked?

"A company with fine art on the walls and no money in the bank sounds too flaky for us to do business with," she answered crisply. My vacant look obviously indicated that a translation was necessary.

"Flaky means unsound, likely to crumble if you apply any pressure. We use it all the time in the office," said this lovely young businesswoman—not an American, in case that was the conclusion you immediately jumped to.

In the cab going back to the office I realised the all-purpose potential of the word. One could certainly have a flaky marriage, as well as a flaky business, a job could be flaky, as could a first novel. Life itself could be flaky from time to time.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

TRUE CONFESSIONS: *Moscow Radio's new "World Service" broadcasts in English are becoming more and more daring. Recently, the programme featuring readers' letters read out one which said that Moscow Radio broadcast "only lies and propaganda."*

Now the programme has gone one better. It has quoted from a British listener living in Portugal who insisted that the programmes were censored by the KGB, the Soviet security police. The programme's presenter added after the quote:

"He doesn't know half of it. The fact of the matter is that in reality none of our scripts are censored by the KGB because, and now hear this, we are all members of the KGB."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Wolverhampton

OBSESSION: **A ten-year-old boy jumped 15ft from a window to get away from his educationally obsessed father who had forced him to learn a dictionary, a court heard yesterday.**

"He said he ran away because he was worried about not finishing some work he had to do", said a social worker. "He had to copy a dictionary and learn the words."

The father had forced the boy to learn the dictionary and later tested him on what he had learned.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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